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THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE, IN 1890.

THE
RUINS
OF
KENILWORTH,

AN HISTORICAL POEM,

BY WILLIAM READER.



~~~~~  
BEHOLD! YOUR HOUSE IS LEFT UNTO YOU DESOLATE.  
~~~~~

London :

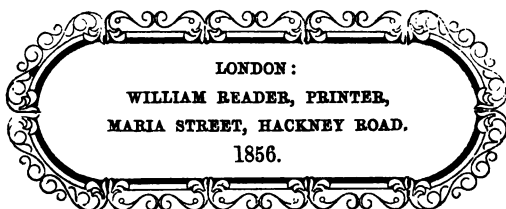
DEAN AND SON, 31, LUDGATE HILL.

W. READER, 42, MARIA STREET, HACKNEY ROAD.

MDCCCLVI.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

280. s. 155.



TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK,
EARL OF CLARENDON,
BARON HYDE OF HINDON,
K.G., K.P., G.C.B.,
LORD OF THE MANOR OF KENILWORTH,
&c. &c. &c.

THIS HISTORICAL POEM

(BY PERMISSION)

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.





The Ruins of Kenilworth.

PREFACE.







THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

Preface.

BEING a native of Warwickshire, resident the first twenty years of my life in the ancient city of Coventry, situated within five miles of the pleasant town of Kenilworth, I became familiar from my infancy with the venerable and magnificent Ruins of its princely Castle, and its picturesque rural scenery; and consequently, in the year 1839, I was induced to attempt a Poetical Record of its Traditions and its History.

In 1841, having completed the Poem, I sought and obtained permission to dedicate it to the noble Owner of the Ruins of Kenilworth—the Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon; of whose condescension and courtesy I am now most happy to avail myself.

Circumstances having hitherto prevented the publication of this Poem, I have embraced every opportunity of revising it; and have also made considerable additions. It now contains more than 7,000 lines; although, as originally finished, it only consisted of about 3,500.

The Poem is embellished with Wood Engravings by Miss L. C. Kelly:—a View of the Ruins, an accurate Ground-Plan, and a Prospect of the Castle in its Perfect State in 1620, reduced from an original engraving made by the late Mr. William Radclyffe, engraver, of Birmingham, from a drawing of Henry Beighton in 1716, being a copy of the original fresco at Newnham Paddox, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Denbigh, which has since been destroyed.

The drawing was then in the possession of John Newdigate Ludford, Esq. LL.D. of Ansley Hall, near Coventry, and, through the influence of my late father, Mr. William Reader, of Coventry, he permitted Mr. David Gee, a clever artist of the same city, to make a copy of it, from which the engraving was made, and it was published in September, 1817, by Mr. John Aston, Bookseller, of Coventry, and dedicated to John Newdigate Ludford, Esq. This engraving, the exact size of Henry Beighton's drawing, $21\frac{1}{2}$ by $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches, accompanied by a smaller plate with references, size $11\frac{1}{2}$ by 7 inches, was published at one guinea, to subscribers. This is the only known View of Kenilworth Castle in its Perfect State in existence, of which a reduced copy first appeared in Knight's Pictorial History of England; and also in several of his following works.

I beg to state that I have availed myself of the best authorities for the incidents of my Poem; and in the compilation of the notes: but do not consider it necessary to particularize them. I am quite aware that it has many defects; but were I to state the trying circumstances under which it has been written, printed, and published—an accumulation of difficulties which few authors have had to contend with—I am satisfied that no apology would be required for imperfections, but that it would at once receive the patronage and support of a generous public.

I trust that the Patrons of Literature will not consider "The Ruins of Kenilworth" beneath their notice; and hope that it will meet with as favourable a reception from my critical friends, as I feel assured it will be honoured with by my fair and gentle readers.

In conclusion, I beg to say, that, after an absence of many years, I revisited the Ruins of Kenilworth for the express purpose of ensuring the accurate topography of my Poem, which I trust will be considered worthy of a place in the Poetical Literature of my native country.

WILLIAM READER.

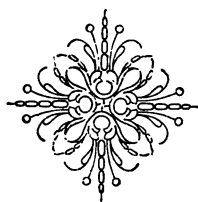
London, September, 1856.



The Ruins of Kenilworth.

INTRODUCTION.







THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

Introduction.

Is there a heart that never beat
Responsive to emotions sweet,
Which thrill with pleasure most refined
A noble and a generous mind,
When musing o'er the glorious past
Whose bright renown for aye will last ?
Is there a heart that cannot feel
The spell of beauty o'er it steal,
With silent yet resistless power,—
Like sunshine in the noontide hour—
Until it lies in blissful trance
Beneath its sweet bewitching glance ?
Is there a heart so icy cold
That never warmed when grief was told ;—
That never felt soft pity's flow,
Nor sympathy's more heavenly glow ?

Is there a living heart so tame
That never burned with valour's flame,
Nor swelled with patriotic pride
When Britain has her foes defied?—
When, for an injured nation's right,
She's battled with a despot's might?—
When Fame her triumphs has revealed
On ocean-wave—on battle-field?
Is there a heart that never felt
How rapidly its frost will melt
When gazing on the sunny gleam
Which gilds the meadow, wood, and stream,
And smiles upon the bright-hued flowers
That deck the castle's ruined towers?
Is there a heart that never drew
The fire of inspiration true
From all that's beautiful and bright
With pure and exquisite delight?
Ah! no: for such could ne'er be found,
Although ye search the wide world round:
For in the sternest human heart
Ofttimes will warm affections start;
But gentle hearts alone can know
Impassioned feeling's purest glow.
Such gifted hearts indeed are few;
But such with flowers life's pathway strew;

And such are ever found, we feel,
In life's worst trials, true as steel ;
And such, I ween, in high degree
Will ever love sweet Poesy,
And flash,—when noble thoughts inspire—
Like mine, with sympathetic fire :
Land of the brave ! land of the free !
How throbs my heart with love for thee !
Land of my birth ! from pole to pole
Resounds thy naval thunder-roll,
Resistless as the mighty deep
O'er which thy fleets in triumph sweep !
Thou mistress of the stormy wave !
Thou lion-hearted warrior brave !
That never brook'd a despot's chain !
Nor struck for Freedom's rights in vain !
Supreme art thou in arts and arms,
And safe from hostile war's alarms ;
The mountain-waves which round thee roar
Defend from foes thy white-cliff'd shore ;
And Peace and Plenty's happy smile
Hath ever blessed my native isle.
Full many a lovely scene I've viewed
Arrayed in sylvan solitude,
Yet fair—magnificent—sublime—
As any in a foreign clime :

Eternal mountains, crown'd with snow,
Green hills and vales far spread below,
Flower-spangled meadows, fertile fields—
Where harvest rich luxuriance yields,—
Sun-lighted river, brook, and lake,
Dense forests' tangled glade and brake,
Fruit-laden orchard—garden—grove.
O Contemplation loves to rove
Far from the city's ceaseless din—
All bright without, but dark within.
Fair are the palace-halls which stand
In regal splendour o'er the land :
Sweet are the rural cots amid
The clustering rose and woodbine hid :
Majestic is the rocky steep
Crown'd with the shattered castle-keep :
And O how picturesquely blent
Are crumbling wall and battlement,
And princely hall, and massive tower,
Though shorn of all their state and power !
Such wert thou ruined Kenilworth !
For ages thought of little worth,
Until the Wizard of the North*
Thine ancient splendour shadowed forth,

* Sir Walter Scott, the author of the celebrated romance
of Kenilworth.

With matchless hand,—so passing well,
As his romance doth truly tell,
That all who've read his page inspired
His mighty genius have admired,
Which could revive—they must confess—
The glorious days of "Good Queen Bess!"
Though I may never vie in fame
With his imperishable name,
Yet still I love in bright array
To picture scenes long passed away :
To sing of knights and barons bold,
And ladies fair, in times of old :
And that majestic pile to dress
Once more in all its stateliness
Through which I rambled when a boy,
And often viewed with thoughtless joy
Its ivy-clad time-honoured brow,
Which e'en methinks I gaze on now—
Which to my native heart is dear—
The pride and boast of Warwickshire.
O could I but in words express
The brilliant thoughts which round me press,
Then all resistless should I bind
With sympathy both heart and mind,
And captive hold, in fairy bower,
With more than wizard's magic power,

For not a fairer spot on earth
Exists than peerless Kenilworth !
Then listen to my simple lay,
Which tells its glory and decay.





The Ruins of Kenilworth.



REMINISCENCES.





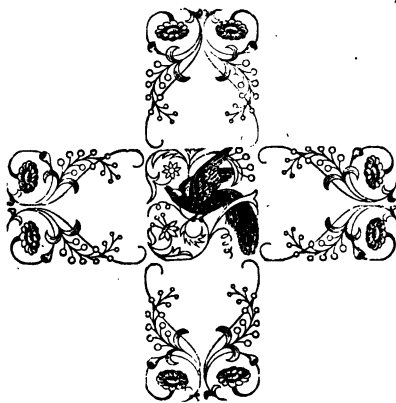


THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

Reminiscences.

I WAS evening : from a verdant hill
I gazed around, and all was still :
The glorious sunset's gorgeous glow
Illumined all the vale below,
Imparting to the woodland scene
The richest hues of gold and green :
Far as the glancing eye could range,
Cornfield and cottage—garden—grange—
Meadow and orchard—wood and stream—
Were glittering in its brightest gleam ;
And yon majestic shattered pile,
With ivy crowned, still seemed to smile,
As the departing sunbeams shed
A radiant halo round its head ;
While softly sighed the fragrant breeze
Amidst the stately forest trees.

Fair Kenilworth, this scene was thine !
Though many an age of storm and shine
Thy fields, and woods, and towers have seen !
Thou art not now what thou hast been :
I gazed upon thy ruins grey,
And mused on times long passed away.

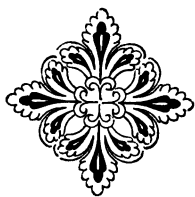




The Ruins of Kenilworth.

~~~~~  
**TRADITIONAL.**







## THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

~~~~~  
Traditional.

FULL many a record of the past
Hath Time into oblivion cast ;
Yet, when historic truth is gone,
Tradition often lingereth on,
And doth with syren tongue relate
The wondrous deeds of ancient date :
E'en now King Arthur's mighty name (1)
Must be content such aid to claim.
Of old, with tuneful tongue and pen,
Taliesin famed, and Lywarch Hen, (2)
With many a bard and minstrel sung,
In strains which through all Britain rung,
Those bold achievements so renowned
Of Arthur and his Table Round ;
How 'gainst the Saxon hosts he fought,
And prodigies of valour wrought :

And in the banquet-hall made place
For trophies of the fight and chase.
When royal feast King Arthur made,
Full richly were the halls arrayed,
Profuse good cheer was ever found
Upon the famous Table Round,
Where every knight, with joyful face,
In peaceful garb, took well-known place :
Then merry voices loudly rung,
And healths were quaffed, and minstrels sung ;
And jest, and tale of warlike feat,—
Of gallant knights on coursers fleet—
Of demon, dwarf, or giant strong,—
Beguiled the jocund hours along :
Whilst many a youthful noble knight
With gentle speech wooed lady bright ;
In song, and dance, and game of skill,
Subservient to her sovereign will.
Though hearts were won by smile and glance,
Yet oft'ner still by sword and lance,
For Love assumed the Warrior's guise,
And Beauty none but Valour's prize.
High at the board amidst the din,
By Arthur's side, sat famed Merlin, (3)
Whose sportive feats of magic skill
With wonder all beholders thrill :

Though full of mirth in festive hour,
The boldest feared the Wizard's power ;
Greybeard and stripling knew right well
The terrors of his mighty spell.
Thus changeful years rolled onwards fast,
In peace or strife alternate passed,
Until relentless War's red hand
Had swept away that gallant band :
Tristram, and Kay, and Percival,
Gareth, and Tor, and Lionel,
Gawayne, and Launcelot-de-Lake,
And Galahad, whose worth did take
Siege Perilous ; and Pellinore ;
Shall never spur a charger more !
False Mordred in rebellious strife
Bereft King Arthur of his life :
Excaliber, his trusty sword,
No longer could its aid afford ;
And when returned to her who gave—
The damsel of the silver wave—
She came amidst her weeping band
And wafted him to fairy-land.
Within a rock Merlin was pent
By magic power himself had lent ;
Yet that fair damsel long did fear
Sir Bruce-sans-Pitié, hovering near,

Who swore a deadly oath that she
For aye should rue her cruelty.
And so King Arthur's mournful fate
Left this fair castle desolate :
Long years of devastating war
Its ponderous towers and ramparts saw,
Until the battle and the storm
Had sorely marred its noble form.
The Saxon triumphed :—host on host
O'er Britain swept, from coast to coast :
The ruined altar—ravaged hearth—
Marked well the fierce invaders' path :
Oft were the noblest and the best
By harsh exactions sore distressed,
Or plunder'd by marauding bands,
Or fell beneath assassin hands,
Or struggling for their rights in vain
In many a desperate fight were slain ;
Until at length the scatter'd few
The Saxon sword could not subdue,
Sought refuge in the hills and vales
Of free and long unconquer'd Wales.
Safe in that rugged land of rocks,
Impregnable to battle's shocks,
With ruthless hand, age after age,
They fierce and ceaseless warfare wage

Upon the fertile plains below,
Filling the land with wail and woe,
Till Harold, who at Hastings fell, (4)
These bold marauders vowed to quell;
And issued prompt commands at length,
Which roused the Saxons' giant strength,
Who sprang to arms, with hatred dire
Fierce flashing from their hearts of fire,
And struck with red remorseless hand
Each reckless and ferocious band,
And such relentless vengeance took
That hill and vale with terror shook,
For Saxon glaive, and bill, and brand,
In triumph swept through all the land;
And every British chief subdued!
Then Harold gave the peace they sued;
But held supreme dominion long,
And built full many a fortress strong,
Whose fragments may be traced e'en now
Upon the mountains' rocky brow.
Yet nought that warlike race could tame,
Time ever found them still the same,
And England rued her calm repose
Oft ravaged by these border foes:
But when in luckless, fatal hour,
Llewellyn braved stern Edward's power, (5)

In bold attempt, though rash and vain,
His independent rights to gain,—
Which Merlin, when in height of pride,
Of old had idly prophesied,—
His hosts were crushed on hill and plain,
And he, in desperate fight was slain,
Thus iron Edward left them nought—
Such havoc had his legions wrought—
Except tradition, song, and story,
To tell of all their ancient glory.
Soon as the British race had fled,
Dissension 'mongst the Saxons spread;
Year after year rolled onwards fast,
In civil strife and turmoil passed;
Until at length to end these woes,
The Saxon Heptarchy arose :
Each warlike kingdom and its crown
Founded by chiefs of high renown. (6)
Then dire oppressive laws were made
Which none except the weak obeyed :
The rich and powerful—fierce and bold—
By no decrees would be controlled,—
The hated ruling powers defied ;
Torture and death with scorn deride ;
The certain fate—and known full well—
For all who, reckless, dare rebel.

The injured, who but justice sought,
If not with wealth nor valour fraught,
Might sue in vain : or learn to dread
The ruin o'er their households spread :—
Shunned such redress their chiefs afford,
Whose will was law, whose law the sword.
But other Kings upon the throne,
The seven Saxon kingdoms own,
Who in succeeding years display
Far less severe despotic sway,—
Whose wise and vigorous rule subdued
This lawless people—fierce and rude.
Then gentle Peace began to smile
Once more upon this war-worn isle,
And Plenty from her ample stores
On all around abundance pours,
Labour with sports and pastimes blent,
And all were with their lot content.
Yet Idol-worship's withering blight,
And Superstition's barbarous rite,
And auguries from bird and beast,
By stern, fanatic, juggling priest,
O'er Britain had for ages past
Their soul-debasing influence cast,
And shrouded all with noxious gloom,
And veiled the light beyond the tomb,

Thus was Alchfleda wooed and won:
Thus Peada's Christain reign begun:
He chose a royal banner new,—
A silver cross on field of blue—
Which proudly flutter'd in the breeze
High o'er the old gigantic trees,
On Kenilworth's huge ponderous tower:—
The Mercian banner to this hour.
In arts of war—in arts of peace—
In all that maketh wealth increase,
In culture of the rugged soil,
In all that's wrought by skilful toil,
In martial strife, in civic feud,
In lay and legend quaint and rude,
In rural game, in royal sport,
In joy and grief in cot and court,
In festival and pageant gay,
In minstrel's song and roundelay,
In storm and calm, in shade and sun,
The varied seasons onwards run:
Year after year in silence rolled,
And each of mighty changes told:
King after King o'er Mercia reigned,
Yet not one sovereign ever deigned
With sympathising glance or smile
To greet thy black war-shatter'd pile,

Nor reck'd of all thine ancient fame,
Proud Kenilworth! till Kenelm came. (9)
Who royally, I ween, at length,
Restored thee to thy state and strength;
Superb, as in King Arthur's day,
For festival or battle-fray.
Soon as thou wert arrayed, once more,
In princely splendour, as of yore;
Then Kenelm, by august decree,
His royal name bestowed on thee,
And from that time for ever forth
Hast thou been called Kenelm's worth,—
Which, from the Saxon, scholars trace
As meaning castle, court, or place,—
And where, with pleasure and with pride,
The Kings of Mercia did reside.
The happiest hours are ever brief,
But long and weary those of grief,
And such, fair castle, Time hath shown
Age after age have been thine own;
Yet few more joyous days, I ween,
Than Kenelm's hast thou ever seen,
For gentle Peace then deigned awhile
To bless thee with her sweetest smile.
Restored to all thy pomp and power,
In hall and chamber, wall and tower,

And girt with fosse and palisade,
A Saxon fortress wert thou inade,
And strongly fenced above, below,
Against the force of plundering foe.
Without—impregnable ye seemed,
Within—rude gorgeous splendour gleamed,
Around—far spread on every side,
Was field, and lake, and forest wide,
Well stored with all a Prince might claim,
In corn and fruit, in fish and game ;
For all producing jovial cheer
Was found in rich abundance here.
O many a morning, noon, and night,
In Winter dark—in Summer bright—
In Autumn brown—in fragrant Spring—
Has fled on pleasure's rapid wing !
When King, and Prince, and Thane, and Earl,
Queen, Princess, Countess,—fair young girl,
Alderman, Franklin, and a throng
Of sturdy Serfs and Villains strong,
Cottars and Borders, Socmen,—all
Bound to the land by Saxon thrall : (10)
Jester and Gleeman—youth and child—
With laughter, fun, and frolic wild,
In joyous mood assembled here
On festal days for many a year.

Those were the days for mirth and glee !
But such again shall never be :
Though rough the sport—though rude the feast,
All shared, from greatest to the least ;
Though hard the toil in fertile field—
On barren moor—in tangled weald—
In barn and hovel—by the aid
Of axe and flail—of plough and spade ;
Though weary labour was the lot
Of those who dwelt in hut and cot,
And wrought at anvil, bench, and loom,
From morning's dawn to evening's gloom ;
But yet, as Time's revolving hours
Brought Winter's snow, and Summer's flowers,
And holy-day, and festive-tide,
All toil and care were cast aside,
For nought was brook'd which might destroy
The brief yet fleeting hours of joy.
As Summer, Spring, or Autumn came,
So changed the sport—so changed the game—
Although when sunny days were long,
And sight was good, and scent was strong,
Then ever was the foremost place
Assigned unto the joyous chase :
Oft rang the woods at early morn
With boisterous shouts—with clanging horn—

With mettled coursers' sportive neigh,
With mastiffs' bark, and staghounds' bay,
Arousing from their matted lair
The cunning fox, the timid hare,
The savage boar, the fleet wild deer,
Which fled before the bow and spear
Of clamorous huntsmen, following quick
Through open glade—through covert thick,
O'er fallow field—o'er sedgy moor,
Until the wild and furious boar
At length by numbers headed round,
Deep in the rough and broken ground,
Was brought to bay amidst the gorse
By yelling hound and panting horse,
Where foaming, fighting, bleeding fast,
Upon their spears he died at last.
The fleeter stag, through meadows green
Fled swiftly from the forest scene !
He lingered not in woodland shade,
Nor for the brook, nor river stayed ;
Across the heath—o'er dale and hill—
He dashed with speed unbroken still !
His fierce pursuers soon outsped,
Though by the boldest horsemen led !
On—on—and on his course he bent,
'Till lost to sight and lost to scent;

Then wearily he wander'd back,
And crossed again the huntsmen's track :
But as his native woods he sought,
His antlers in a thicket caught.
Alas ! proud stag ! too late—too late—
Thou wouldst avert thy cruel fate !
Thy desperate struggles are in vain !
Thou never shalt be free again !
Thou can'st no longer run nor fight,
Nor shun the mastiffs' furious bite !
Nor 'void the hunter's ruthless knife
Which 'reft thee of thy gallant life !
Though swift and cunning hare and fox,—
And hiding deep in sandy rocks,
'Midst fern and gorse, and heath and broom,
Yet seldom did they 'scape their doom
By bill and spear—or bow and shaft,
Nor foiled they oft the huntsman's craft :
Nor e'er outstripped the hound's fleet paws,
Nor long survived his deadly jaws.
Though in the field the hot pursuit
Of forest-beast man well may suit,
Yet woman oft has deigned to grace
And share the pleasures of the chase !
In merry Saxon times, I wist,
With hound in leash, and hawk on fist,

Fair dames rode forth the sport to view,
With gay and gallant retinue :
When freed from jesses, bells, and hood,
Proudly the noble falcon stood,
Then soared on high in pride of place,
With hound and horse at rapid pace,
And on the struggling quarry swooped,
Whilst many a gallant huntsman whooped !
And when at length it fell to ground,
'Twas brought with speed by docile hound ;
The well-trained falcon quickly lured,
And safe for further sport secured.
Though Falconry did ever wait
As princely pastime on the great, (11)
The villain with his stone and sling
Could kill a bird upon the wing ;
Or when an archer's skill he'd show—
Though short the shaft, and short the bow—
Would prove himself a marksman good,
At aught that lived in field or wood. (12)
But other sports at times prevailed,—
Some on the Avon rowed or sailed,—
That "silver stream" whose gentle name
Is ever linked with Shakspeare's fame ; (13)
Or in a green secluded nook
• Their patient stand with angle took :

Others reposed in listless ease,
Upon the turf beneath the trees ;
While those of restless mood, at length
Aroused to test their skill and strength,
At running, wrestling, leaping,—or
In exercises meet for war :
The quarter-staff—the sword and shield—
Stout hearts and arms with vigour wield ;
Foot, hand, and eye together go,
As cut, guard, thrust, were high or low ;
While rattling stick and quarter-staff,
Were blent with shout, and jest, and laugh,
Which blithely rang, and loudly rose,
When head, leg, arm, were bruised with blows,
Or when a quick and skilful guard
A rapid cut or thrust had barred.
Such were the sports—though rough indeed—
Yet little did such roysterers heed,
For well they knew the jovial board
Would full amends to all afford.
The Saxon—born of high degree—
Loved mirth and hospitality ;
Though oft of hot impetuous mood,
Which serf and villain sorely rued,
Yet open-hearted, kind, and free,
At every other time was he ;

And ever 'twas his boast—his pride—
To feast all ranks at festive tide.
The banquet-hall was wide and long,
Its lofty roof of timber strong,
Rough-hewn and rudely carved, 'tis true,
Yet 'twas, in sooth, right fair to view !
Ranged on its walls, in brave array,
Were trophies of the battle-fray,—
The horns of many a stag and boar,—
The arms which many a warrior wore ;
And decked with goodly boughs of oak,
Which of the merry greenwood spoke.
The ponderous tables duly placed,
Were garnished by the hand of taste,
And proudly on them did they bear
Profusion of substantial fare : (14)
Wild-fowl and fish from moor and fen,—
Wild boar and ox, and stag of ten ;—
And swine,—the Saxon's favorite food—
With spice and savoury herbs bestrewed ;
And high on board, with honour due,
Appeared the stately Barbacue,
Which never failed to give delight
To sturdy Saxon appetite,—
Well known for loving generous cheer,
With foaming nut-brown ale and beer,

And which supremely beareth sway
In England at the present day.
Of beer, metheglin, ale, and mead,
Many a cask was broached indeed,
And many a horn of goodly size,
The drinking-vessels did comprise;
For Saxon thirst was never known
To quench with stinted draughts alone.
Hour after hour the feasters' spent
In wild uproarious merriment,
And legend, jest, and song went round,
Whilst loudly gleemen's harps resound;
And jugglers' feats of strength and skill,
With wonder serf and chieftain fill;
And jesters' jokes with mirth were rife;
Whilst tales of war and desperate strife
Thrill'd every bosom bold and brave,
Alike in freeman and in slave.
But when the sun had sunk to rest,
And daylight faded in the west,
And evening shadows came,—then ceased
The din and tumult of the feast.
Soon as the gentle moon arose,
(Which oft with radiant lustre glows)
And with its pale and silvery light
Dispersed the deepening gloom of night,

And chased away each purple cloud
Which did ethereal azure shroud,
And smiled upon the dark-hued trees,
Which rustled in the western breeze,
And murmured plaintive sounds most dear
Unto the Poet's heart and ear,
And on the emerald grass displayed
Its softly blended light and shade,
And sparkled in the rippling stream,
And bathed the lake in silver gleam,
Whilst silence through the woodlands reigned
And every pensive heart enchained,—
Then gallant youth and lovely maid
Through shady paths together strayed ;
And oft indeed, in merry mood,
Capricious dame was vainly wooed ;
But oft'ner still a heart was won,
True as the truest 'neath the sun.
Fast flew the time in converse sweet,
As heart with heart in union beat,
'Till blissful love's bewitching sway,
Like morning dreams was chased away,—
By laughter, ringing loud and clear,
And many a harp resounding near ;
And groups of merry guests were seen
Dancing upon the castle-green,

Which, in the moon's soft glowing ray,
Was radiant as the sunny day.
When dark-browed hoary Winter came
The forests and the fields to claim,
And all the land was white with snow,
And every stream had ceased to flow,
And thick blue mists obscured the air,
And every trunk and branch was bare,
And howling winds were piercing cold,
And frozen all in weald and wold,
And countless feathery snow flakes fell
In silence over hill and dell ;
And tower and cot, and bush and tree,
Appeared—as far as eye could see—
Laden with clustering blossoms bright,
And clothed in robes of dazzling white ;
And days were short, and dark, and drear ;
And nights were frosty, bright, and clear ;
And chamber, hall, and kitchen warm,
Were sheltered from the pelting storm ;
And ponderous riven logs were raised
High on the hearth, which smoked and blazed,
And cast a ruddy glare on all
That graced the board, or decked the wall :
Then, let the sky be foul or fair,
Right little did the Saxon care ;

By Winter freed from half his toil,
And blessed with leisure for awhile,
In Kenelm's halls he joked and laughed,
And feasted high and deeply quaffed,
Whilst tales of shipwreck and of war,
In days of Woden and of Thor, (15)
Of fiend, and necromancer dire,—
Were told around the roaring fire ;
Or chess, and dice, and games of skill,
Were sought the weary time to kill ;
Or merry song and dance commingled ;
Or Jester's bells of folly jingled ;
Or crafty witch and wizard's power
Beguiled with mirth full many an hour.
Thus Winter, Autumn, Summer, Spring,
Successive toil and pleasure bring ;
And thus, as each in turn held sway,
The reign of Kenelm passed away.
But times of trouble and distress
Upon thee soon began to press,
For chiefs, by wild ambition driven,
Had every Saxon kingdom riven,
And warlike Mercia drew the sword
Against a fierce invading horde :
In vain—in vain—her heroes fought,
For Elyndome her ruin wrought: (16)

For on that fatal battle-plain,
Her legions overpowered and slain,
She bowed her head to Egbert's yoke,
And from his fetters never broke :
But he all England overrun,
And battle after battle won,
Until at Winchester renowned
First King of England was he crowned.
A few short years, and then the Dane
Came sweeping o'er the stormy main,
Each stalwart chief a rover free,
And each a monarch of the sea :
Of treacherous heart, of savage mood,
They seldom spared a foe subdued ;
A horde of pirates, fierce and stern,
Their pastime was to sink and burn ;
A ruthless, reckless, desperate band
As ever ravaged English land.
Scarce had they landed on our shore,
When raged the battle's deadly roar ;
Though with destruction and defeat
Full often did their warriors meet,—
Though truce and treaty oft was made,
And gold for peace was vainly paid,
No faith these wild marauders kept,
But through the land with havock swept,

Until to Kinwith Hubba went
And Oddune in his castle pent :
But Devon's Earl—a Saxon true—
At length the Danish chieftain slew ;
With rout and slaughter, far and wide,
Scattered his force on every side ;
His dreaded raven banner took, (17)
Which with enchantment's terrors shook,
And whose resistless power the foe
On many a fatal field did know,
Yet, spite of valour and of gold,
The Dane on England kept his hold
Till Alfred came—whom still we prize
As great and glorious, good and wise,—
Confessed, as patriot, king, and sage,
The star of that benighted age :
He, who in danger's darkest night
Shone forth a radiant beacon-light ;
Who did life's trials all endure—
As monarch rich, as exile poor,—
With nobleness of heart and mind
Which rarely may an equal find ;
Who, when his household hardly fared,
His last loaf with a pilgrim shared ;
Whose dauntless valour vainly tried
To beat back desolation's tide ;

And, by the foes he oft had quelled,
At length to fly his throne compelled,
And shield him in a cottage lone
Which did his faithful herdsman own ;
Who, as a minstrel, fearless went
With harp in hand to Guthrum's tent;
Where, while he harped, he planned the blow
Which should for ever crush his foe ;
Who issued, with a brave array,
Once more in arms from Æthlingay, (18)
And near to Selwood forest's side
Tamed savage Guthrum's warlike pride ;
Him in the battle prisoner made ;
Then royal clemency displayed,—
Baptizing him as Christian man,
And then he called him Athelstan.
Thus Alfred gave his country peace,
Thus, for a time, war's horrors cease,
But nought on earth could long restrain
The inroads of the faithless Dane,
Whom love of plunder brought once more
To burn and pillage as of yore.
Then England first the Danegelt knew ;
Did long its harsh exactions rue ;
And vainly struggled, fought, and bled,
Under her second Ethelred,

Who swore a fearful oath that he
The land would from these pirates free :
So on St. Brice's gloomy night
The Saxon did the Dane requite, (19)
And glaive and bill, and sword and knife,
Each took a hated foeman's life.
But Sweyn, when the news was told,
Assembled all his warriors bold,
And in hot haste from Denmark came
To waste the land with sword and flame :
And house and field with blood were red
Ere ceased the spoiler's vengeance dread.
When Canute in his wrath defied
The stalwart Edmund Ironside ;
And each of England King was crowned ;
And Dane on Saxon sternly frowned ;
And war's terrific shout and clang
Through field, and wood, and city rang ;
Then, Kenilworth, thine evil star
Brought legions on thee from afar,
And all thy strength, and skill, and power,
Could not avert thy destined hour.
Long hadst thou been a Saxon fort,
And long a royal Saxon court,
So thou—like warrior tried and good—
With sword in hand for Edmund stood.

Begirt with palisade and fosse,
Which scarce a living foe might cross ;
With ponderous gates, securely barred,
The entrance to thy halls to guard ;
With drawbridge raised ; and tower and wall
Crowded with warriors strong and tall—
As bold as ever Mercia gave
Her monarch from his foes to save ;—
While in defiance, proud to view,
Flaunted her white-cross banner blue.
The Danes—a wild and reckless host—
No military skill could boast,
But yet their courage never quailed,
Their countless hosts but rarely failed.
Although by foes beleagured round,
In thee no craven hearts were found,
All vowed to conquer or to die,
But never from a Dane to fly ;
And swore the castle to defend
Till victory the strife should end.
At length the Danes their strength essayed :
Assault upon assault was made,—
But every time beat back with loss,
And numbers hurled into the fosse,
They made a bridge of trees on which
To cross the fatal yawning ditch :

Then onwards rushed with shout and yell,—
But fast their bravest warriors fell
By dart and arrow, spear and stone,
Which from the walls in showers were thrown.
Right on the palisade they dashed,
Which soon beneath their fury crashed;
Then up the gallant Saxon rose,
And loudly rang the heavy blows :
Hour after hour the savage Dane
Fought desperately—but fought in vain—
Till panic-struck in haste they fled,
And in confusion widely spread :
Then pealed the Saxon battle-cry—
Hurrah ! hurrah ! they fly ! they fly !
As from the castle forth they rushed
O'er heaps of foemen slain and crushed,
And limbs were gashed, and heads were cleft,
By glaive and broadsword right and left.
The Danes fled fast in utter rout,
But in the forest wheeled about,
And held the Saxon force at bay :
Hard by their friends in ambush lay,
Who then upsprung with furious cries,
And rushed the castle to surprise.
Their onset fierce the little band
Of Saxons could not long withstand,

Though nought of courage did they lack,
But weight of numbers forced them back,
And foot to foot they fought and died,
For spear and axe were fiercely plied ;
The gates in pieces soon were hewed,
And on the blood-stained ground were strewed,
Amidst the dying and the slain,
Who never more should rise again.
Through hall and chamber on they dashed,
Where deadly axe and broadsword clashed,
And helms were rent, and armour riven,
And many a dagger-stab was given,
Till wall, and stair, and rushy floor,
Were splashed and stained with crimson gore.
The Danes at length the castle won,
And every Saxon slew but one,
Who, when he saw their hopeless plight,
Fled from the fierce and murderous fight :
Deep in the forest, victors crowned,
His Saxon brethren soon he found,
Who, with their recent triumph flushed,
With speed back to the rescue rushed.
But suddenly they saw the air
Was reddened by a lurid glare,
And heavy clouds of dense black smoke
Around the burning castle broke,

Which by its captors had been fired
When with wild wanton havoc tired :
And who, inflamed with heat and thirst,
Had into every cellar burst;
And many a goodly barrel stove ;
And with each other madly strove ;
And shouted, cursed, and hoarsely laughed,
While ale and mead they freely quaffed,
Which flowed and gushed forth like a flood,
O'er groaning men besmeared with blood.
The Saxon host with rage meanwhile
Beheld the black and blazing pile,
Which mortal power could never quench,—
Nor long endure the noisome stench :
So on the Danes their 'vengeful ire,
They wreaked amidst the roaring fire,
'Till not a man was left to tell
The horrors which that day befell.
Thus, Kenilworth, wert thou destroyed !
And thus was War's red hand employed !
A shapeless ruin wert thou left !
Of all thy strength and grandeur 'reft !
The work of ages swept away
By fire and sword in one short day ! (20)
And soon, I ween, no vestige could
Point out where once the castle stood !

Alas ! what fearful times were those—
Of deadly rage, and cruel woes !—
When war and discord, hate and strife,
Formed year by year the work of life !
Field after field was bravely fought,
And many a triumph dearly bought,
Till Canute over Edmund won
A victory at Assendon : (21)
Then Dane and Saxon did agree,
In Gloucestershire, at Alderley,
That England they would share in peace,
With friendship that should never cease.
But soon, by treachery of the Dane,
Brave Edmund Ironside was slain,—
Murdered, indeed, historians say,
At Oxford, on St. Andrew's day.
When England's sceptre Edward swayed—
Confessor, Saint, and Monarch made—
The Danegelt—that oppressive tax,
Imposed by fear of Danish axe,—
He did remit for evermore :
And from his wealth's exhaustless store,
That noble abbey did rebuild,
With mouldering kings and heroes filled,
Which has conferred unrivalled fame
On Westminster, and Peter's name.

In that fair abbey, when he died,
He was interred with pomp and pride ;
His tomb, all glorious to behold,
Was decked with precious stones and gold ;
And pilgrims came, with zeal divine,
To worship at his holy shrine. (22)
But Time soon closed the troubled reign
Alike of Saxon and of Dane ;
And brought the Norman in his pride,
Who England's banded might defied,
And made her sceptre, crown, and throne,
By right of conquest all his own.
But Norman William, when he came,
Had nought besides usurper's claim, (23)
Although his war-ships proudly bore
Their Pope-blessed banner to our shore :
And Pevensey remembers well,
'Twas there he landed, slipped, and fell ;
Fell—to assure his gallant band
He took firm hold of English land.
A braver warrior in the field,
Sword, axe, or lance did never wield ;
No chieftain ever mounted steed,
More skilled a gallant host to lead ;
Which Hastings saw with deep dismay,
Upon that fatal battle day !

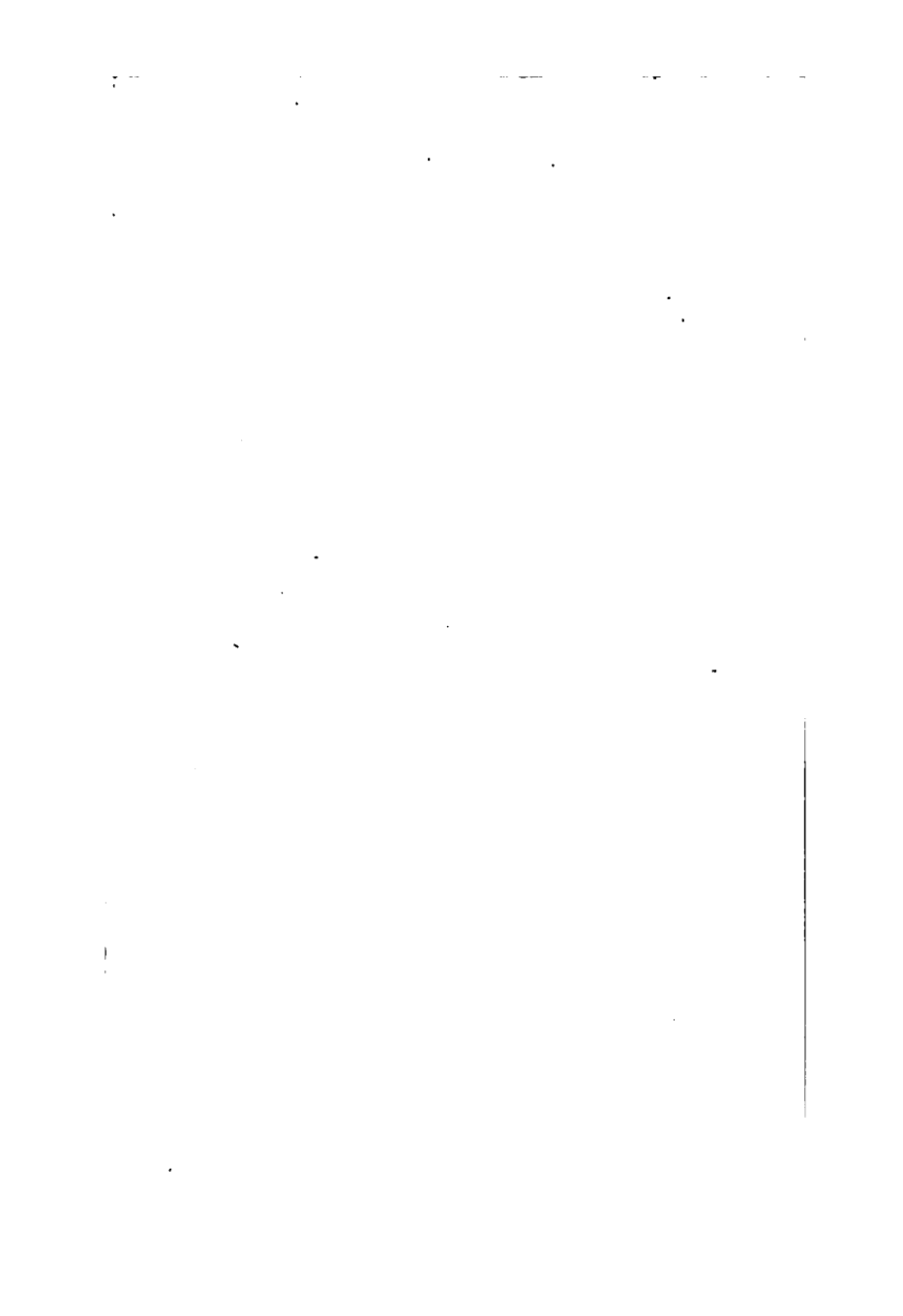
But Harold, England's chosen King, (94)
Whose war-cry through all hearts did ring,
Brought Dane and Saxon in their might
To battle for his native right,—
And braver men did never stand
Against invaders of their land :
All that long day on foot they fought,
And miracles of valour wrought,
Until the Norman mail-clad horse
Dashed on them with a torrent's force,—
Then wavered—turned—and wildly fled :
With wilder shouts, by Harold led,
The furious Saxons fast pursued,
But soon their headlong haste they rued :
The Norman horse swept fiercely back—
Repelled the Saxons' bold attack—
And with their bodies strewed the plain ;
Though gallantly they fought to gain
Once more their ground of 'vantage, made
So strong with ditch and sharp stockade.
Unconquer'd—though dispersed and broke—
And stubborn as their native oak,
The bravest fought in serried ring,
Around their standard and their King,
'Till Harold fell amidst the slain,
Pierced by an arrow through the brain.

Defending him they loved so well,
In heaps his choicest warriors fell—
Reckless of life—'till hope was past,—
True sons of England to the last!
In triumph, with the setting sun,
The field of Hastings William won,—
Though not by valour but by skill—
And thus did he his threat fulfil.
But Harold, if one single day
He'd kept the Norman force at bay,
His army, reinforced, had then
Been ten to one—not one to ten!—
And not a man of William's host
Had ever left old England's coast.
But out of evil cometh good,
Oftimes in ways least understood :
Although the sword has much destroyed,
It's given much to be enjoyed :
Though England's felt it to her cost,
Yet by it hath she nothing lost :
Though in her youth Britannia rued
Her fate so oft to be subdued
By Roman—Saxon—Norman—Dane,—
Yet hath it proved her countless gain :
Conquered ! yet conquering ! one by one,
Their noblest qualities she won.

From rude and barbarous state she rose,
By help of those invading foes,
To eminence supreme :—in arms,
In all that life refines and charms,
In all that knowledge doth impart,
In taste, and literature, and art ;
In boundless wealth, by commerce made ;
In agriculture, and in trade ;
And, like her sea-king ancestry,
The Queen and Mistress of the Sea.
Their blood now mingles in her veins,
And all their spirit she retains :—
The iron frame which spurneth ease,
The courage which no danger sees,
The strength which yieldeth not an inch,
The valour which doth never flinch,
The steadiness which all subdues,
The careful thrift which nought will lose,
The generous heart to freely give,
And let its poorer neighbour live,—
Which sympathises with distress,—
Which scorns the feeble to oppress,—
Which fearlessly will freely strike
For injured friend or foe alike ;—
And free in action, word, and thought,
With justice and with mercy fraught.

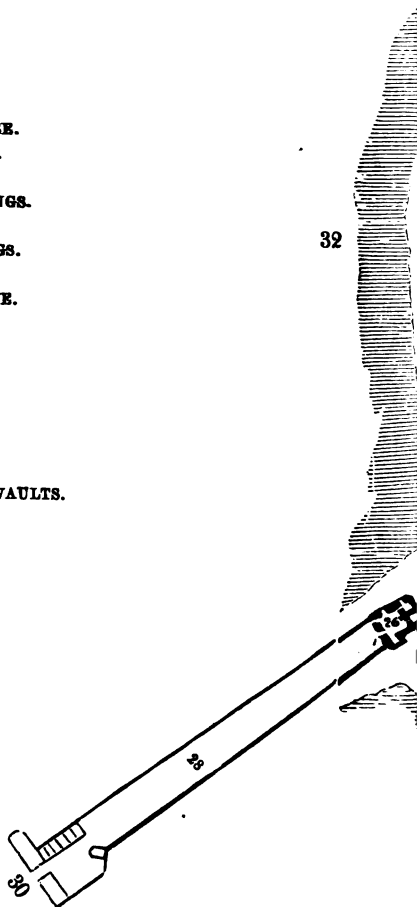
Now England is of age mature,—
And so, we trust, will long endure,—
Still in her stalwart sons we find
A generous heart—a noble mind—
And so to them the world gives place
As sovereigns of the human race,—
Whose reign extends from pole to pole,—
As far as ocean-billows roll,—
Whose empire hath no boundaries yet
On which the sun doth ever set.
May He, whose boundless power's displayed
In everything which He hath made,—
And who, let good or ill betide,
Hath ever been our guardian tried,—
And who hath raised us up to be
A mighty nation, great and free,—
And gifted us with matchless might,
And blessed us with his holy light,—
By whom we so securely dwell
In this our sea-girt citadel,—
Who shieldeth us from age to age,
Though war throughout the world doth rage,—
In love and mercy deign to smile
For ever on my native isle!

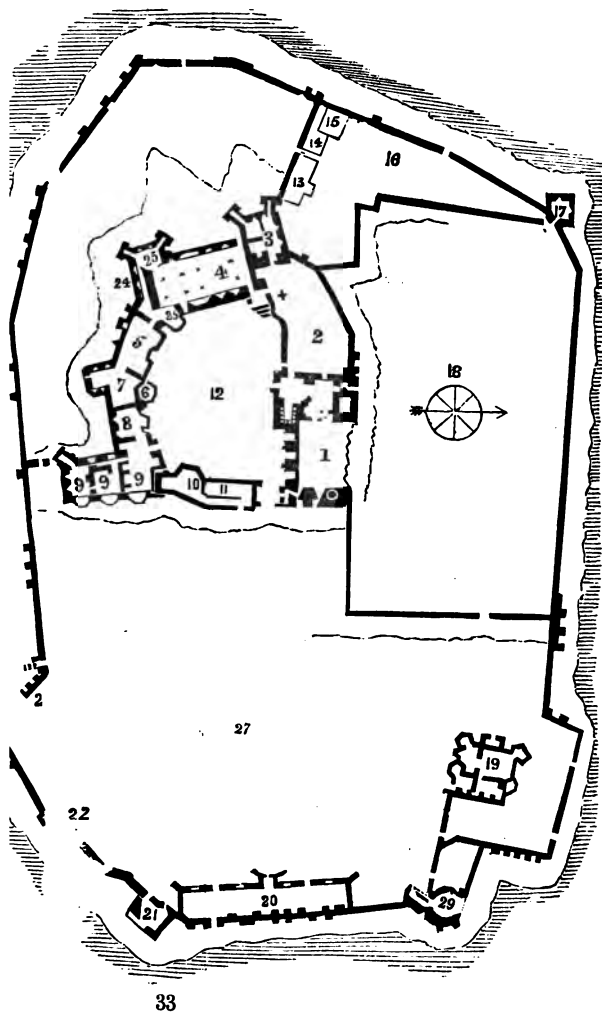




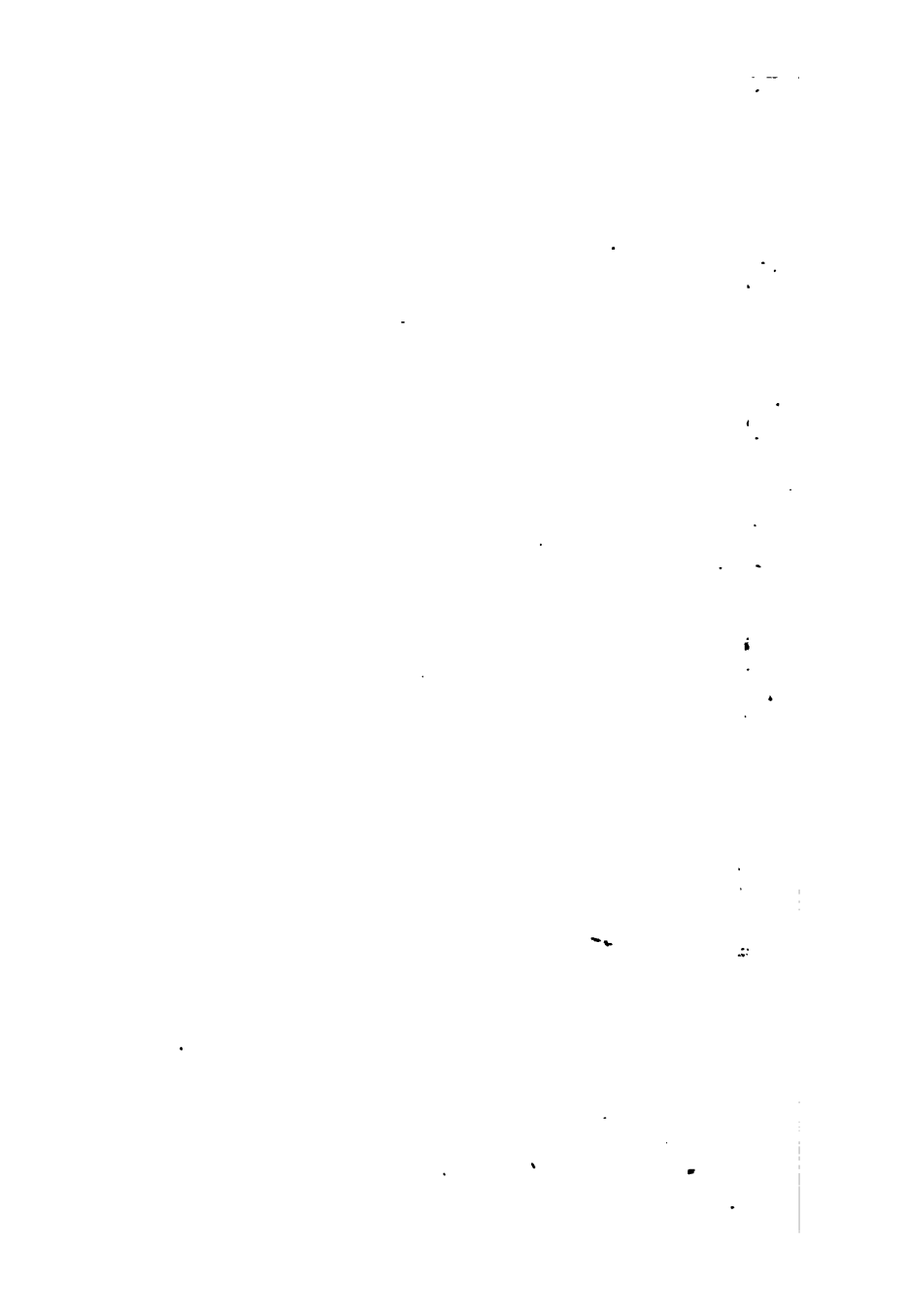
REFERENCES TO THE PLAN.

1. CAESAR'S TOWER.
2. KITCHENS.
3. STRONG TOWER.
4. GREAT HALL.
5. WHITE HALL.
6. LOBBY AND STAIRCASE.
7. PRESENCE CHAMBER.
8. PRIVY CHAMBER.
9. LEICESTER'S BUILDINGS.
10. DUDLEY'S LOBBY.
11. HENRY VIII. LODGINGS.
12. INNER COURT.
- 13, 14, 15, 16. PLEASANCE.
17. SWAN TOWER.
18. GARDEN.
19. GATEHOUSE.
20. STABLES.
21. WATER TOWER.
22. ROOM IN THE WALL.
23. HEAD OF THE LAKE.
24. STAIRS LEADING TO VAULTS.
25. ORIEL.
26. MORTIMER'S TOWER.
27. OUTER COURT.
28. TILT-YARD.
29. LUNN'S TOWER.
30. GALLERY TOWER.
31. CLINTON GREEN.
32. LAKE.
33. MOAT.





WD-PLAN OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE. 1856.

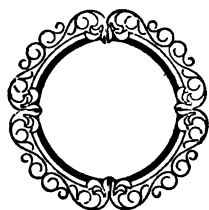




The Ruins of Kenilworth.

~~~~~  
**HISTORICAL.**







## THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

Historical.

**W**ITH ruthless heart—with vigorous hand—  
The Norman Conqueror ruled the land,  
As that despotic Curfew Bell,  
With iron tongue did truly tell :  
But yet he long and wisely reigned,—  
His haughty Normans pride restrained,—  
The ancient Saxon laws restored,—  
Although he governed by the sword :  
His Saxon foe he made his friend,  
And sought in one each race to blend,—  
The Saxon to the Norman wed,  
Though oft they from his vengeance fled.  
But when that famed Survey was made,  
Which England's landed wealth displayed,  
And which with pride we now preserve,—  
Which in our law-courts still doth serve,—

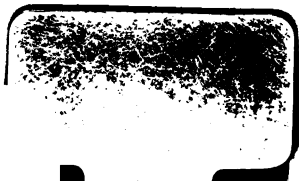
And which, at no far distant date,  
We did reprint, and did translate,  
Which bears the name that first it took—  
William the Conqueror's Domesday Book—(25)  
There, Kenilworth, we find thy name,  
Though with slight record of thy fame;  
For then no lordly castle frowned  
From this bold eminence around,  
But serfs' and swineherds' dwellings rude  
Studded the sylvan solitude :  
Around one vast extensive view  
Of forest foliage densely grew,  
Unbroken, save by scattered patch  
Of yellow grain, or cotters' thatch :  
For many an age this forest stood,  
And bore the name of Arden Wood ; (26)  
Though of its glory long bereft,  
For Time's rude hand hath scarcely left  
A relic, save its name, to show  
'Twas here a thousand years ago.  
But when the Norman Conqueror died,  
In height of glory and of pride,  
At St. Gervas, whilst in advance  
To light his threatened flame in France ;  
And Rufus, in his troubled reign,  
By Tyrrel's glancing shaft was slain,

In that New Forest which his sire  
Had formed with desolation dire,—  
In which, for ninety miles around,  
No hut nor hamlet could be found,—  
For happy homes had given place  
To coverts for the beasts of chase,—  
And where, in retribution dread,  
His kindred life-blood thrice was shed :  
And Henry, though near Malwood keep,  
Stayed not his brother's death to weep,  
But through the forest spurred his steed,—  
For wisdom failed him not at need ;  
And he, who for his learning famed,  
Through all the land Beauchamp was named,—  
Of Norman blood, though England's son,—  
Assumed the crown his father won,—  
Amongst the Norman Barons, who  
Their rank and wealth from England drew,  
Geoffrey de Clinton was enrolled, (27)  
Although of humble birth we're told :  
Yet was he prudent, wise, and good,  
And high in Henry's favour stood,  
Who raised him from obscure degree  
His own Lord Chamberlain to be,—  
Lord Treasurer, and Chief Justice too,  
For English law full well he knew.

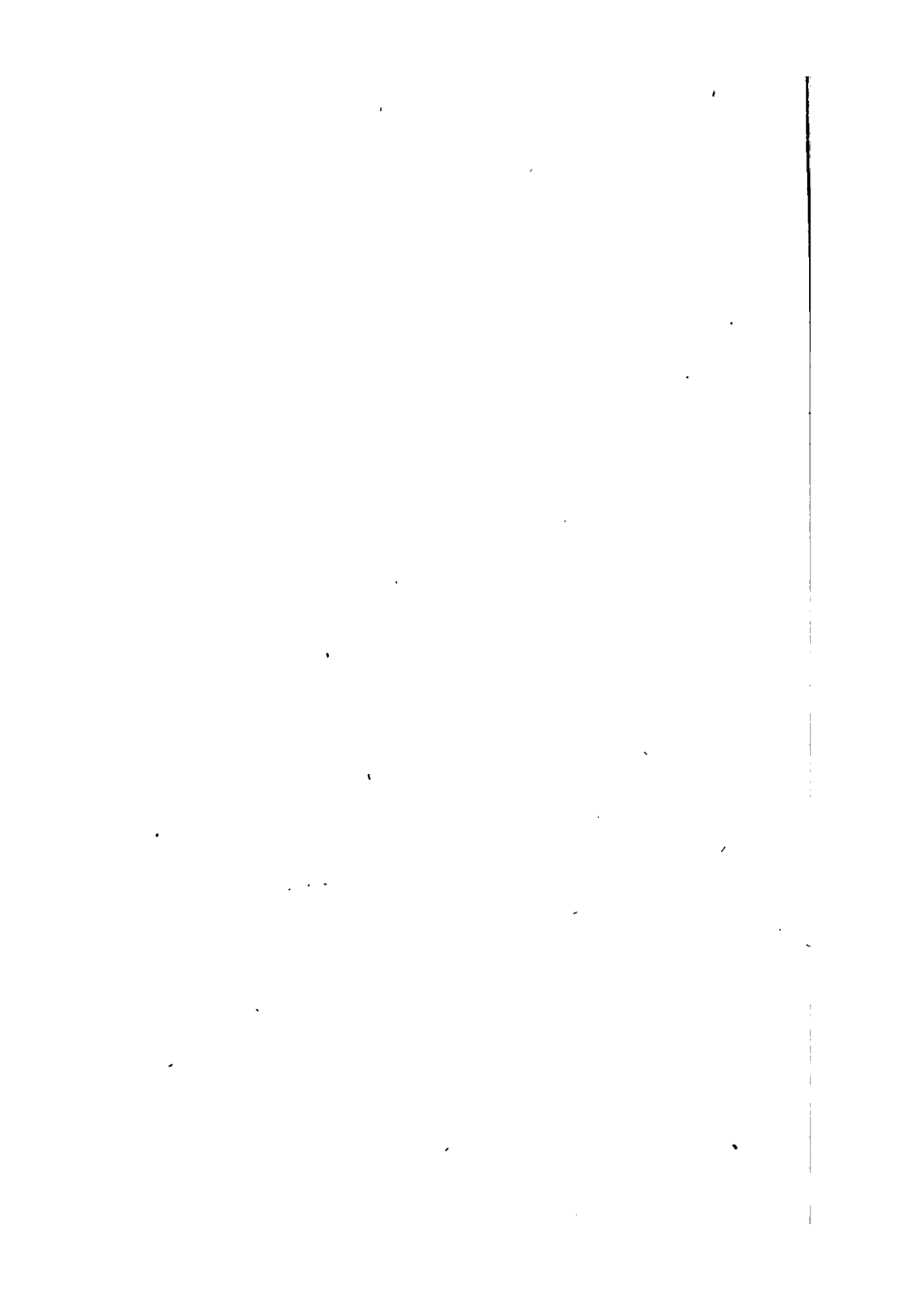




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THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE, IN 1820.

THE  
RUINS  
OF  
KENILWORTH,  
AN HISTORICAL POEM,

BY WILLIAM READER.



~~~~~  
BEHOLD! YOUR HOUSE IS LEFT UNTO YOU DESOLATE.
~~~~~

London:

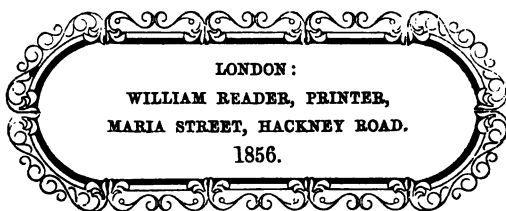
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W. READER, 42, MARIA STREET, HACKNEY ROAD.

MDCCCLVI.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

280. s. 155.



TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK,  
EARL OF CLARENDON,  
BARON HYDE OF HINDON,  
K.G., K.P., G.C.B.,  
LORD OF THE MANOR OF KENILWORTH,  
&c. &c. &c.  
THIS HISTORICAL POEM

(BY PERMISSION)

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.







# The Ruins of Kenilworth.

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## PREFACE.







## THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

### Preface.

**B**EING a native of Warwickshire, resident the first twenty years of my life in the ancient city of Coventry, situated within five miles of the pleasant town of Kenilworth, I became familiar from my infancy with the venerable and magnificent Ruins of its princely Castle, and its picturesque rural scenery; and consequently, in the year 1839, I was induced to attempt a Poetical Record of its Traditions and its History.

In 1841, having completed the Poem, I sought and obtained permission to dedicate it to the noble Owner of the Ruins of Kenilworth—the Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon; of whose condescension and courtesy I am now most happy to avail myself.

Circumstances having hitherto prevented the publication of this Poem, I have embraced every opportunity of revising it; and have also made considerable additions. It now contains more than 7,000 lines; although, as originally finished, it only consisted of about 3,500.

The Poem is embellished with Wood Engravings by Miss L. C. Kelly:—a View of the Ruins, an accurate Ground-Plan, and a Prospect of the Castle in its Perfect State in 1620, reduced from an original engraving made by the late Mr. William Radclyffe, engraver, of Birmingham, from a drawing of Henry Beighton in 1716, being a copy of the original fresco at Newnham Paddox, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Denbigh, which has since been destroyed.

The drawing was then in the possession of John Newdigate Ludford, Esq. LL.D. of Ansley Hall, near Coventry, and, through the influence of my late father, Mr. William Reader, of Coventry, he permitted Mr. David Gee, a clever artist of the same city, to make a copy of it, from which the engraving was made, and it was published in September, 1817, by Mr. John Aston, Bookseller, of Coventry, and dedicated to John Newdigate Ludford, Esq. This engraving, the exact size of Henry Beighton's drawing,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  by  $13\frac{3}{4}$  inches, accompanied by a smaller plate with references, size  $11\frac{1}{2}$  by 7 inches, was published at one guinea, to subscribers. This is the only known View of Kenilworth Castle in its Perfect State in existence, of which a reduced copy first appeared in Knight's Pictorial History of England; and also in several of his following works.

I beg to state that I have availed myself of the best authorities for the incidents of my Poem; and in the compilation of the notes: but do not consider it necessary to particularize them. I am quite aware that it has many defects; but were I to state the trying circumstances under which it has been written, printed, and published—an accumulation of difficulties which few authors have had to contend with—I am satisfied that no apology would be required for imperfections, but that it would at once receive the patronage and support of a generous public.

I trust that the Patrons of Literature will not consider "The Ruins of Kenilworth" beneath their notice; and hope that it will meet with as favourable a reception from my critical friends, as I feel assured it will be honoured with by my fair and gentle readers.

In conclusion, I beg to say, that, after an absence of many years, I revisited the Ruins of Kenilworth for the express purpose of ensuring the accurate topography of my Poem, which I trust will be considered worthy of a place in the Poetical Literature of my native country.

WILLIAM READER.

*London, September, 1856.*

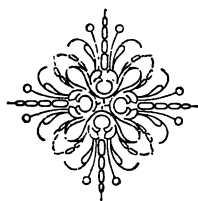


# The Ruins of Kenilworth.

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## INTRODUCTION.







## THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

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### Introduction.

**I**s there a heart that never beat  
Responsive to emotions sweet,  
Which thrill with pleasure most refined  
A noble and a generous mind,  
When musing o'er the glorious past  
Whose bright renown for aye will last ?  
Is there a heart that cannot feel  
The spell of beauty o'er it steal,  
With silent yet resistless power,—  
Like sunshine in the noontide hour—  
Until it lies in blissful trance  
Beneath its sweet bewitching glance ?  
Is there a heart so icy cold  
That never warmed when grief was told ;—  
That never felt soft pity's flow,  
Nor sympathy's more heavenly glow ?



Is there a living heart so tame  
That never burned with valour's flame,  
Nor swelled with patriotic pride  
When Britain has her foes defied?—  
When, for an injured nation's right,  
She's battled with a despot's might?—  
When Fame her triumphs has revealed  
On ocean-wave—on battle-field?  
Is there a heart that never felt  
How rapidly its frost will melt  
When gazing on the sunny gleam  
Which gilds the meadow, wood, and stream,  
And smiles upon the bright-hued flowers  
That deck the castle's ruined towers?  
Is there a heart that never drew  
The fire of inspiration true  
From all that's beautiful and bright  
With pure and exquisite delight?  
Ah! no: for such could ne'er be found,  
Although ye search the wide world round:  
For in the sternest human heart  
Ofttimes will warm affections start;  
But gentle hearts alone can know  
Impassioned feeling's purest glow.  
Such gifted hearts indeed are few;  
But such with flowers life's pathway strew;

And such are ever found, we feel,  
In life's worst trials, true as steel ;  
And such, I ween, in high degree  
Will ever love sweet Poesy,  
And flash,—when noble thoughts inspire—  
Like mine, with sympathetic fire :  
Land of the brave ! land of the free !  
How throbs my heart with love for thee !  
Land of my birth ! from pole to pole  
Resounds thy naval thunder-roll,  
Resistless as the mighty deep  
O'er which thy fleets in triumph sweep !  
Thou mistress of the stormy wave !  
Thou lion-hearted warrior brave !  
That never brook'd a despot's chain !  
Nor struck for Freedom's rights in vain !  
Supreme art thou in arts and arms,  
And safe from hostile war's alarms ;  
The mountain-waves which round thee roar  
Defend from foes thy white-cliff'd shore ;  
And Peace and Plenty's happy smile  
Hath ever blessed my native isle.  
Full many a lovely scene I've viewed  
Arrayed in sylvan solitude,  
Yet fair—magnificent—sublime—  
As any in a foreign clime :

Eternal mountains, crown'd with snow,  
Green hills and vales far spread below,  
Flower-spangled meadows, fertile fields—  
Where harvest rich luxuriance yields,—  
Sun-lighted river, brook, and lake,  
Dense forests' tangled glade and brake,  
Fruit-laden orchard—garden—grove.  
O Contemplation loves to rove  
Far from the city's ceaseless din—  
All bright without, but dark within.  
Fair are the palace-halls which stand  
In regal splendour o'er the land :  
Sweet are the rural cots amid  
The clustering rose and woodbine hid :  
Majestic is the rocky steep  
Crown'd with the shattered castle-keep :  
And O how picturesquely blent  
Are crumbling wall and battlement,  
And princely hall, and massive tower,  
Though shorn of all their state and power !  
Such wert thou ruined Kenilworth !  
For ages thought of little worth,  
Until the Wizard of the North\*  
Thine ancient splendour shadowed forth,

\* Sir Walter Scott, the author of the celebrated romance of Kenilworth.

With matchless hand,—so passing well,  
As his romance doth truly tell,  
That all who've read his page inspired  
His mighty genius have admired,  
Which could revive—they must confess—  
The glorious days of "Good Queen Bess!"  
Though I may never vie in fame  
With his imperishable name,  
Yet still I love in bright array  
To picture scenes long passed away :  
To sing of knights and barons bold,  
And ladies fair, in times of old :  
And that majestic pile to dress  
Once more in all its stateliness  
Through which I rambled when a boy,  
And often viewed with thoughtless joy  
Its ivy-clad time-honoured brow,  
Which e'en methinks I gaze on now—  
Which to my native heart is dear—  
The pride and boast of Warwickshire.  
O could I but in words express  
The brilliant thoughts which round me press,  
Then all resistless should I bind  
With sympathy both heart and mind,  
And captive hold, in fairy bower,  
With more than wizard's magic power,

For not a fairer spot on earth  
Exists than peerless Kenilworth !  
Then listen to my simple lay,  
Which tells its glory and decay.





# The Ruins of Kenilworth.



**REMINISCENCES.**







## THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

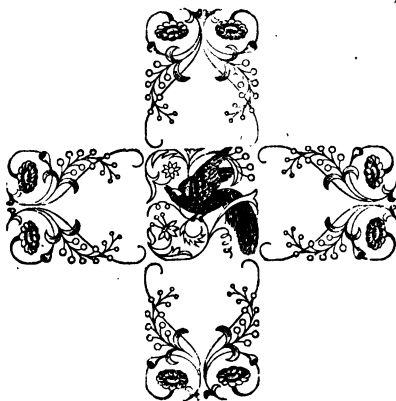
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### Reminiscences.

**T**WAS evening : from a verdant hill  
I gazed around, and all was still :  
The glorious sunset's gorgeous glow  
Illumined all the vale below,  
Imparting to the woodland scene  
The richest hues of gold and green :  
Far as the glancing eye could range,  
Cornfield and cottage—garden—grange—  
Meadow and orchard—wood and stream—  
Were glittering in its brightest gleam ;  
And yon majestic shattered pile,  
With ivy crowned, still seemed to smile,  
As the departing sunbeams shed  
A radiant halo round its head ;  
While softly sighed the fragrant breeze  
Amidst the stately forest trees.



Fair Kenilworth, this scene was thine !  
Though many an age of storm and shine  
Thy fields, and woods, and towers have seen !  
Thou art not now what thou hast been :  
I gazed upon thy ruins grey,  
And mused on times long passed away.

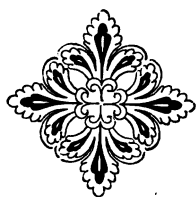




# The Ruins of Kenilworth.

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TRADITIONAL.







THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

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Traditional.

**T**HULL many a record of the past  
Hath Time into oblivion cast ;  
Yet, when historic truth is gone,  
Tradition often lingereth on,  
And doth with syren tongue relate  
The wondrous deeds of ancient date :  
E'en now King Arthur's mighty name (1)  
Must be content such aid to claim.  
Of old, with tuneful tongue and pen,  
Taliesin famed, and Lywarch Hen, (2)  
With many a bard and minstrel sung,  
In strains which through all Britain rung,  
Those bold achievements so renowned  
Of Arthur and his Table Round ;  
How 'gainst the Saxon hosts he fought,  
And prodigies of valour wrought :

Until, at length, that savage horde  
Upon the land such numbers poured,  
That e'en his warriors force did lack  
From Britain's coasts to beat them back ;  
Though oft those fierce invaders rued  
The prowess death alone subdued.  
Britannia's bards have sung in vain ;  
Few records of his life remain ;  
For Truth has blotted every page  
Which told of that benighted age,  
And doth to lawless Fiction yield  
His name and fame to be revealed.  
And so Tradition saith that here  
King Arthur did a castle rear,  
Of massive grandeur—strong and tall—  
Begirt with moat and 'battled wall.  
Rude taste adorned each lordly tower,  
And knightly hall, and ladies bower,  
With all that could a prince delight,  
Or gladden noble warrior's sight,  
Or fascinate the most refined—  
Or most capricious—female mind.  
Of all the castles he possessed,  
For peace or war, this pleased him best,  
So hither with his royal dame,  
In regal splendour oft he came,

Surrounded by his peerless court,  
For warlike game, or woodland sport.  
Full many a day was gaily spent  
When peril oft with pleasure blent,  
For Beauty's smile, and Glory's prize,  
True Knighthood's skill and courage tries,  
And little could such hearts of flame  
Endure a craven warrior's shame.  
What feats of valour then were done !  
What triumphs in the tourney won !  
Whilst ghastly wounds and death display  
The terrors of the battle-fray !  
Or when they sallied forth to sweep  
The wolves into the forest deep,  
With reckless hearts, in merry mood,  
The dangerous sport they oft pursued  
Until the roving foe they met,  
Who soon upon them fiercely set :  
Yet Arthur's knights, though sore assailed  
By wolves and warriors, never quailed,  
But fought 'till their marauding foes  
In slaughter'd heaps around them rose,  
And, by their superhuman strength,  
Were victors in the fray at length.  
As back they to the castle rode,  
Their gallant hearts with triumph glowed,

And in the banquet-hall made place  
For trophies of the fight and chase.  
When royal feast King Arthur made,  
Full richly were the halls arrayed,  
Profuse good cheer was ever found  
Upon the famous Table Round,  
Where every knight, with joyful face,  
In peaceful garb, took well-known place :  
Then merry voices loudly rung,  
And healths were quaffed, and minstrels sung ;  
And jest, and tale of warlike feat,—  
Of gallant knights on coursers fleet—  
Of demon, dwarf, or giant strong,—  
Beguiled the jocund hours along :  
Whilst many a youthful noble knight  
With gentle speech wooed lady bright ;  
In song, and dance, and game of skill,  
Subservient to her sovereign will.  
Though hearts were won by smile and glance,  
Yet oft'ner still by sword and lance,  
For Love assumed the Warrior's guise,  
And Beauty none but Valour's prize.  
High at the board amidst the din,  
By Arthur's side, sat famed Merlin, (3)  
Whose sportive feats of magic skill  
With wonder all beholders thrill :

Though full of mirth in festive hour,  
The boldest feared the Wizard's power ;  
Greybeard and stripling knew right well  
The terrors of his mighty spell.  
Thus changeful years rolled onwards fast,  
In peace or strife alternate passed,  
Until relentless War's red hand  
Had swept away that gallant band :  
Tristram, and Kay, and Percivel,  
Gareth, and Tor, and Lionel,  
Gawayne, and Launcelot-de-Lake,  
And Galahad, whose worth did take  
Siege Perilous ; and Pellinore ;  
Shall never spur a charger more !  
False Mordred in rebellious strife  
Bereft King Arthur of his life :  
Excaliber, his trusty sword,  
No longer could its aid afford ;  
And when returned to her who gave—  
The damsel of the silver wave—  
She came amidst her weeping band  
And wafted him to fairy-land.  
Within a rock Merlin was pent  
By magic power himself had lent ;  
Yet that fair damsel long did fear  
Sir Bruce-sans-Pitié, hovering near,



Who swore a deadly oath that she  
For aye should rue her cruelty.  
And so King Arthur's mournful fate  
Left this fair castle desolate :  
Long years of devastating war  
Its ponderous towers and ramparts saw,  
Until the battle and the storm  
Had sorely marred its noble form.  
The Saxon triumphed :—host on host  
O'er Britain swept, from coast to coast :  
The ruined altar—ravaged hearth—  
Marked well the fierce invaders' path :  
Oft were the noblest and the best  
By harsh exactions sore distressed,  
Or plunder'd by marauding bands,  
Or fell beneath assassin hands,  
Or struggling for their rights in vain  
In many a desperate fight were slain ;  
Until at length the scatter'd few  
The Saxon sword could not subdue,  
Sought refuge in the hills and vales  
Of free and long unconquer'd Wales.  
Safe in that rugged land of rocks,  
Impregnable to battle's shocks,  
With ruthless hand, age after age,  
They fierce and ceaseless warfare wage

Upon the fertile plains below,  
Filling the land with wail and woe,  
Till Harold, who at Hastings fell, (4)  
These bold marauders vowed to quell;  
And issued prompt commands at length,  
Which roused the Saxons' giant strength,  
Who sprang to arms, with hatred dire  
Fierce flashing from their hearts of fire,  
And struck with red remorseless hand  
Each reckless and ferocious band,  
And such relentless vengeance took  
That hill and vale with terror shook,  
For Saxon glaive, and bill, and brand,  
In triumph swept through all the land;  
And every British chief subdued!  
Then Harold gave the peace they sued;  
But held supreme dominion long,  
And built full many a fortress strong,  
Whose fragments may be traced e'en now  
Upon the mountains' rocky brow.  
Yet nought that warlike race could tame,  
Time ever found them still the same,  
And England rued her calm repose  
Oft ravaged by these border foes:  
But when in luckless, fatal hour,  
Llewellyn braved stern Edward's power, (5)

In bold attempt, though rash and vain,  
His independent rights to gain,—  
Which Merlin, when in height of pride,  
Of old had idly prophesied,—  
His hosts were crushed on hill and plain,  
And he, in desperate fight was slain,  
Thus iron Edward left them nought—  
Such havoc had his legions wrought—  
Except tradition, song, and story,  
To tell of all their ancient glory.  
Soon as the British race had fled,  
Dissension 'mongst the Saxons spread;  
Year after year rolled onwards fast,  
In civil strife and turmoil passed;  
Until at length to end these woes,  
The Saxon Heptarchy arose :  
Each warlike kingdom and its crown  
Founded by chiefs of high renown. (6)  
Then dire oppressive laws were made  
Which none except the weak obeyed :  
The rich and powerful—fierce and bold—  
By no decrees would be controlled,—  
The hated ruling powers defied;  
Torture and death with scorn deride;  
The certain fate—and known full well—  
For all who, reckless, dare rebel.

The injured, who but justice sought,  
If not with wealth nor valour fraught,  
Might sue in vain : or learn to dread  
The ruin o'er their households spread :—  
Shunned such redress their chiefs afford,  
Whose will was law, whose law the sword.  
But other Kings upon the throne,  
The seven Saxon kingdoms own,  
Who in succeeding years display  
Far less severe despotic sway,—  
Whose wise and vigorous rule subdued  
This lawless people—fierce and rude.  
Then gentle Peace began to smile  
Once more upon this war-worn isle,  
And Plenty from her ample stores  
On all around abundance pours,  
Labour with sports and pastimes blent,  
And all were with their lot content.  
Yet Idol-worship's withering blight,  
And Superstition's barbarous rite,  
And auguries from bird and beast,  
By stern, fanatic, juggling priest,  
O'er Britain had for ages past  
Their soul-debasing influence cast,  
And shrouded all with noxious gloom,  
And veiled the light beyond the tomb,

Until the Star of Promise rose,  
Which with Salvation's radiance glows,  
Dispelling with Eternal light  
The darkness of the Pagan night.  
Augustine ! 'twas thine earnest call,  
Which freed the land from heathen thrall :  
To Christian faith thou didst convert  
The Saxon monarch Ethelbert, (7)  
Fifth King of Kent, but yet the first  
Who from that iron bondage burst ;  
But he, as wise as he was brave,  
Renounced the creed which could not save,  
And as a Soldier of the Cross  
Counted his rank and wealth as dross,  
And gave an idol-temple which  
In broad domains was passing rich,  
And in a thick umbrageous wood  
Near Canterbury's city stood,  
Which as a church, in royal state,  
Augustine then did consecrate.  
But when the pontiff Gregory heard  
The triumphs of the Sacred Word,  
And of the marvellous success  
That did his pious mission bless,  
His heart o'erflowed with grateful love  
In prayer and praise to Heaven above,

Augustine, for his zeal displayed,  
He Primate of all England made,  
And Canterbury, still we see,  
Retains its ancient primacy.  
The seed thus sown with liberal hand  
By that devoted priestly band,  
On hill and dale took vigorous root,  
And soon brought forth abundant fruit  
In all the Saxon kingdoms seven,  
Which garnered up their stores for heaven.  
Resistless as a torrent dread  
The Christian faith through Mercia spread, (8)  
'Though Penda fierce—its warlike King—  
Did on it all his hatred fling;  
Until his son, Peada, wooed  
Alchfleda fair—yet vainly sued:—  
The Christian Princess scorned a throne  
Which might a Pagan monarch own;  
But love the chieftain's heart did fill,  
And soon it bowed him to her will,  
So in the Avon's silver tide  
The heathen Prince was purified.  
Thus proving Scripture precepts true,—  
And such examples are not few—  
In which the husband by the wife  
Is sanctified to holy life.

Thus was Alchfleda wooed and won :  
Thus Peada's Christain reign begun :  
He chose a royal banner new,—  
A silver cross on field of blue—  
Which proudly flutter'd in the breeze  
High o'er the old gigantic trees,  
On Kenilworth's huge ponderous tower :—  
The Mercian banner to this hour.  
In arts of war—in arts of peace—  
In all that maketh wealth increase,  
In culture of the rugged soil,  
In all that's wrought by skilful toil,  
In martial strife, in civic feud,  
In lay and legend quaint and rude,  
In rural game, in royal sport,  
In joy and grief in cot and court,  
In festival and pageant gay,  
In minstrel's song and roundelay,  
In storm and calm, in shade and sun,  
The varied seasons onwards run :  
Year after year in silence rolled,  
And each of mighty changes told :  
King after King o'er Mercia reigned,  
Yet not one sovereign ever deigned  
With sympathising glance or smile  
To greet thy black war-shatter'd pile,

Nor reck'd of all thine ancient fame,  
Proud Kenilworth! till Kenelm came. (9)  
Who royally, I ween, at length,  
Restored thee to thy state and strength;  
Superb, as in King Arthur's day,  
For festival or battle-fray.  
Soon as thou wert arrayed, once more,  
In princely splendour, as of yore;  
Then Kenelm, by august decree,  
His royal name bestowed on thee,  
And from that time for ever forth  
Hast thou been called Kenelm's worth,—  
Which, from the Saxon, scholars trace  
As meaning castle, court, or place,—  
And where, with pleasure and with pride,  
The Kings of Mercia did reside.  
The happiest hours are ever brief,  
But long and weary those of grief,  
And such, fair castle, Time hath shown  
Age after age have been thine own;  
Yet few more joyous days, I ween,  
Than Kenelm's hast thou ever seen,  
For gentle Peace then deigned awhile  
To bless thee with her sweetest smile.  
Restored to all thy pomp and power,  
In hall and chamber, wall and tower,



And girt with fosse and palisade,  
A Saxon fortress wert thou made,  
And strongly fenced above, below,  
Against the force of plundering foe.  
Without—impregnable ye seemed,  
Within—rude gorgeous splendour gleamed,  
Around—far spread on every side,  
Was field, and lake, and forest wide,  
Well stored with all a Prince might claim,  
In corn and fruit, in fish and game ;  
For all producing jovial cheer  
Was found in rich abundance here.  
O many a morning, noon, and night,  
In Winter dark—in Summer bright—  
In Autumn brown—in fragrant Spring—  
Has fled on pleasure's rapid wing !  
When King, and Prince, and Thane, and Earl,  
Queen, Princess, Countess,—fair young girl,  
Alderman, Franklin, and a throng  
Of sturdy Serfs and Villains strong,  
Cottars and Borders, Socmen,—all  
Bound to the land by Saxon thrall : (10)  
Jester and Gleeman—youth and child—  
With laughter, fun, and frolic wild,  
In joyous mood assembled here  
On festal days for many a year.

Those were the days for mirth and glee !  
But such again shall never be :  
Though rough the sport—though rude the feast,  
All shared, from greatest to the least ;  
Though hard the toil in fertile field—  
On barren moor—in tangled weald—  
In barn and hovel—by the aid  
Of axe and flail—of plough and spade ;  
Though weary labour was the lot  
Of those who dwelt in hut and cot,  
And wrought at anvil, bench, and loom,  
From morning's dawn to evening's gloom ;  
But yet, as Time's revolving hours  
Brought Winter's snow, and Summer's flowers,  
And holy-day, and festive-tide,  
All toil and care were cast aside,  
For nought was brook'd which might destroy  
The brief yet fleeting hours of joy.  
As Summer, Spring, or Autumn came,  
So changed the sport—so changed the game—  
Although when sunny days were long,  
And sight was good, and scent was strong,  
Then ever was the foremost place  
Assigned unto the joyous chase :  
Oft rang the woods at early morn  
With boisterous shouts—with clanging horn—

With mettled coursers' sportive neigh,  
With mastiffs' bark, and staghounds' bay,  
Arousing from their matted lair  
The cunning fox, the timid hare,  
The savage boar, the fleet wild deer,  
Which fled before the bow and spear  
Of clamorous huntsmen, following quick  
Through open glade—through covert thick,  
O'er fallow field—o'er sedgy moor,  
Until the wild and furious boar  
At length by numbers headed round,  
Deep in the rough and broken ground,  
Was brought to bay amidst the gorse  
By yelling hound and panting horse,  
Where foaming, fighting, bleeding fast,  
Upon their spears he died at last.  
The fleeter stag, through meadows green  
Fled swiftly from the forest scene !  
He lingered not in woodland shade,  
Nor for the brook, nor river stayed ;  
Across the heath—o'er dale and hill—  
He dashed with speed unbroken still !  
His fierce pursuers soon outsped,  
Though by the boldest horsemen led !  
On—on—and on his course he bent,  
'Till lost to sight and lost to scent;

Then wearily he wander'd back,  
And crossed again the huntsmen's track :  
But as his native woods he sought,  
His antlers in a thicket caught.  
Alas ! proud stag ! too late—too late—  
Thou wouldst avert thy cruel fate !  
Thy desperate struggles are in vain !  
Thou never shalt be free again !  
Thou can'st no longer run nor fight,  
Nor shun the mastiffs' furious bite !  
Nor 'void the hunter's ruthless knife  
Which 'reft thee of thy gallant life !  
Though swift and cunning hare and fox,—  
And hiding deep in sandy rocks,  
'Midst fern and gorse, and heath and broom,  
Yet seldom did they 'scape their doom  
By bill and spear—or bow and shaft,  
Nor foiled they oft the huntsman's craft :  
Nor e'er outstripped the hound's fleet paws,  
Nor long survived his deadly jaws.  
Though in the field the hot pursuit  
Of forest-beast man well may suit,  
Yet woman oft has deigned to grace  
And share the pleasures of the chase !  
In merry Saxon times, I wist,  
With hound in leash, and hawk on fist,

Fair dames rode forth the sport to view,  
 With gay and gallant retinue :  
 When freed from jesses, bells, and hood,  
 Proudly the noble falcon stood,  
 Then soared on high in pride of place,  
 With hound and horse at rapid pace,  
 And on the struggling quarry swooped,  
 Whilst many a gallant huntsman whooped !  
 And when at length it fell to ground,  
 'Twas brought with speed by docile hound ;  
 The well-trained falcon quickly lured,  
 And safe for further sport secured.  
 Though Falconry did ever wait  
 As princely pastime on the great, (11)  
 The villain with his stone and sling  
 Could kill a bird upon the wing ;  
 Or when an archer's skill he'd show—  
 Though short the shaft, and short the bow—  
 Would prove himself a marksman good,  
 At aught that lived in field or wood. (12)  
 But other sports at times prevailed,—  
 Some on the Avon rowed or sailed,—  
 That "silver stream" whose gentle name  
 Is ever linked with Shakspeare's fame ; (13)  
 Or in a green secluded nook  
 • Their patient stand with angle took :

Others reposed in listless ease,  
Upon the turf beneath the trees ;  
While those of restless mood, at length  
Aroused to test their skill and strength,  
At running, wrestling, leaping,—or  
In exercises meet for war :  
The quarter-staff—the sword and shield—  
Stout hearts and arms with vigour wield ;  
Foot, hand, and eye together go,  
As cut, guard, thrust, were high or low ;  
While rattling stick and quarter-staff,  
Were blent with shout, and jest, and laugh,  
Which blithely rang, and loudly rose,  
When head, leg, arm, were bruised with blows,  
Or when a quick and skilful guard  
A rapid cut or thrust had barred.  
Such were the sports—though rough indeed—  
Yet little did such roysterers heed,  
For well they knew the jovial board  
Would full amends to all afford.  
The Saxon—born of high degree—  
Loved mirth and hospitality ;  
Though oft of hot impetuous mood,  
Which serf and villain sorely rued,  
Yet open-hearted, kind, and free,  
At every other time was he ;

And ever 'twas his boast—his pride—  
To feast all ranks at festive tide.  
The banquet-hall was wide and long,  
Its lofty roof of timber strong,  
Rough-hewn and rudely carved, 'tis true,  
Yet 'twas, in sooth, right fair to view !  
Ranged on its walls, in brave array,  
Were trophies of the battle-fray,—  
The horns of many a stag and boar,—  
The arms which many a warrior wore ;  
And decked with goodly boughs of oak,  
Which of the merry greenwood spoke.  
The ponderous tables duly placed,  
Were garnished by the hand of taste,  
And proudly on them did they bear  
Profusion of substantial fare : (14)  
Wild-fowl and fish from moor and fen,—  
Wild boar and ox, and stag of ten ;—  
And swine,—the Saxon's favorite food—  
With spice and savoury herbs bestrewed ;  
And high on board, with honour due,  
Appeared the stately Barbacue,  
Which never failed to give delight  
To sturdy Saxon appetite,—  
Well known for loving generous cheer,  
With foaming nut-brown ale and beer,

And which supremely beareth sway  
In England at the present day.  
Of beer, metheglin, ale, and mead,  
Many a cask was broached indeed,  
And many a horn of goodly size,  
The drinking-vessels did comprise;  
For Saxon thirst was never known  
To quench with stinted draughts alone.  
Hour after hour the feasters' spent  
In wild uproarious merriment,  
And legend, jest, and song went round,  
Whilst loudly gleemen's harps resound;  
And jugglers' feats of strength and skill,  
With wonder serf and chieftain fill;  
And jesters' jokes with mirth were rife;  
Whilst tales of war and desperate strife  
Thrill'd every bosom bold and brave,  
Alike in freeman and in slave.  
But when the sun had sunk to rest,  
And daylight faded in the west,  
And evening shadows came,—then ceased  
The din and tumult of the feast.  
Soon as the gentle moon arose,  
(Which oft with radiant lustre glows)  
And with its pale and silvery light  
Dispersed the deepening gloom of night,



And chased away each purple cloud  
Which did ethereal azure shroud,  
And smiled upon the dark-hued trees,  
Which rustled in the western breeze,  
And murmured plaintive sounds most dear  
Unto the Poet's heart and ear,  
And on the emerald grass displayed  
Its softly blended light and shade,  
And sparkled in the rippling stream,  
And bathed the lake in silver gleam,  
Whilst silence through the woodlands reigned  
And every pensive heart enchained,—  
Then gallant youth and lovely maid  
Through shady paths together strayed;  
And oft indeed, in merry mood,  
Capricious dame was vainly wooed;  
But oft'ner still a heart was won,  
True as the truest 'neath the sun.  
Fast flew the time in converse sweet,  
As heart with heart in union beat,  
'Till blissful love's bewitching sway,  
Like morning dreams was chased away,—  
By laughter, ringing loud and clear,  
And many a harp resounding near;  
And groups of merry guests were seen  
Dancing upon the castle-green,

Which, in the moon's soft glowing ray,  
Was radiant as the sunny day.  
When dark-browed hoary Winter came  
The forests and the fields to claim,  
And all the land was white with snow,  
And every stream had ceased to flow,  
And thick blue mists obscured the air,  
And every trunk and branch was bare,  
And howling winds were piercing cold,  
And frozen all in weald and wold,  
And countless feathery snow flakes fell  
In silence over hill and dell ;  
And tower and cot, and bush and tree,  
Appeared—as far as eye could see—  
Laden with clustering blossoms bright,  
And clothed in robes of dazzling white ;  
And days were short, and dark, and drear ;  
And nights were frosty, bright, and clear ;  
And chamber, hall, and kitchen warm,  
Were sheltered from the pelting storm ;  
And ponderous riven logs were raised  
High on the hearth, which smoked and blazed,  
And cast a ruddy glare on all  
That graced the board, or decked the wall :  
Then, let the sky be foul or fair,  
Right little did the Saxon care ;

By Winter freed from half his toil,  
And blessed with leisure for awhile,  
In Kenelm's halls he joked and laughed,  
And feasted high and deeply quaffed,  
Whilst tales of shipwreck and of war,  
In days of Woden and of Thor, (15)  
Of fiend, and necromancer dire,—  
Were told around the roaring fire ;  
Or chess, and dice, and games of skill,  
Were sought the weary time to kill ;  
Or merry song and dance commingled ;  
Or Jester's bells of folly jingled ;  
Or crafty witch and wizard's power  
Beguiled with mirth full many an hour.  
Thus Winter, Autumn, Summer, Spring,  
Successive toil and pleasure bring ;  
And thus, as each in turn held sway,  
The reign of Kenelm passed away.  
But times of trouble and distress  
Upon thee soon began to press,  
For chiefs, by wild ambition driven,  
Had every Saxon kingdom riven,  
And warlike Mercia drew the sword  
Against a fierce invading horde :  
In vain—in vain—her heroes fought,  
For Elyndome her ruin wrought: (16)

For on that fatal battle-plain,  
Her legions overpowered and slain,  
She bowed her head to Egbert's yoke,  
And from his fetters never broke :  
But he all England overrun,  
And battle after battle won,  
Until at Winchester renowned  
First King of England was he crowned.  
A few short years, and then the Dane  
Came sweeping o'er the stormy main,  
Each stalwart chief a rover free,  
And each a monarch of the sea :  
Of treacherous heart, of savage mood,  
They seldom spared a foe subdued ;  
A horde of pirates, fierce and stern,  
Their pastime was to sink and burn ;  
A ruthless, reckless, desperate band  
As ever ravaged English land.  
Scarce had they landed on our shore,  
When raged the battle's deadly roar ;  
Though with destruction and defeat  
Full often did their warriors meet,—  
Though truce and treaty oft was made,  
And gold for peace was vainly paid,  
No faith these wild marauders kept,  
But through the land with havock swept,

Until to Kinwith Hubba went  
And Oddune in his castle pent :  
But Devon's Earl—a Saxon true—  
At length the Danish chieftain slew ;  
With rout and slaughter, far and wide,  
Scattered his force on every side ;  
His dreaded raven banner took, (17)  
Which with enchantment's terrors shook,  
And whose resistless power the foe  
On many a fatal field did know,  
Yet, spite of valour and of gold,  
The Dane on England kept his hold  
Till Alfred came—whom still we prize  
As great and glorious, good and wise,—  
Confessed, as patriot, king, and sage,  
The star of that benighted age :  
He, who in danger's darkest night  
Shone forth a radiant beacon-light ;  
Who did life's trials all endure—  
As monarch rich, as exile poor,—  
With nobleness of heart and mind  
Which rarely may an equal find ;  
Who, when his household hardly fared,  
His last loaf with a pilgrim shared ;  
Whose dauntless valour vainly tried  
To beat back desolation's tide ;

And, by the foes he oft had quelled,  
At length to fly his throne compelled,  
And shield him in a cottage lone  
Which did his faithful herdsman own ;  
Who, as a minstrel, fearless went  
With harp in hand to Guthrum's tent;  
Where, while he harped, he planned the blow  
Which should for ever crush his foe ;  
Who issued, with a brave array,  
Once more in arms from Æthlingay, (18)  
And near to Selwood forest's side  
Tamed savage Guthrum's warlike pride ;  
Him in the battle prisoner made ;  
Then royal clemency displayed,—  
Baptizing him as Christian man,  
And then he called him Athelstan.  
Thus Alfred gave his country peace,  
Thus, for a time, war's horrors cease,  
But nought on earth could long restrain  
The inroads of the faithless Dane,  
Whom love of plunder brought once more  
To burn and pillage as of yore.  
Then England first the Danegelt knew ;  
Did long its harsh exactions rue ;  
And vainly struggled, fought, and bled,  
Under her second Ethelred,

Who swore a fearful oath that he  
The land would from these pirates free :  
So on St. Brice's gloomy night  
The Saxon did the Dane requite, (19)  
And glaive and bill, and sword and knife,  
Each took a hated foeman's life.  
But Sweyn, when the news was told,  
Assembled all his warriors bold,  
And in hot haste from Denmark came  
To waste the land with sword and flame :  
And house and field with blood were red  
Ere ceased the spoiler's vengeance dread.  
When Canute in his wrath defied  
The stalwart Edmund Ironside ;  
And each of England King was crowned ;  
And Dane on Saxon sternly frowned ;  
And war's terrific shout and clang  
Through field, and wood, and city rang ;  
Then, Kenilworth, thine evil star  
Brought legions on thee from afar,  
And all thy strength, and skill, and power,  
Could not avert thy destined hour.  
Long hadst thou been a Saxon fort,  
And long a royal Saxon court,  
So thou—like warrior tried and good—  
With sword in hand for Edmund stood.

Begirt with palisade and fosse,  
Which scarce a living foe might cross ;  
With ponderous gates, securely barred,  
The entrance to thy halls to guard ;  
With drawbridge raised ; and tower and wall  
Crowded with warriors strong and tall—  
As bold as ever Mercia gave  
Her monarch from his foes to save ;—  
While in defiance, proud to view,  
Flaunted her white-cross banner blue.  
The Danes—a wild and reckless host—  
No military skill could boast,  
But yet their courage never quailed,  
Their countless hosts but rarely failed.  
Although by foes beleagured round,  
In thee no craven hearts were found,  
All vowed to conquer or to die,  
But never from a Dane to fly ;  
And swore the castle to defend  
Till victory the strife should end.  
At length the Danes their strength essayed :  
Assault upon assault was made,—  
But every time beat back with loss,  
And numbers hurled into the fosse,  
They made a bridge of trees on which  
To cross the fatal yawning ditch :



Then onwards rushed with shout and yell,—  
But fast their bravest warriors fell  
By dart and arrow, spear and stone,  
Which from the walls in showers were thrown.  
Right on the palisade they dashed,  
Which soon beneath their fury crashed ;  
Then up the gallant Saxon rose,  
And loudly rang the heavy blows :  
Hour after hour the savage Dane  
Fought desperately—but fought in vain—  
Till panic-struck in haste they fled,  
And in confusion widely spread :  
Then pealed the Saxon battle-cry—  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! they fly ! they fly !  
As from the castle forth they rushed  
O'er heaps of foemen slain and crushed,  
And limbs were gashed, and heads were cleft,  
By glaive and broadsword right and left.  
The Danes fled fast in utter rout,  
But in the forest wheeled about,  
And held the Saxon force at bay :  
Hard by their friends in ambush lay,  
Who then upsprung with furious cries,  
And rushed the castle to surprise.  
Their onset fierce the little band  
Of Saxons could not long withstand,

Though nought of courage did they lack,  
But weight of numbers forced them back,  
And foot to foot they fought and died,  
For spear and axe were fiercely plied ;  
The gates in pieces soon were hewed,  
And on the blood-stained ground were strewed,  
Amidst the dying and the slain,  
Who never more should rise again.  
Through hall and chamber on they dashed,  
Where deadly axe and broadsword clashed,  
And helms were rent, and armour riven,  
And many a dagger-stab was given,  
Till wall, and stair, and rushy floor,  
Were splashed and stained with crimson gore.  
The Danes at length the castle won,  
And every Saxon slew but one,  
Who, when he saw their hopeless plight,  
Fled from the fierce and murderous fight :  
Deep in the forest, victors crowned,  
His Saxon brethren soon he found,  
Who, with their recent triumph flushed,  
With speed back to the rescue rushed.  
But suddenly they saw the air  
Was reddened by a lurid glare,  
And heavy clouds of dense black smoke  
Around the burning castle broke,

Which by its captors had been fired  
When with wild wanton havoc tired :  
And who, inflamed with heat and thirst,  
Had into every cellar burst;  
And many a goodly barrel stove ;  
And with each other madly strove ;  
And shouted, cursed, and hoarsely laughed,  
While ale and mead they freely quaffed,  
Which flowed and gushed forth like a flood,  
O'er groaning men besmeared with blood.  
The Saxon host with rage meanwhile  
Beheld the black and blazing pile,  
Which mortal power could never quench,—  
Nor long endure the noisome stench :  
So on the Danes their 'vengeful ire,  
They wreaked amidst the roaring fire,  
'Till not a man was left to tell  
The horrors which that day befell.  
Thus, Kenilworth, wert thou destroyed !  
And thus was War's red hand employed !  
A shapeless ruin wert thou left !  
Of all thy strength and grandeur 'reft !  
The work of ages swept away  
By fire and sword in one short day ! (20)  
And soon, I ween, no vestige could  
Point out where once the castle stood !

Alas ! what fearful times were those—  
Of deadly rage, and cruel woes !—  
When war and discord, hate and strife,  
Formed year by year the work of life !  
Field after field was bravely fought,  
And many a triumph dearly bought,  
Till Canute over Edmund won  
A victory at Assendon : (21)  
Then Dane and Saxon did agree,  
In Gloucestershire, at Alderley,  
That England they would share in peace,  
With friendship that should never cease.  
But soon, by treachery of the Dane,  
Brave Edmund Ironside was slain,—  
Murdered, indeed, historians say,  
At Oxford, on St. Andrew's day.  
When England's sceptre Edward swayed—  
Confessor, Saint, and Monarch made—  
The Danegelt—that oppressive tax,  
Imposed by fear of Danish axe,—  
He did remit for evermore :  
And from his wealth's exhaustless store,  
That noble abbey did rebuild,  
With mouldering kings and heroes filled,  
Which has conferred unrivalled fame  
On Westminster, and Peter's name.

In that fair abbey, when he died,  
He was interred with pomp and pride ;  
His tomb, all glorious to behold,  
Was decked with precious stones and gold ;  
And pilgrims came, with zeal divine,  
To worship at his holy shrine. (22)  
But Time soon closed the troubled reign  
Alike of Saxon and of Dane ;  
And brought the Norman in his pride,  
Who England's banded might defied,  
And made her sceptre, crown, and throne,  
By right of conquest all his own.  
But Norman William, when he came,  
Had nought besides usurper's claim, (23)  
Although his war-ships proudly bore  
Their Pope-blessed banner to our shore :  
And Pevensey remembers well,  
'Twas there he landed, slipped, and fell ;  
Fell—to assure his gallant band  
He took firm hold of English land.  
A braver warrior in the field,  
Sword, axe, or lance did never wield ;  
No chieftain ever mounted steed,  
More skilled a gallant host to lead ;  
Which Hastings saw with deep dismay,  
Upon that fatal battle day !

But Harold, England's chosen King, (24)  
Whose war-cry through all hearts did ring,  
Brought Dane and Saxon in their might  
To battle for his native right,—  
And braver men did never stand  
Against invaders of their land :  
All that long day on foot they fought,  
And miracles of valour wrought,  
Until the Norman mail-clad horse  
Dashed on them with a torrent's force,—  
Then wavered—turned—and wildly fled :  
With wilder shouts, by Harold led,  
The furious Saxons fast pursued,  
But soon their headlong haste they rued :  
The Norman horse swept fiercely back—  
Repelled the Saxons' bold attack—  
And with their bodies strewed the plain ;  
Though gallantly they fought to gain  
Once more their ground of 'vantage, made  
So strong with ditch and sharp stockade.  
Unconquer'd—though dispersed and broke—  
And stubborn as their native oak,  
The bravest fought in serried ring,  
Around their standard and their King,  
'Till Harold fell amidst the slain,  
Pierced by an arrow through the brain.

Defending him they loved so well,  
In heaps his choicest warriors fell—  
Reckless of life—'till hope was past,—  
True sons of England to the last!  
In triumph, with the setting sun,  
The field of Hastings William won,—  
Though not by valour but by skill—  
And thus did he his threat fulfil.  
But Harold, if one single day  
He'd kept the Norman force at bay,  
His army, reinforced, had then  
Been ten to one—not one to ten!—  
And not a man of William's host  
Had ever left old England's coast.  
But out of evil cometh good,  
Ofttimes in ways least understood :  
Although the sword has much destroyed,  
It's given much to be enjoyed :  
Though England's felt it to her cost,  
Yet by it hath she nothing lost :  
Though in her youth Britannia rued  
Her fate so oft to be subdued  
By Roman—Saxon—Norman—Dane,—  
Yet hath it proved her countless gain :  
Conquered ! yet conquering ! one by one,  
Their noblest qualities she won.

From rude and barbarous state she rose,  
By help of those invading foes,  
To eminence supreme :—in arms,  
In all that life refines and charms,  
In all that knowledge doth impart,  
In taste, and literature, and art ;  
In boundless wealth, by commerce made ;  
In agriculture, and in trade ;  
And, like her sea-king ancestry,  
The Queen and Mistress of the Sea.  
Their blood now mingles in her veins,  
And all their spirit she retains :—  
The iron frame which spurneth ease,  
The courage which no danger sees,  
The strength which yieldeth not an inch,  
The valour which doth never flinch,  
The steadiness which all subdues,  
The careful thrift which nought will lose,  
The generous heart to freely give,  
And let its poorer neighbour live,—  
Which sympathises with distress,—  
Which scorns the feeble to oppress,—  
Which fearlessly will freely strike  
For injured friend or foe alike ;—  
And free in action, word, and thought,  
With justice and with mercy fraught.



Now England is of age mature,—  
And so, we trust, will long endure,—  
Still in her stalwart sons we find  
A generous heart—a noble mind—  
And so to them the world gives place  
As sovereigns of the human race,—  
Whose reign extends from pole to pole,—  
As far as ocean-billows roll,—  
Whose empire hath no boundaries yet  
On which the sun doth ever set.  
May He, whose boundless power's displayed  
In everything which He hath made,—  
And who, let good or ill betide,  
Hath ever been our guardian tried,—  
And who hath raised us up to be  
A mighty nation, great and free,—  
And gifted us with matchless might,  
And blessed us with his holy light,—  
By whom we so securely dwell  
In this our sea-girt citadel,—  
Who shieldeth us from age to age,  
Though war throughout the world doth rage,—  
In love and mercy deign to smile  
For ever on my native isle !

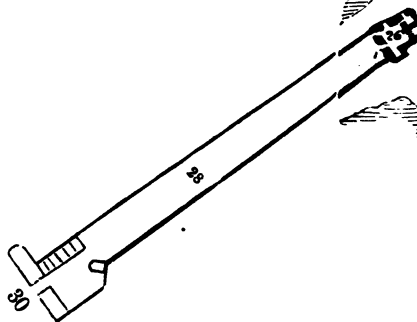




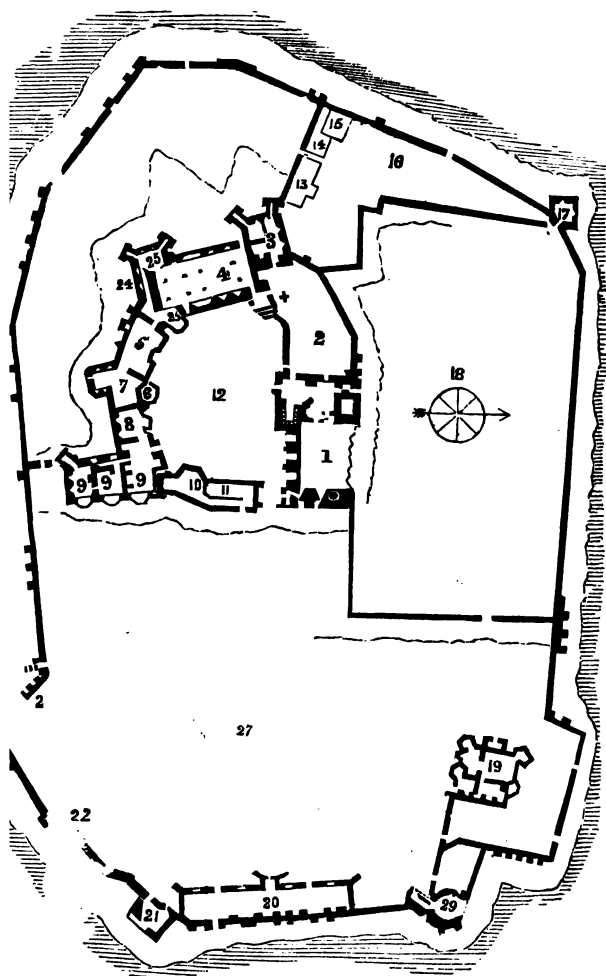
# REFERENCES TO THE PLAN.

1. CÆSAR'S TOWER.
2. KITCHENS.
3. STRONG TOWER.
4. GREAT HALL.
5. WHITE HALL.
6. LOBBY AND STAIRCASE.
7. PRESENCE CHAMBER.
8. PRIVY CHAMBER.
9. LEICESTER'S BUILDINGS.
10. DUDLEY'S LOBBY.
11. HENRY VIII. LODGINGS.
12. INNER COURT.
- 13, 14, 15, 16. PLEASANCE.
17. SWAN TOWER.
18. GARDEN.
19. GATEHOUSE.
20. STABLES.
21. WATER TOWER.
22. ROOM IN THE WALL.
23. HEAD OF THE LAKE.
24. STAIRS LEADING TO VAULTS.
25. ORIEL.
26. MORTIMER'S TOWER.
27. OUTER COURT.
28. TILT-YARD.
29. LUNN'S TOWER.
30. GALLERY TOWER.
31. CLINTON GREEN.
32. LAKE.
33. MOAT.

32



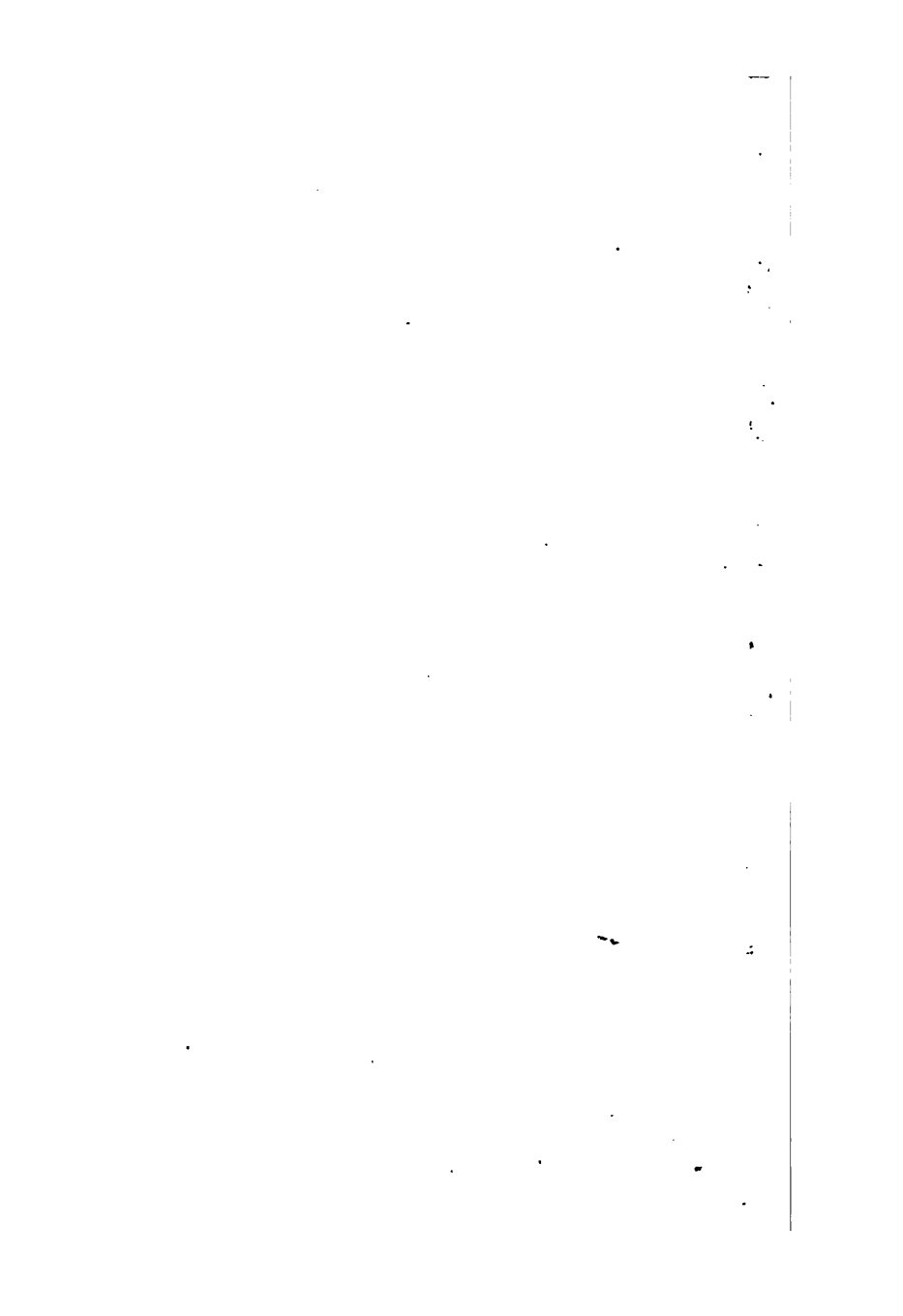
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31

33

ND-PLAN OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, WARWICKSHIRE. 1856.

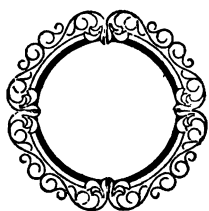




# The Ruins of Kenilworth.

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HISTORICAL.







THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

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Historical.

**W**ITH ruthless heart—with vigorous hand—  
The Norman Conqueror ruled the land,  
As that despotic Curfew Bell,  
With iron tongue did truly tell :  
But yet he long and wisely reigned,—  
His haughty Normans pride restrained,—  
The ancient Saxon laws restored,—  
Although he governed by the sword :  
His Saxon foe he made his friend,  
And sought in one each race to blend,—  
The Saxon to the Norman wed,  
Though oft they from his vengeance fled.  
But when that famed Survey was made,  
Which England's landed wealth displayed,  
And which with pride we now preserve,—  
Which in our law-courts still doth serve,—



And which, at no far distant date,  
We did reprint, and did translate,  
Which bears the name that first it took—  
William the Conqueror's Domesday Book—(25)  
There, Kenilworth, we find thy name,  
Though with slight record of thy fame;  
For then no lordly castle frowned  
From this bold eminence around,  
But serfs' and swineherds' dwellings rude  
Studded the sylvan solitude :  
Around one vast extensive view  
Of forest foliage densely grew,  
Unbroken, save by scattered patch  
Of yellow grain, or cotters' thatch :  
For many an age this forest stood,  
And bore the name of Arden Wood ; (26)  
Though of its glory long bereft,  
For Time's rude hand hath scarcely left  
A relic, save its name, to show  
'Twas here a thousand years ago.  
But when the Norman Conqueror died,  
In height of glory and of pride,  
At St. Gervas, whilst in advance  
To light his threatened flame in France ;  
And Rufus, in his troubled reign,  
By Tyrrel's glancing shaft was slain,

In that New Forest which his sire  
Had formed with desolation dire,—  
In which, for ninety miles around,  
No hut nor hamlet could be found,—  
For happy homes had given place  
To coverts for the beasts of chase,—  
And where, in retribution dread,  
His kindred life-blood thrice was shed :  
And Henry, though near Malwood keep,  
Stayed not his brother's death to weep,  
But through the forest spurred his steed,—  
For wisdom failed him not at need ;  
And he, who for his learning famed,  
Through all the land Beauchamp was named,—  
Of Norman blood, though England's son,—  
Assumed the crown his father won,—  
Amongst the Norman Barons, who  
Their rank and wealth from England drew,  
Geoffrey de Clinton was enrolled, (27)  
Although of humble birth we're told :  
Yet was he prudent, wise, and good,  
And high in Henry's favour stood,  
Who raised him from obscure degree  
His own Lord Chamberlain to be,—  
Lord Treasurer, and Chief Justice too,  
For English law full well he knew.

Then, Kenilworth, thy broad domain,  
So rich in pasture, wood, and grain,  
On Geoffrey Clinton was bestowed ;  
Whose heart with gratitude o'erflowed  
For Henry's princely gift—and so,  
His faith and pious zeal to show,  
He founded here, as still we see,  
St. Mary's stately Priory ;  
To which—by charter, hand, and seal,—  
To pray for royal Henry's weal,—  
With liberal heart, with honour due,  
He gave an ample revenue,—  
From manors rich in corn and kine,—  
From pasturage for beast and swine,—  
From all which lake, and wood, and field,  
From their unfailing stores could yield,—  
With tithes of all that he possessed,  
As by his charter is expressed :  
And History doth record that here  
King Henry's highly favoured peer  
First built a castle on this rock,  
Of giant strength—all time to mock,—  
Begirt and fenced with moat and wall—  
And spacious pool—deep, wide, and tall.  
Then Cæsar's mighty tower arose,  
The Norman's keep against his foes,

From which in arms his household band,  
Could sally forth to guard his land,—  
A palace for his festive hours,—  
A refuge when misfortune lowers,—  
And an embattled fortress bold  
His lawful sovereign to uphold.  
But Time sped on his silent way,  
Nor heeded festival nor fray,  
Nor treachery, nor rebellion dire,  
Nor Henry, who, with 'vengeful ire,  
Banished each Norman Baron's son  
Who with the Conqueror England won :  
And on the field of Tenchebray, (28)  
Just forty years from that red day  
When England did the Norman rue,  
England did Normandy subdue.  
How Geoffrey Clinton passed his life,  
In storm or calm—in peace or strife,—  
Nor yet his years of birth or death,  
I ween no ancient record saith,  
Although he lived King Henry's pride,  
And full of wealth and honours died :  
All which, with this his castle fair,  
He left unto his son and heir,  
Who held it, like a gallant lord,  
Perchance for Stephen or for Maud.

But yet his father's fortress strong,  
Young Geoffrey Clinton had not long :  
I may not say how, why, or when,  
The crown resumed it once again ;  
But on its warlike keep appeared  
Our second Henry's banner reared,—  
Armed and provisioned with due care,  
For horse and foot were stationed there,  
To put that foul rebellion down,  
That menaced him in throne and crown ;—  
Which more than one disloyal son  
In France and England had begun.  
The crown possession still retained,  
While royal Cœur-de-Lion reigned :  
But Richard needed not its aid,  
Although repairs he often made ;  
For he, in brief and bright career,  
Sought Palestine with sword and spear,  
And triumphed—England knoweth well—  
O'er Saladin and Infidel.  
But when our faithless monarch, John,  
Brought every dread disaster on,  
And England left with scarce a hope,  
Though bravely struggling with the Pope,  
And Magna Charta in her need,  
Was wrung from him at Runnimeade,

Then Henry Clinton, so we find,  
All claim to Kenilworth resigned ;  
And yielded up the fortress strong,  
Where John resided oft and long,—  
Who fenced it with the greatest care,—  
And spent large sums on its repair,—  
And which remained a castle still  
Subservient to the royal will,  
Through all the realm for state renowned,  
When Henry the Third was crowned.  
Soon, Kenilworth, the youthful King,  
Did on thee all his favours fling ;  
For he, when Prince, in state and pride,  
Within thy halls did long reside,—  
And much he loved his sport to take,  
Within thy woods and on thy lake.  
By him repaired—adorned—was all  
In chapel, chamber, tower, and wall,  
Which Time had given to decay,—  
Or reckless War had swept away.  
Upon thee much he freely spent,  
And made thy halls magnificent :  
Appointing knights well skilled in war,  
Thy Constable or Governor :  
Though brave and noble,—yet not one  
Like famed De Montfort ever shone.(99)

The patriot England long admired,—  
Whom wisdom, valour, virtue fired :  
Who, in his brightest, happiest day,  
Made vigorous, Henry's feeble sway,—  
Who on De Montfort and his wife  
Proud Kenilworth bestowed for life;  
And all that subject e'er might crave,  
In many a princely gift he gave.  
But Henry, weak, and worthless Prince,—  
Whom reason never could convince,—  
As rulers, foreign lords empowered,  
And on them wealth and honours showered ;  
And bowed himself beneath their yoke,  
And all his royal charters broke ;  
At length aroused the dreaded ire  
Of England's Barons' martial fire :  
And many a bitter oath they swore  
That they would never trust him more.  
With Civil War's dark banner reared,  
Their harnessed host in arms appeared,  
And soon at Lewes Henry met,—  
His army in a hollow set :  
Then Simon Montfort's stalwart arm  
Wrought feeble Henry much alarm ;—  
Brave as the sword he well could wield,—  
Bold as the lion on his shield,—

He fought—as ever was his wont—  
Full in the raging battle's front ;—  
And on to certain victory led :  
The royal host before him fled :  
The King—the Prince—he prisoners took ;  
And all the realm with terror shook.  
But discord 'mongst the Barons spread,  
And Henry once more raised his head :  
The Prince escaped : and then again  
With marching hosts rang hill and plain.  
De Montfort Earl of Leicester then  
Led forth once more his gallant men,—  
A little band, who found him still  
A veteran of surpassing skill ;—  
And in his rapid movements saw  
A master in the art of war.  
At Hereford no time he lost,  
But soon the rapid Severn crossed ;  
Near Worcester then encamped and stayed,  
And for his son's bold legions prayed :  
No tidings came : and so at last  
He onwards pressed to Evesham fast : (30)  
There halted, and with martial haste  
His force in strong position placed.  
But Simon Montfort, Leicester's son,  
Marred all his father well had done :



At Kenilworth he lay secure,  
And made not of his foemen sure :  
His men-at-arms, surprised by night,  
Were prisoners made, or put to flight,—  
Horses, arms, and banners taken,—  
Thus De Montfort's force was shaken !  
Yet all to Leicester was unknown,  
And evil never comes alone.  
Soon as he saw from Evesham tower,  
The near approach of Edward's power,  
And in the breeze, in swift advance,  
The well-known Montfort banners dance ;  
His fearless heart with hope beat high—  
Of battle, and of victory !  
But when he saw his banners torn,  
Were by his ruthless foemen borne ;  
And heavy columns fast appear  
Upon his front, and flank, and rear ;  
Hope died within his gallant breast,  
Though not a fear his lips expressed ;  
He marshalled forth his daring band,  
And led them on with skilful hand :  
But little could that desperate few  
'Gainst such o'erwhelming numbers do :  
Their onset failed :—though driven back,  
They oft renewed their fierce attack,—

'Till, panic-struck, the Welsh gave ground ;  
Fled,—and were in the Avon drowned :  
Then, all too weak to force their way,  
Upon a hill they stood at bay,  
And fought 'till many a knight of birth  
Lay killed or wounded on the earth,—  
The gallant Henry Montfort slain,—  
And Leicester struck for life in vain ;  
Though many a foe his long sword cleft,  
And cleared his path both right and left :  
He fell,—near Avon's silver tide,  
With sword in hand he bravely died,—  
As good a man, as true a knight,  
As ever stood for England's right ;  
And long did mournful England tell,  
The fame of him she loved so well.  
The few who from that battle fled  
To Kenilworth for refuge sped,  
And young Sir Simon Montfort found  
Was sallying forth in rage around,  
And spoiling all his father's foes,  
To none of whom he mercy shows.  
Here in this castle long he dwelt,  
And many a foe his vengeance felt,  
And in his hatred far and wide,  
His sovereign's arms he oft defied :

"Till Henry, by Prince Edward's aid,  
Again a powerful force arrayed,  
And on to Kenilworth he went,  
Upon De Montfort's capture bent;  
Who, hearing of the King's advance,  
Fled for assistance into France,  
But yet within the castle left  
A reckless band—of all bereft—  
With Henry Hastings as their chief,  
To hold it 'till he brought relief;—  
Which, as it then appeared to be,  
Was fortified impregably,  
And with the mighty mangonel, (31)  
On every side defended well.  
With speed Prince Edward onwards pressed,  
The stately fortress to invest,  
Then brought his forces to a halt,  
And thought to take it by assault;  
But long each stern embattled tower  
Defied its foeman's utmost power:  
Serene amidst the battle-storm,  
Unmoved at havoc's wildest form,  
Though cloth-yard shafts—like rattling hail—  
Its brave defenders oft assail,  
Though fiery warriors mount the wall,  
No danger could such hearts appal,

While Hastings, faithful to his lord, (32)  
Still waved on high his own good sword.  
Though hopeless of receiving aid,  
They many a desperate sally made ;  
And in the shock of barbed horse  
Fell many a gallant knight a corse ;  
Though shivered was the ponderous lance  
To check the foeman's swift advance,—  
Though battle-axe was fiercely plied  
To turn the raging conflict's tide,—  
Though broad-swords 'gainst the corslet rung,  
Though rose the war-cry, loud and long,  
Though shield and helm were cleft in twain,  
Their desperate efforts all were vain !  
Prince Edward foiled each bold attack,  
And drove them to the castle back :  
Then from the battlements were thrown  
The magonel's huge balls of stone ;  
From every loophole arrows flew  
From long-bows, wrought of English yew ; (33)  
With showers of quarrels too, I wist,  
From many a deadly arbalist. (34)  
Full well the bowmen knew their craft,  
And keen and true each cloth-yard shaft;  
Which, winged with death, did never fail  
To pierce right through the strongest mail,

'Till on the greensward—heap on heap—  
Fast fell their foes around the keep.  
Day after day the King was foiled ;  
In vain his powerful army toiled ;  
The castle's strength he could not shake,  
Nor yet the least impression make :  
The garrison for Montfort wait  
And scorned the word "capitulate !"   
So gallant Hastings still held out ;  
Still pealed on high his battle-shout :  
Though closer round his foemen drew,  
Yet nought his courage could subdue ;  
He scorned the fortress to betray,  
Or yield his trust,—though night and day  
Pale Famine sapped his comrades' strength,  
And, leagued with Pestilence, at length  
Reduced him to extremity :  
He could not fight,—he could not flee ;  
So with the King he treaty made  
That hostile acts should all be stayed,—  
The castle yielded,—and that they  
With horse and arms should march away,  
With all their goods and chattels free,  
And four day's grace should granted be.  
In arms they came,—in arms they went,—  
But each on deadly vengeance bent.

Thus Kenilworth the King secured ;  
And thus the siege six months' endured ;  
And thus, unconquered by the sword,  
Was Leicester's lion-banner lowered ;—  
Though long at Axholm and Ely  
It did in proud rebellion fly.  
King Henry then, with much parade,  
At Oxford great rejoicings made ;  
But in the towers of Warwick soon  
By charter—as a royal boon—  
Did captured Kenilworth confer  
On Edmund Earl of Lancaster  
And Earl of Leicester :—who begun,  
As royal Henry's second son,  
To sweep away each warlike trace,  
And havock of the siege efface.  
In good old age King Henry died ;  
Whilst absent Edward—England's pride—  
The Champion of the Cross divine—  
Was waging war in Palestine :  
Where foul assassin's dagger-knife  
In jeopardy long placed his life,  
Which, by his iron strength and nerve,  
Almighty power did then preserve.  
But as he journeyed home again  
He found a rival at Guienne,—

A powerful—crafty—envious foe—  
Who strove to lay his glory low.  
'Twas Chalons' Count!—who Edward sent (35)  
His challenge to a tournament;  
And proudly brought into the field  
Two thousand knights with lance and shield:  
But Edward—England's champion—came  
With but a thousand knights of fame.  
Soon Rumour whispered in his ear  
“Beware, Sir King!—foul faith is here!”  
And anger flashed from Edward's eyes  
As Count de Chalons' host he spies:  
Swift on them England's warriors dashed;  
Then knights went down, and lances crashed,—  
Corslet, helm, and shield were riven,—  
Man and horse in heaps were driven,—  
Swords in the sunshine brightly flashed,  
Rattled and rang, and crossed and clashed,—  
And crests were cloven, hacked, and bent,  
And richly 'broidered surcoats rent.  
Fiercely around the conflict raged,—  
'Twas not in jest but earnest waged;  
And, as the footmen came to blows,  
The shout of furious Edward rose—  
Which through each heart like trumpet thrills!  
St. George for England! Bows and Bills! (36)

Soon Edward's bowmen cleared the field ;  
The Count de Chalons' fate was sealed ;  
His footmen were dispersed or slain ;  
His knights struck down or prisoners ta'en !  
And he,—whose lance lacked skill and force  
To thrust King Edward from his horse !—  
Who, like a base unworthy foe,  
His arms round Edward's neck did throw !—  
(Who sat his charger like a rock,  
And hurled him down with fearful shock,)  
Who cried for quarter—sorely bruised !—  
Whose sword the King with scorn refused !—  
At length to common footman reeled,  
And thus, degraded, forced to yield.  
But for that black unknightly deed,  
King Edward in his wrath decreed,  
The Count should heavy ransom pay,  
For every knight who fought that day.  
Covered with laurels and renown,  
The King-Crusader claimed his crown :  
And O what acclamations burst,  
When he appeared in London first !  
From house to house—from street to street—  
His safe return at home to greet !  
While England's bards and minstrels sing  
The triumphs of their warlike King ;



Whose hostile and victorious arms  
Filled Wales and Scotland with alarms,—  
Although his prowess scarce subdued  
Those nations fearless, free, and rude.  
Then Edmund Earl of Lancaster  
At Kenilworth made gallant stir,  
And summoned all the chivalry  
Of England, Spain, and Normandy,  
To meet him at the Table Round  
Of Arthur and his Knights renowned,—  
Whose peerless splendour, as of yore,  
The Earl of March would then restore : (37)  
A hundred noble knights he claimed,—  
A hundred dames for beauty famed,—  
With him in honour to abide,  
From good St. Matthew's festive tide,  
Until St. Michael's holy-day  
Had in its season passed away.  
Through castle and through city strong,  
The call of Honour loudly rung ;  
And Glory's martial trumpet pealed,  
And Valour grasped his sword and shield,  
And Fame displayed her laurel-crown,  
And Knighthood—chiefs of high renown,  
And Beauty—sunny smile and glance,  
Resistless as the warrior's lance.

St. Matthew's morning sun rose bright  
On lady fair and gallant knight,  
And smiled upon the rich array  
Which ushered in the festive day,  
And gilded towers, and fields, and trees,  
And pennons flaunting in the breeze ;  
Then blithesomely the bugle-horn  
Rang far and near at early morn,  
To call each noble knight and steed,  
To arm, and issue forth with speed ;  
Then O what splendid cavalcade,  
Proud Kenilworth again surveyed !  
Heralds and Pursuivants bedight  
In silk-embroidered tabards bright !  
Prince, Peer, and Knight, and page and 'squire,  
In plate and mail, and gay attire !—  
Who with true martial grace controlled  
Their high-bred chargers, fleet and bold ;  
While prancing palfreys proudly bear  
Bewitching dames and damsels fair.  
The Earl of March rode in the van,—  
A gallant, gay, and goodly man ;  
In hall and bower a merry wight ;  
In field and list a valiant knight :  
Harnessed and armed from heel to head,  
That courtly throng he proudly led,

But when he to the Tilt-yard came,  
He halted in that field of Fame,  
And marshalled them, with much display,  
To view the mimic battle-fray,  
In stately galleries long and wide,  
And gaily decked, on either side ;—  
The Queen of Beauty, crowned as meet,  
Was placed and throned in gorgeous seat,—  
The sweetest rose—the fairest flower—  
The brightest gem of Beauty's bower.  
Proud Lancaster his presence lent  
To grace that splendid tournament,  
As Prince and Knight of royal birth,  
And Sovereign Lord of Kenilworth ;  
Harnessed as Knight—yet crowned as King—  
Supreme while arms and armour ring ;—  
The chief of all that gallant host,  
Of Chivalry the pride and boast,  
And who upon the rolls of Fame  
Has left an everlasting name.  
The Marshals of the Lists, I ween,  
In order 'ranged the warlike scene,  
And to all ranks attention paid,  
By Heralds' and Pursuivants' aid :  
Then pealed the bugle's thrilling blast,  
And youthful knights rode swiftly past,

And with each other proudly vie,  
To win a glance from Beauty's eye ;  
And many a fair one smiled to see,  
Amid the pomp of chivalry,  
Her glove—or silken 'kerchief white—  
Grace the helm of her own true knight.  
The Pursuivants at length proclaim  
Ten noble knights of name and fame  
Would keep the lists till set the sun,—  
Thrice only might each warrior run,—  
But if dismounted in the course,  
Must yield his armour, arms, and horse.  
Soon as the spacious lists were cleared,  
At either end a knight appeared,  
In glittering mail armed cap-a-pié ;  
His barbed steed trapped gorgeously ;  
And at the bugle's signal sound,  
Each fiery charger pawed the ground,—  
Each warrior put his lance in rest,  
And placed his shield before his breast,  
And on his mailed opponent dashed,—  
With shock, which like loud thunder crashed !  
One knight went down ! his shivered spear  
Scarce checked his rival's swift career ;  
Who, though his shield was pierced through,  
Sat like a warrior—saddle true.

Vain would it be were I to tell  
How each knight joustèd—ill or well :  
In sooth, I may not halt to say  
The triumphs of the lance that day :  
But many a knight devoutly prayed  
For Valour's and for Fortune's aid,  
And tried his utmost skill and force  
To hurl his foeman from his horse.  
Although the foreign knights advance  
With stalwart arm, and trusty lance,  
Some lost a stirrup,—some were thrown,—  
Though brilliant was the prowess shown :  
The ten good knights still kept the field,—  
Pierced coat of mail and blazoned shield,—  
And every knight that day defied  
Who did with lance against them ride.  
At length the glorious setting sun  
Proclaimed the gallant jousts were done :  
Then bugles sounded long and loud,  
And joyous shouts rang through the crowd,  
As they beheld the victor ten  
In state and triumph led :—and then  
Each warrior of that gallant band  
Was by the Queen of Beauty's hand  
Invested with the laurel-crown  
Of Honour, Valour, and Renown !

The stately hall each festal night  
Was glittering in a blaze of light,  
Which fretted roof and wall revealed,—  
And crested helm and blazoned shield,—  
And splendid arras, wrought with gold,  
Which of the brave Crusaders told.  
Upon King Arthur's Table Round  
Was choicest fare that could be found  
In lake and river, field and wood :  
And in the centre proudly stood,  
With shining plumage widely spread,  
A peacock, with his crested head !— (38)  
A royal bird of state and pride  
When Kings and Peers kept holy-tide.  
Around that massive table proud,  
Where precedence was ne'er allowed,  
A hundred knights of lineage fair—  
A hundred dames of beauty rare—  
Upon that merry night took place  
With pleasure beaming on each face :  
Each dame, I ween, was richly dressed  
In boddice—kirtle—mantle—vest—  
Of green or yellow, blue or red,  
'Brodered with gold and silver thread ;  
With silken hair, in bands or curls,  
Adorned with waving plumes and pearls :

And every knight a tunic wore,  
Which his armorial symbols bore,—  
In gules and azure, or and vert ;  
With splendid studded belt begirt,  
Which falchion held, or anelas,  
Or estoc, sword, or coutelas. (39)  
Rich was the feast,—profuse the cheer,—  
And harp and viol sweet to hear :  
Loud was the mirth—the laugh—the jest—  
Although in courteous phrase expressed :  
Healts were quaffed right merrily round ;  
Then to the dames—by Honour bound—  
Each knight, in turn, arose and bowed,  
Before the stately peacock proud ;  
And filled his glittering cup with wine,—  
And gazed upon a face divine  
With beating heart, and smile, and sigh,  
As gracefully he raised it high,—  
Then breathed aloud his dear one's name,  
And bowed unto the lovely dame ;—  
Who smiled, with half-averted head,  
Her face with rosy blushes spread :  
But when he caught her witching glance,  
He boldly swore, with sword and lance,  
In lists or field he'd still declare  
That she was fairest of the fair !

The Jesters' gibes and jokes went round,  
Until with mirth the walls resound ;  
And harp and viol loudly rung,  
Responsive, as the minstrels sung  
Of love and war : and soothly told  
Of Bevis of Southampton bold !  
And of the matchless skill and power  
Of famous Guy of Warwick Tower !  
Of good St. George of Coventry ! (40)  
Of Isumbras, and Amadis,—  
Of Palmerin, and Eglamour,—  
And Degrevant, and Tryamour !  
When rose the wail of woe and wrong,  
Then ' silent grew that courtly throng ;  
As chimed the harps with plaintive tone,  
They sighed o'er sorrows not their own :  
But when rang out the war-cry wild,  
Then bearded warriors proudly smiled,  
And told of lists and battle-fields,  
That won their spurs and blazoned shields !  
Merrily passed each blithesome hour,  
For minstrels played in hall and bower ;  
In games of skill, and games of chance ;  
And in the merry mazy dance,—  
Where youth and beauty gaily meet,  
With lightly-tripping fairy feet,



And gracefully in groups combine,  
As they with elegance entwine  
In rapid movements—fair and free ;  
While harps resounded merrily :  
Then noble youths with flattering tongue,  
As in the dance they tripped along,  
Their love-suit to fair maidens plead,—  
Who, smiling, heard, but would not heed ;  
Although while trifling with their pain,  
They tighter drew that magic chain,  
Which bindeth soul to soul for ever  
In bonds which nought on earth can sever !  
At midnight closed the grand display  
Which graced St. Matthew's holy-day ;  
But with the morrow's noontide came  
Renewal of the knightly game,  
And little rest was there, indeed,  
For knight and 'squire, and groom and steed :  
From sunny morn to starry night  
Every hour brought new delight ;  
And ladies danced, and sung, and played,—  
And merriment the Jesters' made,—  
And wondrous feats the Jugglers' showed,—  
And Minstrels' music sweetly flowed !  
Thus passed the time ; but never ceased  
The daily tilt,—the nightly feast,—

Until St. Michael's day was seen  
To dawn upon the meadows green ;  
And the glittering sunbeams bright  
Shone dazlingly upon the sight,  
And played amidst the woodland brake,  
And sparkled on the rippling lake :  
The Deities of wood and field  
To Chivalry were fain to yield,  
For hawk and hound had lost their charms,  
And nothing pleased but clang of arms,—  
The high-bred charger's sportive neigh,  
And the shrill trumpet's martial bray.  
And truly did the Tilt-yard seem  
Upon St. Michael's day supreme  
In knightly splendour : gay and proud,  
And richly 'dight the gallant crowd,  
Which gallery and pavilion thronged,—  
Who gazed, admired, and often longed  
To join that glorious warrior-host  
Of mail-clad knights, at honour's post :  
And from each lofty battlement,  
From loophole, and from window leant  
Full many a gazer's smiling face,—  
For crowds filled every vantage place,  
With ardent glance, and look intent,  
Upon the splendid Tilt-yard bent,

All eager to obtain a view  
Of each bold warrior's "dareindo."  
The trumpets sounded : side by side,  
Along the lists the Marshals ride ;  
And prancing coursers snort and pant  
Of Herald and of Pursuivant :  
Each warrior soon was ranged aright,—  
Each shone in glittering harness bright,  
With blazoned surcoat, crest, and shield,  
And each a ponderous lance did wield :  
Soon as the Heralds' bugles sound,  
By Honour called—by Duty bound—  
Each proudly passed in state alone  
Before the Queen of Beauty's throne,  
To prove his knightly skill and grace,—  
To show his handsome charger's pace,—  
And to proclaim—like champion true—  
His devoir he would bravely do,  
By help of his good horse and lance,  
To win his lady's sunny glance,  
And, by St. George's aid, the prize  
Which near the Queen of Beauty lies—  
A laurel-circlet wrought in gold,  
Surmounted by a lion bold.  
The trumpets flourished thrice,—and then  
Once more appeared the victor ten,

Who, as the Heralds cried aloud,  
To answer with the lance had vowed  
All comers—whether late or soon—  
From ten until the hour of noon :  
Then, as arms and armour jingled,  
Thus the Heralds' voices mingled !—  
“ On to achievements, gallant knights !  
For Fame to glorious deeds invites :  
*Laisser les aller ! on ! on ! on !*” (41)  
Then, as the glowing sunlight shone  
On mail and helm,—on shield and lance,—  
And pennons flutter, wave, and dance,  
Each challenger, in order set,  
In turn his daring rival met ;  
Nor did he thought of danger heed,  
As dashed his charger on at speed,—  
Nor feared his bold opponent's thrust,  
Though it might lay him in the dust.  
Some knights were blessed with Fortune's smile,  
On others then she frowned awhile ;  
Though varied skill and strength were shown,  
Yet equal courage,—all must own :  
The meeting-shock some knights unhorsed,  
Others a helm, or stirrup lost ;  
Or knight and steed to earth were borne,  
With shivered lance and surcoat torn,—

With battered crest, and dinted shield,—  
While bugle-notes of triumph pealed !  
And thus the ten—though sorely tried—  
The world's best chivalry defied.  
But who is yonder sable knight,  
Who bears him like a sturdy wight,  
And boundeth forward on the spur  
To tilt with Roger Mortimer ?  
He hath a lion for his crest,—  
His trusty lance is in the rest,—  
The bugles's thrilling blast is rung,  
Behold the war-steeds dash along ;  
Both lances shiver with the shock,—  
Both warriors in the saddle rock :  
Another course they bravely run,  
Yet neither lost and neither won ;  
Again they met,—and yet again  
Their heavy lances broke in twain :  
Equal in prowess and renown :—  
Nay, Queen of Beauty, do not frown  
To see thy knight so oft withstood,  
Nor sigh to find one more as good :  
No lance could yet in saddle stir  
Thy favoured Roger Mortimer !  
His shield hath never known disgrace :  
The black knight shows his manly face !

It is the King!—Edward the First!  
Hark! how enthusiastic burst  
Those cheers that make the welkin ring—  
“Hurrah!—hurrah!—God save the King!”  
The monarch gazed around and smiled,—  
Reined back his sable war-horse wild,  
Who pawed the ground with looks of fire  
Which well became his brave attire,—  
Then raised on high his mail-clad hand,  
With lightning speed unsheathed his brand,  
A graceful circling movement made,  
Then by his side he drooped the blade.  
With loyalty each bosom burned;  
Each knight the King’s salute returned;  
And waving pennon, lance, and sword,  
Were all in joyful greeting lowered.  
King Edward’s voice the silence broke,  
In loud and martial tones he spoke;  
Then every knight his ’hest obeyed,  
And all were soon in rank arrayed.  
As Edward rode along the line,  
He recognized the blazoned sign  
Of many a gallant warrior there,  
Who came, the glorious toil to share,  
From Scotland, France, and Germany,—  
Or sunny Spain and Italy;

For the best lances in the world  
That day their pennons had unfurled,  
And were most resolutely bent  
To conquer in that tournament  
The chivalry of England : vain—  
For England can her own maintain,—  
And better knights ne'er wielded sword  
Than Warwick, Warrenne, Hereford,  
Norfolk, Lincoln, Pembroke, Percy,  
Clifford, Cressingham, and Ormesby,  
And many a Baron, Earl, and Knight  
Of feudal influence and might,—  
In court and camp of high renown,  
The strength and glory of her crown.  
King Edward's bugle loudly pealed,  
At once the line in squadrons wheeled,  
And with the Heralds in the front,—  
Pursuivants following as their wont,—  
A gallant cavalcade they showed  
As ever round the Tilt-yard rode ;  
And in the breeze, on high displayed,  
The royal pennon danced and played,—  
While many a blithesome bugle-note  
Did o'er the rippling waters float.  
Around was many a noble dame,  
Who did the monarch's notice claim,

And many a blooming damoiselle,—  
Whose bosoms with emotion swell,  
By turns with rapture and with fear,  
As they beheld the King draw near,  
Who oft with smiling glance addressed  
The maidens that were loveliest.  
Each gallant knight that rode behind  
Unto a damsel fair inclined,  
Whose radiant eyes—like beacons bright  
Illumining the dusky night—  
Attract with fascinating rays  
The stalwart warrior's sterner gaze;  
His fiery passions oft controlled,—  
His mind in Honour's cause enrolled,—  
While Love's resistless power subdued  
To gentleness his nature rude.  
King Edward halted, as was meet,  
Before the Queen of Beauty's seat,  
And certes, you might soothly swear  
That ne'er was woman half so fair—  
As beauteous as an angel-sprite  
That dwelleth in the realms of light!  
Her dress with gems was thickly set,—  
Her brow was decked with coronet,—  
Her splendid throne was circled o'er  
With gilded canopy, which bore



A snow-white banner—waving free—  
An emblem of her purity.  
The monarch smiled, and bowing low,  
His martial gracefulness to show,  
Addressed in speech of blindest tone  
The peerless dame upon the throne:—  
“Fair Queen of Beauty! scarce can we  
Express with what felicity  
We gaze upon thy face divine,  
And view that lovely form of thine!  
Confessed of peerless beauty thou,  
The noble dames around thee now  
Must needs with envious glances see,  
The witching charms possessed by thee!  
In sooth, fair Queen, we can’t conceal  
The sorrow which we keenly feel,  
To find that we the prowess lack  
To hurl a knight from charger’s back:  
Yet now, alas! we vainly grieve  
That we’re not worthy to receive  
The laurel-crown from thy fair hand,  
Though we are sovereign of the land,—  
It is the warrior’s meed alone  
That every foe has overthrown:  
Fair Queen of Loveliness, adieu!  
May Love with bliss thy pathway strew,—

And, by the aid of thy bright eyes,  
May thine own warrior win the prize !”  
The lady smiled with crimsoned cheek,  
Bowed to the King but did not speak,  
Who waved his hand, and rode away,  
Close followed by his brave array :  
And every knight who passed the Queen  
Saluted her with graceful mien.  
His bridle-rein King Edward drew  
Where England’s royal banner flew,—  
Upon whose flutt’ring ruddy field  
Three golden lions were revealed,—  
And then, dismounting from his steed,  
Did to the royal throne proceed ;  
A moment gazed with pride around,  
And then he bade the trumpets sound.  
The Heralds’ bugles loud alarms  
Summoned each knight to deeds of arms ;  
And, for his lady’s witching glance,  
At Glory’s call, to break a lance,—  
For never yet did craven knight  
E’er win the love of lady bright.  
Then mettled chargers’ tramp and neigh  
Was mingled with the bugles’ bray,  
With Heralds’ shouts, and harness clank,  
As hastily they formed in rank ;

And, certes, not a braver band  
Did e'er before a monarch stand.  
A hundred knights encased in steel,  
Were burning with chivalric zeal,—  
Their martial bearing—proud and high—  
Seemed every danger to defy ;  
A pennoned lance each warrior bore,—  
A shield with symbols blazoned o'er,  
Of brave achievements done of old  
By their renowned fathers bold,—  
And on each helmet gleamed a crest,  
And 'broidered surcoat on each breast :  
Their barded war-steeds—fleet and strong—  
Did unto various climes belong,  
Of purest blood, and meet were they  
For pageant or for battle-fray,—  
And trapped with housings—rich and quaint—  
That motto bore of patron-saint.  
Impatiently the chargers wait,  
With tossing heads, and looks elate,  
The well-known signal bugle-call  
To bid them into squadrons fall :  
Soon as they heard the startling sound,  
With fiery speed did onwards bound—  
And in the due appointed place  
They formed two squadrons, face to face :

Each warrior's lance was placed in rest,—  
Each shield before his bosom pressed,—  
And when, for onset, signal's given,  
The spurs huge rowels deep were driven,  
And stained with blood the war-steed's flank,  
As onwards dashed they—rank on rank :  
But few that onset fierce withstood,  
And they were warriors tried and good ;  
Many a knight, and many a horse,  
Were rudely borne to earth perforce ;  
And splintered lance and pennon gay  
Around in dire confusion lay :  
Each knight who still his saddle kept,  
Wheeled round his steed and onwards swept,—  
With levelled lance or glittering blade  
In single fight his skill essayed :  
And fast and furious rang the blows,  
As knight to knight their swords oppose,—  
On helmet, shield, and coat-of-mail,  
On every side, they fell like hail ;  
While those dismounted, hand to hand,  
Bravely engaged with shield and brand ;  
And each essayed his utmost might  
To prove victorious in the fight.  
The foreign lances, every one,  
Had gallantly their devoir done,

Yet vain their boasted prowess,—ne'er  
Shall they that badge of honour wear,—  
For in the tourney, as in war,  
They've never proved superior  
To sea-girt England's hardy sons :  
Yet here not one the conflict shuns,—  
Though with resistless might they meet,  
They struggled bravely 'gainst defeat.  
Three mounted knights alone remain,—  
Who fought for England, France, and Spain,—  
The rest were vanquished, or stood by  
To see their gallant leaders try  
The doubtful combat :—each one prayed  
For patron-saint's or lady's aid,  
Then 'gainst each other fiercely dashed,—  
Their heavy broad-swords crossed and clashed,  
Until their long and furious strife  
Seemed not for honour but for life !  
King Edward smiled, right pleased to see  
His knight display such gallantry,  
Who fought less for the laurel-crown  
Than for his native land's renown.  
Resounds the loud triumphant shout !  
The sword of England's champion stout  
Has cleft the Frenchman's helm—that blow  
All senseless laid the warrior low :

Maddened with rage, his comrade tried  
The doubtful combat to decide  
By grappling with his foe :—at length  
The English hero's giant strength  
Prevailed, and from his saddle thrust  
The haughty Spaniard to the dust.  
Loud shouts of triumph rent the air—  
The victor, Mortimer declare !  
And oft congratulations loud  
Re-echoed from that blithesome crowd.  
Yet many a fair one on that day  
With terror viewed the fierce *melée*,—  
And many a blooming cheek was pale,—  
And many a heart with fear did quail,—  
And many a dame could scarce repress  
Her agonising deep distress  
When favoured knight unhorsed she saw,  
Or wounded from the lists withdraw.  
How flushed the Queen of Beauty's cheek !  
She gazed and sighed, but could not speak,—  
For joy's tumultuous transports roll  
Entrancing with delight her soul,—  
And her bright eyes were filled with tears  
As Mortimer's dear name she hears  
Proclaimed as victor !—on he came  
Proudly the conqueror's prize to claim

Then at her feet he lowly knelt,—  
O who can tell how much he felt,  
As she with graceful air arose,  
And, blushing deep as damask-rose,  
She placed the lion-crested crown—  
The guerdon of his high renown—  
Upon his brow :—a nobler son  
Of England never trophy won,—  
Nor braver knight, I do aver,  
Than good Sir Roger Mortimer !  
Time onwards sped like horseman fleet,—  
With noiseless tread,—with flying feet,—  
And with him came, and with him went,  
Year after year some great event :  
Till death King Edward's glory veiled,  
As Scotland he in wrath assailed ;  
And Edward of Carnarvon fled  
From Bannockburn's disaster dread ;  
Who, all unworthy of his name,  
Pursued a wild career of shame,—  
And heedless of his father's curse,  
And reckless of the royal purse,  
That minion Gaveston recalled,  
Who had his wavering mind enthralled,  
And Cornwall's Earldom to him gave,  
With rank, and wealth, and honours brave .

Until the Barons roused in ire,  
And on him wreaked their hatred dire :  
And Warwick's Earl, whom he defied,  
With arrogance, disdain, and pride,  
Swore he should feel "the Black Dog's teeth,"  
In headsman's axe, on Blacklow Heath,— (42)  
Where in the rock, upon the hill,  
His name remains engraven still.  
But warnings Edward would have none,—  
Nor check the headlong course he run ;  
Although his Barons rose in arms,  
And filled the realm with war's alarms :  
At Boroughbridge, as foes arrayed,  
Edward a host of prisoners made,—  
His cousin Lancaster the chief,—  
All whom he placed in durance brief ;  
And then as judge he did preside  
While deadly foes each warrior tried :  
But he—the noblest of them all—  
Who by the ruthless axe did fall—  
An English Peer of royal blood,  
Reputed wise, and great, and good,  
Of holy life—of high estate—  
And worthy of a better fate,  
Was with indignity led forth :  
Thus died the lord of Kenilworth,—



But virtue did renown confer  
On Thomas Earl of Lancaster!  
Soon did the worthless King recall  
His banished favourites, one and all;  
And on Despenser and his son—  
His parasites—he soon begun  
To lavish all the wealth of those  
Whom he had murdered as his foes:  
But Vengeance came, with rapid stride,  
And hurled him down from place of pride:  
He saw rebellion round him rife,  
And, armed against him, son and wife,—  
Brother and cousin,—knight and peer,—  
City and castle,—far and near:  
Through all the realm he'd not a friend,—  
For him no archer bow would bend,—  
For him no man would draw his sword,  
Nor to him slightest aid afford.  
Compelled at last to fly his throne,  
Forlorn, forsaken, and alone,  
He yielded him as prisoner  
To Henry Earl of Lancaster,—  
Brother to him he'd captive ta'en  
And by the axe had foully slain,—  
Who, mindful of his royal birth,  
Escorted him to Kenilworth, (43)

And kept him in his castle pent  
Until he'd further tidings sent.  
But little Edward ever thought  
That here he should by force be brought,  
When to De Stoke he gave command  
To have the fortress manned and armed,  
And made, if Fortune so decreed,  
A place of strength for time of need,—  
And where, secure, he might repose,  
And laugh to scorn his fiercest foes.  
Soon were the two De Spensers caught,—  
To trial and to judgment brought :  
By bitter foes their knell was rung :  
Both from the lofty gibbet swung :—  
At Hereford, the younger—Hugh ;  
And Bristol did the elder view,—  
Whose head was sent to Winchester,  
Which city did his rank confer,—  
And there, his faults to expiate,  
Was in derision placed in state.  
But England soon in wrath did bring  
To Justice her detested King ;  
No voices in his favour spoke,—  
No hands were raised to ward the stroke,—  
No friends that would a rampart form  
To shield him from rebellion's storm,—

So, on their Monarch's ruin bent,  
Assembled all the Parliament,—  
From crown and sceptre him depose,  
And young Prince Edward Sovereign chose :  
And this without dissentient voice,  
For it was England's will and choice.  
Then to the weak, misguided Prince,—  
Who did no strength of mind evince,—  
A numerous Deputation went,  
Alike by Peers and Commons sent,  
Who in due form announced his fate,—  
And then dethroned him with high state.  
O Kenilworth ! that Winter's morn  
How sad—how solemn—how forlorn—  
How cold—how cheerless didst thou seem !  
No sunshine did upon thee gleam :  
Thy woods and fields were deep in snow,—  
Thy moat and lake had ceased to flow :  
Around thy towers, with plenty stored,  
The bleak and piercing north-wind roared,—  
While dense blue mists enshroud the scene,  
And all betokened Winter keen.  
On 'battled keep—on tower and wall—  
The sentinels were silent all,  
But wary watch and ward they kept,  
And oft their glance the distance swept :

But, as the hour of noon drew near,  
They spied afar both helm and spear ;  
And soon a band of horsemen bold  
Came slowly riding o'er the wold,  
With pennon in the wind displayed,  
And Heralds royally arrayed :  
As they approached; the trumpet's note  
Rung loudly o'er the frozen moat,  
Then halted, and in England's name,  
Did to the King admittance claim ;  
When after parley, low and brief,  
With captain of the guard in chief,—  
Portcullis raised, and drawbridge lowered,—  
Did entrance for the train afford :  
Then Lancaster in state came forth  
To greet them all to Kenilworth,  
And proudly to the castle led,—  
While groom and horse to stable sped.  
In solemn state—in silence—all  
Assembled in the lordly hall,  
And, sooth to say, it was, I ween,  
A sad, but yet a glorious scene :  
Around the throne, placed full in view,  
Arranged in rank and order due,  
In cope and stole the Bishops stand  
With mitred head and crosiered hand ;

Then Earls and Barons—then the Knights—  
So oft in arms for Englands rights,—  
Richly attired in robes of state,  
And harnessed well in mail and plate;  
And then the burgesses—a host  
In sombre garments,—take their post;  
The Heralds in the centre placed,  
With trumpets and with tabards graced:  
Though 'gainst the windows beat the snow,  
The hearths with ruddy blazes glow,  
And gorgeous robes and armour bright  
Shone, flashed, and glittered in the light,  
And all appeared in meet array  
Bedecked for ceremonial day:  
But yet no monarch graced the throne:  
Soon were the Heralds' trumpets blown,—  
Then Lancaster, with martial tread,  
His royal prisoner forward led;  
And Edward of Carnarvon came,  
To take the guerdon of his shame,  
With mournful air—with measured pace—  
With drooping head and haggard face,  
Attired in simple gown of black,  
With guards and warders at his back:  
Then every glance was on him turned,  
And every heart with anger burned,

While trumpets sounded wailing notes,—  
Which solemn woe and grief denotes :  
Unhappy Edward raised his eyes,  
And gazed around with sad surprise,  
But oft with palsied fear he shook  
At Bishop Orleton's rigid look—  
His direst foe :—then forward went  
The Speaker of the Parliament—  
Sir William Trussel, and alone  
He stood before the vacant throne :  
No voice the solemn silence broke,  
Till thus unto the King he spoke :—  
“ Edward ! erewhile of England King !  
I, Speaker William Trussel, bring,  
In name of all men, unto thee  
The realm of England's high decree—  
On which her mind is fully bent,—  
As issued by her Parliament :  
For shameful deeds—thyself must own—  
England doth justly thee dethrone ;  
The crown, which on thy head she placed,  
Thou hast degraded and disgraced ;  
The sceptre from thy hand she wrings,—  
And in thy teeth defiance flings,—  
And thus absolveth all men now  
From their allegiance, oath, and vow :

In England's name, I, from this hour,  
Deprive thee of all royal power!"  
He ceased,—and glanced around on each;  
And then he thus resumed his speech:—  
"Ho! Edward of Carnarvon! hear  
Glad tidings which thy heart will cheer!  
Thy son, Prince Edward, from this day  
As King doth England's sceptre sway:  
He is the Sovereign of our choice,—  
Of every hand, and heart, and voice!"  
A joyful murmur of applause  
Ensued:—and then a solemn pause:  
The fallen Monarch sobbed and sighed,  
And thus in few brief words replied:—  
"I have no power for good or ill,  
So yield me to the nation's will:  
I am bereft the crown by force,—  
And 'tis of grief a bitter source:  
Yet do I joy to hear my son  
Hath England's broken fealty won."  
He said no more: for tears and sighs  
Smothered his voice, and drowned his eyes;  
But stood, with deep dejected air,  
The living statue of Despair.  
Sir Thomas Blount then forward stepped,—  
Who well his Steward's oath had kept,—

And his white wand of English oak  
Before the fallen King he broke ;  
The Heralds' trumpets rung his knell,—  
And sadly wailed "farewell ! farewell !"  
The royal prisoner then returned,  
And soon the Court of State adjourned.  
Short time the Deputation stayed,  
Then left for London, well arrayed ;  
For long and dreary was the ride,  
And ice and snow lay deep and wide.  
Soon joyful acclamations loud  
Greeted the young King Edward proud,  
Who, through a long and glorious reign,  
Did England's fervent love retain.  
The wretched King—though plunged in grief,  
Which neither sought nor found relief,—  
Did still at Kenilworth abide ;  
And Lancaster humanely tried  
To soothe his weary joyless hours  
Whilst he remained within his towers :  
Such tales did rancorous Envy tell  
To Mortimer and Isabel,—  
Whose subtle minds, with deadly hate,  
Doomed Edward to untimely fate ;  
And soon Sir John Maltravers sent  
To Kenilworth with foul intent ;



Who Edward's keeper thus became,—  
And treated him with scorn and shame,—  
And hurried him one morn away,  
Almost before the break of day ;  
But as they rode, ere yet, I ween,  
The towers of Warwick could be seen,  
The royal captive was perforce  
Compelled "to light from off his horse,"  
And was upon a molehill set,  
Near to a little rivulet,  
With scoffs and with indignity,—  
For there his beard must shaven be :  
The barber then his grace besought  
For water cold in bason brought,  
And which, though muddy, would indeed  
Well serve him in that time of need :  
But Edward, though he must conform,  
Declared he'd have his water warm,  
Whether Maltravers would or no ;  
And then his tears began to flow,  
And long and bitterly he wept,—  
And thus in grief his promise kept.  
Thus Edward was so much disguised  
That he was never recognised,  
And journeyed on, and did alight  
At Berkeley Castle late that night ;

But there Maltravers would not stay,  
So hurried him to Corfe away ;  
From castle unto castle strong ;  
Yet nowhere did he tarry long,—  
But came to Berkeley Castle back ;  
And there he found two villains black—  
Sir Thomas Gourney one was hight,—  
The other, William Ogle, knight,—  
Who had by Mortimer been sent  
On wretched Edward's murder bent,—  
Whose "wailful cries," that dreadful night,  
No tongue can tell,—no pen can write.  
But Vengeance did on Justice wait,  
And each one met untimely fate  
By hangman's rope—or axe—or sword,  
Excepting only Berkeley's lord ;  
Who, by the realm's entire consent,  
Was judged to be quite innocent.  
'Twas England's zenith of renown  
When her third Edward wore her crown !  
A brighter reign she's never known,  
Than when he filled her regal throne :  
Her sceptre he with vigour swayed,  
And well her matchless might displayed ;  
In action prompt—in council calm—  
Nought could his fearless mind alarm ;

In thought and deed—on land and sea—  
Bold, brave, and prudent—great and free :  
In court and camp—in peace and war—  
A greater King she never saw :  
In chivalry his glorious name  
Was blazoned through the world by Fame,—  
Who echoes still his triumphs won  
At Sluys, and at Halidon ;  
And many a laureled battle-field  
His brilliant feats of arms revealed :  
Long Scotland rued at Nevil's Cross  
Her Sovereign Prince—King David's loss,  
Who there was captured in the strife,  
By Philippa King Edward's wife,—  
That gentle yet intrepid dame  
Who did King Edward's fury tame,  
When, doomed to death, before him stood  
The burgesses of Calais good,—  
The mother of that famous Prince,  
Whose like was ne'er before nor since,—  
Brave Edward ! England's Black Prince hight !  
Who won his spurs at Cressy's fight,  
And decked his helmet with the crest  
Which old Bohemia's Kings possessed ! (44)  
Of knightly courtesy the flower,  
In princely hall and ladies' bower,—

Of Chivalry the fairest gem  
That ever decked her diadem ;—  
Whose name throughout broad Europe rung—  
Whose prowess every minstrel sung,—  
And who, in glorious fields afar,  
Shone like a bright and glittering star :  
He, who in battle knew no fears—  
Bear witness victory of Poitiers,—  
Where he subdued a gallant host,  
Whose valour France had made her boast,  
And prisoner took her sovereign John,  
And captive made his gallant son,—  
Whom he in state and triumph showed,  
As through fair London's streets they rode :  
He, whom no mortal man could daunt,  
With his brave brother, John o'Gaunt,  
Led England's heroes into Spain,  
And swept o'er valley, hill, and plain,—  
Hurled Enrique from usurper's throne,—  
And to Castile made fully known  
The terrors of the English bow,  
When it was drawn against a foe,—  
Which France and Scotland long had rued,  
And which had often both subdued.  
But when his bright career was o'er,  
All England did his death deplore,

And greater grief was never seen,  
For long her idol had he been;  
So lavishly her wealth she spent  
To give him princely monument,—  
And which at Canterbury still  
Displays surpassing grace and skill.  
But Kenilworth, and its domain,  
Earl Lancaster did still retain;  
And many a long and happy year  
He spent in peaceful splendour here,  
Although fierce discord, hate, and strife,  
Oft cast their shadows o'er his life:  
But, when his earthly toil was done,  
He left it to his valiant son,—  
To Henry, who as Derby's Earl,  
On France did England's vengeance hurl,—  
Who swiftly traversed heath and holt,  
And on her fell like thunderbolt:  
Though all dismayed at his approach,  
She bravely fought at Auberoche,—  
But, after long and gallant fight,  
He put her numerous host to flight,  
And prisoners took her chiefest men,—  
And drove her armies from Guienne.  
Such bold exploits pleased Edward well,—  
Whose legions France could ne'er repel;

And who, fit honour to confer,  
Made Derby Duke of Lancaster.  
Soon Edward, with a powerful fleet,  
The Spanish squadrons went to meet,  
Who'd plundered many a merchant-ship,—  
And oft with France made fellowship :  
Fierce was that battle on the sea,  
Within the sight of Winchelsea,  
And Edward, and the brave Black Prince,  
The greatest courage did evince,—  
Although their ship began to fill  
In spite of all their strength and skill ;  
But Lancaster—the bold—the brave,—  
Fearless alike on field and wave,—  
Forth to their rescue rushed with speed,  
And saved them in their greatest need ;  
And Edward, by his cousin's aid,  
Most opportunely thus displayed,  
A brilliant victory gained, I ween,  
And captured Spanish ships fourteen.  
At length this brave accomplished knight,  
In whom King Edward did delight,  
Was vanquished by a ruthless foe,  
Who never struck but fatal blow :  
He fell—while yet in full career ;  
He died—but not by sword nor spear ;

But by the Plague—old deeds aver—  
Which conquered conquering Lancaster :  
Of Leicester Earl,—he there was laid,  
Within the church his wealth had made.  
Then, Kenilworth, from that sad hour,  
Thou wert his youngest daughter's dower,—  
Fair Blanche of Lancaster—a dame  
Right worthy of her father's fame ;  
Who, when her maiden hand was won,  
Bestowed thee on King Edward's son,—  
Bold John o'Gaunt—"time-honoured" name !  
Who Duke of Lancaster became ; (45)  
But few and short the years, alas !  
His wedded love was doomed to pass,  
For, envious of his happy life,  
Death snatched away his lovely wife :  
And then, to soothe his bitter grief,  
In clang of arms he sought relief,  
And strove to win that bright renown  
Which did his martial brother crown,—  
Black Edward ! who made gallant show,  
And held his court, at famed Bordeaux,—  
Where proud Castile's fierce monarch fled  
For shelter for his guilty head.  
Then Pedro, with his daughters fair,  
Sought Edward's aid with anxious care,

Who sprang to arms, and soon supplied  
A band of English veterans tried,—  
While trooping round, to share his fame,  
The famous Free Companions came.  
Then Lancaster's cold heart did melt,  
And Love's returning passion felt,—  
And ere he went—arrayed in steel—  
He won young Constance of Castile :  
Then fought and conquered :—England's bow  
Soon wrought the Spaniards' overthrow,—  
Restored Don Pedro to his throne ;  
Though vain was all the prowess shown ;  
For soon was he dethroned again,  
And by Don Enrique's dagger slain.  
Short time in peace King Edward passed ;  
On France again his legions cast ;  
Quartered her lilies on his shield,  
And claimed her crown,—and took the field :  
And, to repel her threat and taunt,  
Black Edward sent—and John o'Gaunt—  
Each leader of a powerful band,—  
Who marched in triumph through the land.  
Then Lancaster—high-crowned by Fame—  
Was wedded to the Spanish dame ;  
Who, though the daughter of a King,  
I ween but little dower could bring ;



Though Lancaster assumed her arms,  
With many a threat of war's alarms,—  
And in her right—and in her name—  
Castile and Leon's crown did claim.  
But Death Ambition cast aside,  
And struck down England's hope and pride :—  
His knightly brother Edward first,—  
Then on his kingly father burst,  
Who left a glorious name behind ;  
And greater England cannot find  
Than her third Edward justly won,  
Though equalled by his peerless son,—  
The Black Prince Edward—her delight—  
That "very perfect gentle knight !"   
But England's tears soon ceased to flow  
To greet Prince Richard of Bordeaux ;  
Who, for his noble father's sake,  
She gladly did her Sovereign make :  
Though all unworthy of his sire,  
She did her youthful King admire,  
Until he turned her love to hate,  
And madly rushed upon his fate :  
But England, with tumultuous joy,  
In splendour crowned her princely boy,—  
Though Lancaster, in sore despite,  
She treated with neglect and slight,—

Who, with a princely retinue,  
To Kenilworth in scorn withdrew ;  
And there, with sports and revels gay,  
He wiled the fleeting hours away,  
And soothed the troubles of his life,  
Attended by his faithful wife,—  
And many a dame and damsel fair,—  
And many a knight of valour rare,  
Well-trained in use of horse and lance—  
In merry song, and graceful dance.  
The sumptuous feast—the minstrels' lay—  
Made blithesome night and jovial day,  
For all that boundless wealth could buy  
The halls of Kenilworth supply,—  
Which proudly own, and justly vaunt,  
Their princely owner John o'Gaunt :  
Who oft in tilt and tourney rode,  
For in his heart true valour glowed ;  
Yet greenwood sports for him had charms,  
Although he loved the din of arms :  
Yon woodland Chase at early morn (46)  
Has echoed oft with hound and horn,—  
And many a princely stag has fled,  
With proudly-tossing antlered head,  
Along the greenwood's sunny glade  
Unto the thicket's deepest shade :

In vain the tall stag flies the view,—  
The gallant hounds are fleet and true,  
And with unerring instinct strain  
Their sinewy limbs the prize to gain ;  
While loudly hallooing on the pack,  
Along the forest's rugged track,  
A host of gallant huntsmen ride,  
On mettled coursers, side by side,  
And blithesomely pursue the chase  
Whilst clattering on at rapid pace ;  
Their bugles ringing in the breeze,  
And oft resounding through the trees.  
But who is he that rides so bold,—  
With bugle-horn of glittering gold,—  
Of noble form and knightly mien,  
Though 'dight in simple Lincoln green ?—  
With studded belt around his waist,  
In which his anelace is placed,  
While in his right hand doth appear  
A light yet trusty hunting-spear ;  
And Ostrich feather, snowy-white,  
Is waving in his bonnet bright ?  
His dashing horse—an iron-grey—  
With pride his trappings doth display,—  
And certes, 'tis a noble steed,  
Andalusia's purest breed ;—

For spur and bit he doth not reck,—  
Which scarce his headlong pace can check,—  
And nought his spirit can subdue,  
Though, with the skill of horseman true,  
His fearless rider, strong and bold,  
The bridle-reins doth firmly hold,  
And well and gracefully doth sit,  
Quite heedless of his fiery fit :  
But never courser yet could daunt  
Brave Lancaster—Prince John o'Gaunt.  
And near him, bounding on with speed,  
Mounted upon a milk-white steed,  
Behold his son—a princely boy—  
Whose rosy face doth beam with joy.  
Attired in suit of gold and green,—  
Who glances round the forest scene,  
And bravely rides, as though indeed,  
The rugged glade were flowery mead,—  
Though briars and brushwood all around  
Grow thickly on the broken ground.  
By good St. George ! to say the sooth,  
Ye never saw a fairer youth !  
'Tis Henry Bolingbroke !—a name  
That's blent with glory, pride, and shame :  
Through tangled dell—o'er woodland steep—  
Onwards still they merrily sweep,

Along the forest's green arcade,—  
Now in the sunshine—now in shade,—  
Then o'er the open turf apace  
The flying stag they truly trace :  
Through meadows gay—o'er dale and hill—  
He flies with speed unbroken still ;  
Then dashing through the winding stream,  
Which glitters bright in sunny beam,  
He skirts the margin of the lake,  
And vainly seeks his thirst to slake ;  
Then speeds across the heath amain,—  
Then swiftly threads the narrow lane,—  
Till of that goodly host but few  
Can keep his gallant form in view,—  
Both horse and foot are scattered wide,  
Far in the rear, on every side :  
At length he staggers feebly on,  
His fleetness, strength, and spirit gone,—  
His antlered head now drooping low,  
In vain he doubles on his foe,—  
The staunchest hounds are close behind,  
No place of refuge can he find,—  
Till wearied out he stands at bay  
And madly dares th' unequal fray ;  
The struggle's brief—he sinks and dies,  
And midst the fern and brushwood lies.

The chase is o'er—the stag is killed,—  
Each huntsman's heart with joy is filled;  
Then with their shouts the woods resound;  
And many a bugle's gaily wound;  
Whilst all, amidst the stately trees,  
Inhale the cool refreshing breeze.  
Bold John o'Gaunt! thou wert the first  
Upon the stag at bay to burst;  
Thy gallant courser in the chase  
Disdained to yield the foremost place,—  
And like thyself in camp and court,—  
In battle-fray, and knightly sport,—  
His daring spirit—high and free—  
Brooks in the field no rivalry.  
But days of discord soon arose,  
For France and Scotland both were foes;  
Then England, midst the warlike stir,  
Called for her dauntless Lancaster!  
And so from Kenilworth he came  
Once more into the field of Fame:  
He soon to Scotland marched in wrath,  
And did good service in the north,  
Until by treaty once again  
In triumph closed his bright campaign.  
Though ever true to England's weal  
He burned to conquer fair Castile,—

Whose crown he claimed,—though in despite  
Usurper held his consort's right ;  
So with King Richard's free consent,  
With full ten thousand men he went,  
And 'did at famed Corunna land  
In safety with his English band ;  
Joined his allies the Portuguese,—  
Did battles win and cities seize,—  
And taught the Spaniards oft to feel  
The dire effects of British steel ;  
But famine and disease at length  
Wasted away his army's strength.  
So with the Sovereign of Castile,—  
By charter under hand and seal,—  
He final truce and treaty made ;  
Who for the kingdom largely paid ;  
And then agreed the Prince, his heir,  
Should wedded be to Catherine fair—  
Daughter of John o'Gaunt renowned—  
Who, in the course of years, was crowned  
Of Castile and of Leon Queen !  
And long her issue reigned, I ween.  
Thus, by a firm and lasting peace,  
The contest for Castile did cease :  
And Lancaster, with broken health,  
But yet with vast increase of wealth,

Returned unto his native shore,—  
And thence to Kenilworth once more,—  
Where royally his wealth he spent  
On massive wall and battlement :  
He built that tower which bears his name,—  
Now, as the Strong Tower, known to Fame,—  
With dreary cells and dungeons cold,  
That prisoners would securely hold;  
But which the Northern Wizard's power  
Of late transformed to Mervyn's Tower,— (47)  
Though Truth doth little need Romance  
Her wondrous records to enhance :  
And that Great Hall he likewise reared,—  
Which matchless in its form appeared,—  
Of fine proportions, style, and taste,  
With peerless architecture graced ;  
Its noble Oriels—tall and wide—  
Show deep recess on either side ;  
Its slender pointed windows fair,  
Rich glass and splendid tracery bear ;  
Its panelled roof of oak was made,  
Which rose and lion well displayed ;  
Its princely portal—arched o'erhead—  
With fret, device, and moulding spread ;  
For Art, combined with Taste and Skill,  
And boundless Wealth, his 'hest fulfil :



Strength, grace, and beauty, all are blent,  
It is superb—magnificent !  
The Whitehall, too, he built, I trow,  
And e'en the Presence Chamber,—though  
Slight are the records which appear  
To show who placed these Buildings here.  
Five hundred fleeting years with pride  
These walls have sun and storm defied,—  
And festive mirth, and pure delight,  
Have hallowed many a day and night,—  
Though many a dark and dreary scene  
Of strife and turmoil have they seen.  
When, bowed with years and care, thy head  
In peace lay with the mighty dead,  
In old St. Paul's was hung thy shield  
Which oft had braved the battle-field ;  
And thy good deeds, from age to age,  
Shone brightly on th' historic page :  
Patron of arts and arms wert thou,—  
To thee did worth and genius bow,—  
Oft hast thou fenced the good and great  
From deadly shafts of rancorous hate :  
To thee, for safety, from afar  
Fled Wiclif, Reformation's Star ;  
And Geoffrey Chaucer,—even he,  
Styled “ Father of our Poesy,”—

Old England's ever-glorious bard,—  
Won royal Lancaster's regard :  
Thy memory Britain honours yet,  
And never may her sons forget  
That to thy patronage they owe  
Chaucer's unrivalled Tales—which show  
What England was in bygone age,  
In "Canterbury Pilgrimage."  
Then, Kenilworth, thy sovereign lord  
Was Henry Duke of Hereford,—  
The son of John o'Gaunt the famed,  
Who was of Bolingbroke surnamed,— (48)  
For courage and for prudence known,  
Which well his chequered life hath shown.  
It matters not that I relate  
His feats of arms, or acts of state ;  
Or how King Richard discord spread ;  
Or why and where his favourites fled ;  
Or how in arms the bold De Vere  
Did on the Isis banks appear,—  
Where soon his force was met and broke  
By Gloucester and by Bolingbroke ;  
Or how the worthless wily King,  
With subtle fraud, did ruin bring,—  
And vengeance wrought, in after years,—  
On all his great and powerful Peers :

Or how from these events arose  
The feud which turned two friends to foes,—  
How two great names were treason-stained,  
(Though one the people's love had gained)  
The "wager-battle" set aside,—  
The downfall of their power and pride;  
How both at Richard's stern command,  
Were banished from their native land;  
How one returned to claim his own,  
And then usurped his Sovereign's throne!—  
It matters not—the sooth to tell—  
But that I often love to dwell  
Upon the ancient history  
Of "Civitas Coventriæ!"— (49)  
"Third city" in the kingdom called,  
And "Camera Principis" installed!  
Which then in all its glory shone,  
But now, alas! for ever gone!  
My native city!—where, with pride,  
I did for many years reside:—  
But cease, fair Muse, thy plaintive strain,  
And sing of knightly deeds again,—  
And show the pomp and proud array  
Of that sixteenth September day,—  
As Hollinshed and Froissart state,—  
Thirteen hundred and ninety-eight,

When from the city gates were seen  
The royal lists on Gosford Green,—  
Where, by King Richard's own decree,  
The dread "appeal" should foughten be,  
By aid of charger, lance, and sword,  
Of Norfolk and of Hereford.  
Slight was the cause :—a passing word—  
A hasty speech—(which no one heard)—  
Between these nobles, as they rode  
Together on the Windsor road ;  
From which brief converse it appeared  
That each the crafty Monarch feared,—  
For well they knew his heart's intent  
Had then been long on vengeance bent,—  
And for the Radcot Bridge affair  
Their brother nobles' fate they'd share,—  
For Richard, long as he might live,  
Would never that disgrace forgive.  
And thus a little spark became,  
When fanned, a fiercely-raging flame :  
This to the King at length was told,—  
But say, by whom ?—for love, or gold ?—  
Who, with his stern resolve close pent,  
Met Hereford in Parliament,  
And challenged him at once to show  
Whether such words were true or no ?

When Hereford, by written scroll,  
Did then and there confirm the whole.  
Norfolk, although not present, came  
Soon as the Heralds cried his name,—  
Defiance in his bearing proud,  
And Hereford, he called aloud,—  
With fiery glance, and sullen scowl,—  
A liar and a traitor foul !  
Threw down his gauntlet in a rage,  
And claimed the deadly “battle-wage !”  
Then Hereford, with flashing eye,  
Hurled down his gauntlet in reply,—  
With haughty look, which none could daunt,  
In Norfolk’s teeth cast back the taunt,  
And then unto the sword appealed !  
Both gloves before the King were sealed ;  
Who called a Court of Chivalry,—  
By whose award, at Coventry  
The combat “ordeal” should be fought,  
That justice might on each be wrought.  
Vast were the preparations made,  
And great the knightly zeal displayed :  
Bold Hereford sent to Milan  
For harness good for horse and man,—  
While gallant Norfolk did obtain  
His arms and armour from Almayn.

The day arrived! the lists were strong :  
Fenced round with care, and wide and long :  
A throne was for King Richard reared,  
And galleries all around appeared,  
With two pavilions—bravely dight—  
Assigned to either noble knight,—  
In which they might awhile repose,  
Before they came to mortal blows.  
Within the lists, armed cap-à-pié  
Two noble Dukes rode gallantly,—  
The Lord High Constable the one,  
The other as Earl Marshal shone,—  
Attended by a goodly host  
Which flaunting gay apparel boast ;  
And every man a staff did wield,  
With silver tipped, to keep the field.  
Soon as the silent glass of Time  
Betokened 'twas the hour of prime,  
In glittering harness came a knight,  
Mounted upon a charger white,  
Barded with velvet blue and green,  
And richly 'broidered, well I ween,  
With silver swans and antelopes :  
Proud was his bearing—high his hopes—  
And gallantly that morn he showed,  
As forth from Baginton he rode,

Surrounded by a princely train,  
To wipe away his treason-stain  
By help of his good lance and sword,—  
’Twas Henry Duke of Hereford !  
And when he to the barriers came  
He first aloud declared his name,—  
Then vouched on oath his cause was just,  
And that on Heaven he placed his trust :  
He sheathed his sword,—he poised his lance,—  
Restrained his charger’s sportive prance,—  
And then, with all the martial grace  
Distinguishing his princely race,  
He rode into the lists and halted ;—  
Then down from his steel saddle vaulted,  
And seated him in stately chair  
Of gold-wrought bright green velvet there,—  
His foeman’s coming to await,  
And muse on his impending fate :  
Yet brief, indeed, the time for thought,—  
Short space, I ween, King Richard brought,  
With his magnificent display  
Of England’s Peers in proud array,—  
That scrupled not to do his will,  
And were subservient to him still :  
And many a Baron, Earl, and Knight,  
With many a stern and sturdy wight,

Encased in panoply of proof,  
Around him rode on his behoof,—  
A gallant and a courtly throng,  
Mounted on high-bred chargers strong,  
That onwards paced with haughty tramp,—  
With tossing head, and neigh, and champ;  
While closely following—rank on rank—  
With heavy tread, and noisy clank,  
In massive iron armour cased,  
Ten thousand men-at-arms then paced;  
For on that great eventful day  
Much fear was there of deadly fray,—  
And so, to keep the peace perforce,  
Was marshalled this imposing force  
Of horse and foot, which marched along  
While trumpets flourished loud and long:  
Around the lists they formed a ring,  
While onwards proudly rode the King,  
On sable charger—full in view—  
With all his royal retinue,—  
And as the lists they entered in  
Loud rang the martial music's din.  
Soon was King Richard throned and crowned,  
And seats of state his nobles found,—  
And then, at his own royal 'hest,  
A King-at-Arms, superbly dressed,



With high heraldic pomp proclaimed  
This solemn "ordeal:"—then he named  
The quarrel, challenge, and appeal,  
And showed the gauntlets under seal,—  
In anger cast—of one accord—  
Of Norfolk and of Hereford.  
He ceased:—a Herald at his side (50)  
Stepped forth, and thrice "Oyez !" he cried;  
"Henry of Lancaster is here ;  
And saith, as belted Knight and Peer,  
He doth his full defiance hurl  
At Thomas Mowbray, Norfolk's Earl,—  
And, as a loyal champion true,  
On him he will his devoir do  
And prove him traitor, under pain  
Of Falsehood's blot, and Treason's stain !  
He paused : when thrice with shrilly clang  
Another Herald's trumpet rang;  
Then in a tone, which all might hear,  
He summoned Norfolk to appear,  
And answer to this challenge make  
For Knighthood's and for Honour's sake !  
Norfolk, in hot impetuous mood,  
"Hovered about the lists," and viewed  
With pride the gorgeous pomp they showed,—  
And high his heart with courage glowed,

When, called aloud, his name he heard,—  
Then to the barriers on he spurred,  
And made his oath as loyal knight,  
And cried “ God help him who hath right !”  
From Caludon that morn he rode,  
Where he had made his brief abode,  
Harnessed complete from head to heel,  
In massive, bright, well-proven steel ;  
His charger was a noble bay,  
In crimson velvet barded gay,  
On which, embroidered, interweaves—  
With silver lions—mulberry leaves :  
The lists he entered in due course,  
Then down he vaulted from his horse,  
And took his seat in splendid chair  
Y’wrought in crimson damask fair,—  
And often did the moments count,  
And longed to hear the word to mount.  
Soon came the Lord Earl Marshal near,  
Who viewed with care each champion’s spear,  
Found both to be of equal length,  
And even matched in size and strength,—  
Then Hereford’s he did present,  
And Norfolk’s by a knight he sent :  
Then from all present did he claim  
Attention in King Richard’s name,

While he the combatants addressed,—  
E'en thus his mandate was expressed :—  
"To horse, Sir Knights! God give you aid!  
And stainless be your honour made!  
O may ye both prove leal and wight:  
Sound trumpets! God defend the right!"  
Scarce had the signal-trumpet rung,  
Ere both into the saddle sprung,—  
Each placed his ponderous lance in rest,  
And fenced with blazoned shield his breast,—  
Then dashed the sharp spurs in his steed,  
That oft had served him well at need,—  
But ere three lance's length they'd sped,  
With hand high raised above his head,  
King Richard shouted "Ho! ho! ho!"  
And hurled his warder down below:  
"Ho! ho!" the Heralds loudly cried:  
When, spurring forth from Richard's side,  
Marshal and Constable were seen  
To ride the rival Dukes between,  
Who backwards reined—although perforce—  
Each foaming, pawing, panting horse,—  
For each disdained his back to show,  
And with stern glances faced his foe:  
At length they both dismounted,—then  
Resumed their chairs of state again,—

'While wonder, blent with hate and rage,  
Did in each breast fierce conflict wage :  
And deep surprise, I ween, was found  
In many an anxious face around.  
Aye, there they sat for two long hours,  
While Richard, with his "ruling powers,"  
Conferred in solemn deep debate,  
And thus decided on their fate,—  
And that vindictive sentence dread  
The King's own Secretary read :—  
Norfolk, by this decree, was sent  
Into perpetual banishment,—  
Though chiefly for sedition vile  
He'd spread within his native isle :  
And Hereford his sentence hears,—  
To 'void the realm for ten long years.  
All marvelled much—as well they might—  
For Wrong had triumphed over Right,  
Although King Richard little thought  
That his own ruin thus he'd wrought ;  
For he was heard to say with glee,  
On his return to Coventry,  
" Thus all my toils and troubles cease :  
From this day forth I shall have peace ! "  
But peace he never long enjoyed,  
For such his folly oft destroyed ;

And he, who once all England prized,  
Became detested and despised.  
The Duke of Norfolk, through Almayn  
To Venice journeyed on with pain ;  
And, after sojourn sad and brief,  
In that fair city died of grief :  
But Hereford to Calais went,  
Although in France short time he spent,  
For special courier brought him word  
Sad news, which with dismay he heard ;  
And rage and sorrow—each in turn—  
Within his aching bosom burn :—  
Ere closed the year—his letters said—  
His father, John o' Gaunt, was dead ;  
That Richard, with despotic power,  
Had seizure made—in evil hour—  
Of all his vast estates,—although  
His word was plighted long ago  
That he would no advantage take,  
Nor of his absence profit make.  
Then Lancaster swore bitter oath  
The King should rue his broken troth,—  
Summoned to arms his trusty friends,  
And then his course to England bends,—  
And landed soon without demur  
Upon the coast at Ravenspur,—

Where soon around his little band  
Rallied the noblest in the land,—  
Northumberland and York, I trow,  
And hosts with sword, and bill, and bow,—  
For England almost to a man  
In arms to join his standard ran.  
King Richard was in Ireland then,  
Suppresing rebel chieftains,—when  
Came this disastrous news in haste :  
At once the gathering storm he faced—  
Made hasty truce—recalled his host—  
And crowded sail for England's coast,—  
To Milford Haven did repair,  
And landed all his forces there,—  
Who from their tyrant Sovereign fled,  
And soon to Bolingbroke they sped,—  
Joined his bold ranks with right good will,  
And served him well through good and ill.  
King Richard saw his power was gone,  
And that his star no longer shone ;  
He knew his danger—feared the worst—  
And refuge sought at Conway first,—  
Until at Flint too long he stayed  
And prisoner there at last was made—  
By Bolingbroke, who led him thence  
To Chester on with fair pretence ;

But when at Lichfield he arrived  
To 'scape his thralldom he contrived,—  
Although his flight was all in vain,  
For soon was he secured again,  
And closely watched until the hour  
That he was lodged within the Tower.  
Thus, signal and complete success  
Did Bolingbroke's bold venture bless,—  
Who seized the crown, stepped on the throne,  
And claimed the kingdom for his own :  
But trouble in his reign he saw,  
And civil discord, strife, and war,—  
For Salisbury a plot had laid,  
By some rebellious nobles aid,  
At Oxford—at a tournament—  
To take his life,—and then was bent  
Deposed King Richard to restore  
Unto his royal throne once more :  
But Bolingbroke was warned away,  
And 'scaped the peril of that day,  
Although to Windsor rode in haste  
Five hundred men in armour cased,—  
But Henry the Fourth was gone,  
And had to London galloped on,  
Where he o'erwhelming force arrayed :  
The rebel nobles were betrayed,

And, panic-struck, rode off with speed  
To seek their friends in hour of need ;—  
Yet by the people all were slain,  
Before they could their strongholds gain.  
But suddenly, amidst the strife,  
The captive Richard lost his life :  
At Pontefract he died : 'twas said  
That by assassins' axe he bled,  
Or cruelly was starved to death ;—  
Although, as Froissart quaintly saith,  
“ How Richard died I do not know :  
And by what means I cannot show ! ”  
Thus Bolingbroke, with toil and pain,  
Did to Ambition's height attain :  
By “ crooked ways ” he won the crown,—  
Found those who raised would pull it down,—  
And that 'twas “ hedged ” with many a thorn,  
Although it did his brows adorn :  
His haughty nobles scarce could he  
Restrain by force or subtlety,—  
Who, envious of his regal lot,  
Against his life laid many a plot,—  
’Till in the field of Shrewsbury  
They did before his legions flee,  
In utter rout, o'er hill and plain,—  
With gallant Harry Hotspur slain :



Then Owen Glendower he assailed,  
Who battled long, but never quailed ;  
And though defeat he often rued,  
Yet Henry, Wales at length subdued :  
In Scotland too he victories won,—  
Bear witness hill of Homildon :  
And through all France resistless sped  
His veteran troops by Clarence led.  
But after long eventful life,  
With triumph and with trouble rife,  
His toils and cares for ever cease,  
And our fourth Henry died in peace.  
Then, Kenilworth, that Prince of Fame,  
Henry the Fifth ! thy lord became :  
Who in his boyhood loved to dwell  
Within thy regal towers right well,—  
Who rambled in thy sunny glades,  
And mused within thy sylvan shades ;  
And here was taught in Wisdom's school  
This free and mighty realm to rule,—  
To wield alike the sword and pen,  
To win the stubborn hearts of men,  
To spurn the false—to love the true,  
To scorn an evil deed to do,  
To prize his honour as his life,  
To fearless be in battle-strife,

To love the arts of peace,—although  
The craft of war full well to know ;  
And thus he soon became, in sooth,  
A noble, generous, gallant youth.  
As glorious as the rising sun,  
His brief yet brilliant course begun,  
For England's heart was all his own  
Long ere he filled her royal throne :  
But when she crowned him as her King,  
Loud universal joy did ring  
Through all her island fair and free,  
From coast to coast,—from sea to sea.  
When Spring clothed hill and dale with green,  
In fourteen hundred and fourteen,  
Then, Kenilworth, the days of Lent  
Within thy halls King Henry spent,  
Surrounded by the wise and great—  
Nobles, and Ministers of State,—  
And lovely damoiselles and dames,  
And belted knights of noble names—  
Percy, and Mortimer, and those  
Who long had been his father's foes,  
And who, with generous feelings, he  
Had freed from their captivity,—  
And long their gallant hearts he found  
Were firmly to his fortunes bound.

'Twas here, in this superb retreat,  
In deep retirement—calm and sweet,  
From kingly cares awhile he chose  
With friends and kindred to repose ;  
Although on France he often thought,—  
And wise and holy men he sought,  
With whom he oft in close debate  
Communed upon affairs of state :  
When on his right to France he dwelt,  
True valour's fire his bosom felt,  
And Peers and Prelates all decreed,  
If England's Commons were agreed,  
That Henry should by arms advance  
His claim unto the crown of France.  
Oft with the noblest of his court  
The young King joined in martial sport,—  
Practised the use of sword and shield,  
With tactics of the battle-field,—  
Though often had he fought for life,  
And foremost been in deadly strife ;  
And many a gallant host had he  
Led on to glorious victory.  
Near to the lake, within the walls,  
The ground into a hollow falls,  
Which formed a marsh, where fair to view  
Haze and hawthorn bushes grew,—

With noble trees and saplings wild,  
And moss-clad rock in masses piled :  
Here, by King Henry's taste designed,  
A pleasant arbour was entwined  
Around a rustic banquet-hall,—  
Which much he loved, and oft would call,  
When he was full of mirth and glee,  
“ Mon Palais de Pleasant Maris !” (51)  
'Twas here, in this romantic bower,  
The King passed many an idle hour,—  
In disport gay—in love's delight—  
With harp, and lute, and lady bright;  
Though none of all the maidens fair—  
Of rosy smile, and shining hair,—  
Could win him like that peerless dame,  
The fair young blooming seraph Fame !—  
Whose fascinating charms alone  
The youthful hero's heart would own.  
Here, with his veteran captains bold,  
He would debate and converse hold,  
When they submitted to his view  
Weapons and armour—old and new,  
Which he with anxious skill and care,  
And proof severe did oft compare :  
With such the walls were garnished o'er,—  
And such bestrewed the oaken floor,—

Hauberks, and helms with aventayle,  
Chausses and sleeves of bright ringed-mail,  
Courslets, camail, and bassinets,  
Cuisses, and jambs, and sollerets,  
Vambrace, rerebrace, genouillère,  
Pauldrons,—all, by what name soe'er,  
That armourer's make, with strength possessed  
To guard the head, leg, arm, and breast ;  
Spiked chanfrons too, in time of need,  
To fence the head of warlike steed ;  
Broadsword and falchion—axe and mace,  
Cutlas and estoc—anelace,  
Glaives—which required both hands to wield,  
Black bills, guisarms, and lance and shield ;  
Long-bows of sturdy English yew,  
With sheaves of cloth-yard arrows true ;  
Quarril, and bolt, and arbalist ;  
And many a weapon too, I wist,  
Long obsolete, though such may be  
Seen in the Tower Armoury ; (52)  
But chiefly was King Henry led  
To view those warlike engines dread,—  
Compared with which, for havock wrought,  
Springal and magonel were nought,—  
From whose long ponderous tubes were thrown,  
With fire and smoke, huge balls of stone,

With loud report—like thunder's sound,—  
Reverberating miles around,—  
Which for a thousand yards would fly,  
And break, and batter, and destroy :  
Of massive iron were they framed,  
And at the first Bombards were named,—  
Each chamber-barrel, hooped and long,  
Was fixed on timber carriage strong,—  
Mounted on wheels, with horses' gear,  
Complete for service far or near.  
While yet the King prolonged his stay,  
Hither arrived, in grand array,  
Ambassadors from France,—full fraught (53)  
With gifts,—who Henry's presence sought ;  
Who then, in warlike mood, decreed,  
That with all due convenient speed,  
The Dauphin's Envoys should appear  
Before him and his nobles here ;—  
So in this royal armoury,  
Which graced his own " Pleasant Maris,"  
Assembled every knight of birth  
Who was with him at Kenilworth :  
Foremost amid that dauntless crowd,—  
Of which a Prince might well be proud,—  
York, Exeter, and Bedford stood,  
Warwick and Talbot—tried and good,

Salisbury, Gloucester, Westmorland,—  
Each with his knightly lance in hand :  
All splendid arms and armour wore—  
Milan, Toledo, or Bilboa,  
And formed a bright and gallant ring  
Around their young heroic King.  
Then loudly rang the trumpet-strain  
That ushered in the Gallic train,  
Attired—all glorious to behold—  
In velvet, silk, gems, feathers, gold ;  
And Kings-at-Arms, and Herald, wait  
Upon them, decked in garbs of state ;  
Forming, I ween, a contrast wide  
To harnessed men on every side.  
When ceased the trumpet's tuneful tongue  
Its martial flourish loud and long,  
The Dauphin's Envoys, bold and free,  
Forth from the crowd stepped paces three,—  
And with obsequious proud parade  
Due homage to King Henry paid ;  
And then, with voice and gesture bland,  
With graceful port, and waving hand,  
The Chief Ambassador expressed  
To Henry thus his lord's behest :—  
“ Most puissant Sovereign, deign to hear  
The purport of our mission here :

Louis, of France the royal heir,  
Sendeth your Highness greetings fair ;  
But answers thus your Grace's claim  
To certain Dukedoms—which you name,  
Good sooth, you might as well advance  
Your right unto the crown of France !  
He marvels not your Grace should be  
Of sense devoid so utterly,  
Since all your wilding years have been  
So full of childish folly seen !  
Yet, for your rash and reckless youth,  
He mingles counsel with reproof ;  
And warns you never to essay  
More venturous deed than tennis-play !  
For which he sends a ton of balls,  
Four your delight in courts and halls,—  
The best which Paris can produce,  
And worthy of your royal use !  
But well he bids your Grace beware,  
That if your idle wrath should dare  
To desecrate the soil of France,—  
His legions brave, with sword and lance,  
Will drive your hordes into the sea  
To punish your temerity.  
Such are the Dauphin's words, Lord King,  
And such to thee we truly bring,

.



Although your Grace may deem that we  
Are all devoid of courtesy :  
But Honour bids us fearless do  
Our duty to our Prince and you.”  
King Henry half unsheathed his brand,  
And stamped his foot, and clenched his hand ;  
Then sternly answered—“ Well and bold  
Have ye the Dauphin’s message told :  
But, by the Holy Rood, we swear  
Your Prince shall have requital fair !  
For all his foul revilings black,  
Bear him our full defiance back :  
His tennis-balls, we’ll fling as toys  
Amidst our merry village boys ;  
For every ton we’ll send him ten,—  
With ample interest,—back again :  
I’faith he’ll find our London balls  
Will batter down his roofs and walls !  
In Paris soon we’ll try our skill,  
And if our fortune be not ill,  
He’ll feel our tennis-balls of stone,—  
When by our iron rackets’ thrown,—  
His ass’s head will sharply smite  
In payment of his foul despite,—  
And strike his father’s regal crown  
From off his idiot temples down !

St. George to aid us! crown and throne  
Of sunny France are all our own,  
In right of Isabel the fair,  
Of England Queen, of France sole heir!  
And haughty France again shall see  
Our dreaded English yeomanry,—  
And long shall wail, with bitter tears,  
Another Cressy and Poitiers!”  
King Henry paused—“Ha! ha!” he cried;  
He seized a bow, and sprung aside,  
And nocked an arrow in the string,  
Well feathered from the grey-goose wing,—  
Quick, with an archer’s skilful craft,  
Up to his ear he drew the shaft,  
Then loosed,—and loud the bowstring rang,—  
With sharp, and short, and sudden twang,—  
While the unerring arrow sped  
Right through the wily fox’s head,—  
Which well was known, though rarely seen,  
To harbour midst the bushes green;  
And long had it been prophesied,  
If by the King’s own hand it died,  
That he should tame the pride of France,  
And win and wear her crown, perchance.  
A shout—a loud and hearty shout—  
Rang from the stalwart guard without,

Which mingled well with joyous din  
Amidst the martial crowd within.  
Soon Henry checked their uproar wild;  
Then glanced around and proudly smiled,—  
His brave heart dancing with delight,—  
Alike on yeoman, lord, and knight,  
As he exclaimed "'Tis well ! 'tis well !  
This omen doth of triumphs tell !  
Of battles upon land and sea :  
Of glory and of victory !  
Sir Envoys, hie ye back with speed,  
And bid the Dauphin take good heed,—  
And fairly show each deed and word  
That in our realm ye've seen and heard,—  
And say that England and her King  
At France their full defiance fling."  
Time proveth all things—good and ill ;  
And Time this omen did fulfil,—  
For into France King Henry sped,  
And there a noble army led,  
The terror of whose conquering arms  
Soon filled the land with wild alarms,—  
For Harfleur he besieged and took,  
Which town his thundering bombards shook,  
From whence the Dauphin he defied  
To let the sword their feud decide,—

Who, of no martial soul possessed,  
Preferred in safe retreat to rest :  
Then, victor crowned, in proud array  
To Paris on he bent his way :  
But France had armed her warlike host,—  
For countless soldiers could she boast,—  
By chiefs commanded—brave, 'tis true,  
But who of war right little knew ;  
Who, in the fulness of their pride,  
King Henry's little band defied,  
And vainly, arrogantly, swore  
Not one should wield a weapon more :  
But Henry, full of faith and hope,  
Feared not with such his foes to cope,  
For Victory hovered o'er his crest  
While he his veteran troops addressed,—  
Whose gallant English hearts beat high,  
Cheered by his dauntless voice and eye.  
Loud† as the ocean's deafening roar,  
When surging on a rocky shore,—  
Wild as the mountain-waves that roll  
Their foaming crests from pole to pole,—  
Fierce as the howling winds that blow  
Resistless over Arctic snow,—  
Hot as the Summer's burning sun  
When full meridian power it's won,—

And swift as wild-horse unsubdued,—  
Of haughty, proud, imperious mood,—  
Was that tumultuous host of France,  
Whose furious, heedless, rash advance,  
In one mad overwhelming rush  
Thought Henry's stalwart band to crush :  
But he, his warlike people's pride,  
Whose courage danger oft had tried,—  
Whose skill upon the battle field  
Full many a triumph had revealed,—  
Old England's great and glorious King,  
That day did France with anguish wring.  
“ Banners advance !” at length he cried,  
“ St. George's blessing with you bide !  
On, gallant yeomen ! on and show  
Your woodcraft to our vaunting foe !”  
Forwards, with eager shouts they sprung,  
Which through the welkin loudly rung,  
And thrust before them in the ground  
Their staves with pointed iron bound,—  
With fearless hearts then took their stand  
Each with his mighty bow in hand.  
On, like a whirlwind, rushed the foe,—  
The English arrows flew like snow,  
On front and flank they fell like hail  
And pierced through helmet, shield, and mail,

Each deadly shaft, without remorse,  
Brought down in heaps both man and horse ;  
The ground was cumbered with the dead ;  
By scores the wounded turned and fled ;  
And many a charger, mad with pain,  
Dashed riderless across the plain,  
Trampling the fallen on their way,  
And causing terror and dismay ;  
"Till of twelve hundred only three  
Reached England's fatal yeomanry.  
Soon as they saw their foemen's rout,  
They raised a loud and hearty shout,  
Then slung their bows behind their backs,  
And charged with bill and battleaxe,—  
With sword and buckler :—right and left  
They fiercely hacked, and stabbed, and cleft,—  
Disabled many a knight and horse,  
And strewed the field with many a corse,  
And onwards fought their desperate way,  
The victors of that red meleé.  
Soon as King Henry's eagle eye  
Beheld his mail-clad foemen fly,  
His joyful shout the triumph told,  
As up he brought his veterans bold,  
And, like a gallant chieftain, he  
Dashed on with England's chivalry

Soon did the Gallic legions rock  
Before their onset's furious shock,—  
On foot, and hand to hand, they fought,  
And deeds of daring valour wrought ;  
Broadsword, and glaive, and falchion clashed,  
And axe and mace on armour crashed,—  
Step after step they onwards hewed,  
And round them dead and wounded strewed :  
To earth the eighteen knights were borne  
Who had to slay King Henry sworn,—  
Who formed a gory ghastly ring  
Round England's dauntless warrior King.  
At length,—the Duke d'Alençon slain ;  
The Duke of Orleans prisoner ta'en ;  
With many a knight, and many a peer,  
Who to the King of France were dear ;  
With thousands upon thousands spread  
Upon that field of carnage red,—  
The Gallic legions turned and run  
In utter rout ere set the sun :  
Confusion reigned :—that mighty host—  
So full of fury, pride, and boast,—  
Fled panic-struck in wild dismay,  
In terror, and in disarray ;  
Pursued by rattling showers, I ween,  
Of deadly cloth-yard arrows keen.

And thus that glorious field was fought,  
Known through the world as Agincourt,  
And which, through long and countless years,  
Shall vie with Cressy and Poitiers !  
To Calais then King Henry pressed,  
For sore his army was distressed,—  
Thence, soon as prosperous winds prevailed,  
Once more to Dover back he sailed,  
Where he and his triumphant band  
Were welcomed to their native land.  
But short the time he stayed to share  
His people's love—his subjects' care,  
Who grieved their idol King should roam  
In hostile fields so far from home,—  
Though England's warriors—one and all—  
Would troop around him at his call,  
And fearless follow where he led  
Through many a field of battle dread.  
But gentle Peace could not assuage  
Demoniac War's infuriate rage,  
Who goaded on a gallant race  
To wipe away the dire disgrace—  
The blot upon their honour's shield—  
Of Agincourt's triumphant field :  
So Harfleur France in wrath assailed,  
Though in its capture then she failed,



For Bedford went in fiery haste  
And from the siege her legions chased,—  
But Henry came himself at length,  
And with him brought half England's strength,  
And many a town and fortress won,  
'Till Normandy he quite o'errun,—  
And captured Rouen and Pontoise,—  
And treaty made for peace at Troyes.  
But England's glorious sovereign—he,  
From whose dread presence France did flee,  
Who, in the iron fields of war,  
Subdued, like Cæsar, all he saw,—  
The mighty chief—the warrior sage—  
The greatest captain of his age—  
Who never yet a conqueror found,—  
By Glory and by Victory crowned,—  
At last, to stay the raging strife,  
Besought fair Katharine for his wife!  
Fair Kate of France! a royal maid,  
In youthful beauty's charms arrayed,—  
Whom Henry soon, with joy and pride,  
Saluted as his queenly bride.  
But war, dread war broke out again,—  
Though Henry swept o'er hill and plain,  
And soon besieged and took Melun,—  
And then his warlike toil was done:

To Paris then he proudly went,  
And there a merry Christmas spent,  
Attended by his beauteous wife,—  
This was the triumph of his life !  
To England then he sailed once more,  
And with him many a trophy bore,—  
And thousands of his subjects found  
To welcome him on English ground ;  
Who, wild with joy, their hero hailed !  
And great rejoicings long prevailed,—  
Until, with solemn high parade,  
Katharine was Queen of England made,  
In that majestic abbey fair  
Which Westminster's proud name doth bear !  
But ere these festive days had ceased,  
King Henry, Scotland's King released  
From Windsor's royal castle strong,  
Where he had been imprisoned long,—  
But Love had made a fairy-bower  
Within his gloomy dungeon-tower,—  
For Beaufort's daughter—Lady Jane—  
Oft wiled away his hours of pain,—  
“ The fairest and the freshest flower ”  
That ever bloomed in Beauty's bower  
But soon the halcyon days of peace,  
For years of strife and discord, cease ;

And France again King Henry claims,  
Who, with his true ally, King James,  
Marshall'd in arms the strength and boast  
Of England's and of Scotland's host,—  
Before whose brave united band  
The Gallic legions could not stand,—  
So gallant James laid siege to Dreux,  
Whilst Henry stormed and captured Meaux,—  
And, for his fiendish cruelty,  
Hanged Vaurus on his own elm-tree.  
To Paris then he hastened soon,  
And met Queen Katharine there in June,—  
And at the Louvre held his court,  
With kingly pomp—with royal sport.  
Once more in haste he took the field,  
But soon, alas ! was forced to yield  
Unto that ruthless conqueror, who  
Both brave and fearful doth subdue !  
He fell—in manhood's prime and pride—  
By dire disease—yet calmly died,—  
E'en like a Christian warrior, armed  
With faith and hope,—no fears alarmed ;  
But like a Sovereign,—History saith,  
He faced that King of Terrors—Death !  
Through France in state his corse was borne :  
In vain his warrior-nobles mourn,—

His veteran soldiers grieve in vain,—  
They'll never see his like again ;—  
So brave—so gentle—and so true :  
Long did his loss all England rue :  
His corse with splendid tomb she graced,  
And o'er it, as memorials, placed  
The saddle, helmet, sword, and shield,  
He bore on that victorious field,  
Which, blazoned on the scroll of Fame,  
Bears Agincourt's immortal name !  
Another Lord, of royal birth,  
Then claimed thy towers, O Kenilworth !  
He who was crowned, I do aver,  
At Notre Dame and Westminster,  
Sole King—by rare and happy chance—  
At once of England and of France,  
And safely on each throne was fixed,—  
King Henry, of his name the sixth.  
Who, in his happy youthful days,  
While basking in Joy's sunny rays—  
Ere yet his bosom sorrow felt—  
Within thy towers full often dwelt,  
And, with his young companions gay,  
Sported the live-long Summer day ;  
And rambled through thy woods and park,  
A-listening oft the warbling lark,

Till circling far from mortal view,  
High in ethereal azure blue.  
Although in Spring 'tis sweet to stray,  
And mark the budding hawthorn-spray,—  
Or in bright Summer's golden hours  
To ramble midst the fields and flowers,—  
Or on some glorious Autumn day—  
To roam through rich-hued woodlands gay,—  
Yet Winter, in his robe of white,  
Hath boundless stores of rich delight !  
And Kenilworth looks back with pride,  
Unto that merry Christmas tide,  
Which young King Henry—Dame and Peer—  
Kept in her halls with joyous cheer !  
Though fields and woods were deep in snow,  
And cold bleak winds did keenly blow,  
Thy blithesome guests—all sheltered warm—  
Smiled heedless of the howling storm ;  
For on each massive hearth, high raised,  
The mighty yule-log brightly blazed,  
And every window, door, and wall,  
Alike in kitchen and in hall,  
Were bravely decked as e'er was seen,  
With holly and with ivy green,  
And many a goodly bough did show  
Of Love's own mystic misletoe,—

Beneath whose sacred green and white,  
With roguish mirth, or fond delight,  
Oft gallant youth led maiden dear,  
Who, all unconscious, strayed too near,  
And in despite of frown or smile,  
With lawless force, or gentle guile,  
Did from her blushing cheek or lip  
The sweetest sweets with rapture sip !  
Whilst gaily round the mummers' dance,  
And hobby-horses proudly prance,  
And Jester with his cap and bells,  
The boisterous mirth with folly swells,—  
And eke the wise man, and the fool,  
Bowed to the Sovereign of Misrule ! (54)  
Whose uproar wild—whose antics rude—  
Were oft with hearty laughter viewed,—  
And discord made, from time to time,  
In harp and viols' tuneful chime,—  
With clamour loud for wine and ale,  
And shouts of " Largesse ! " and " Wassail ! "  
While, borne upon the midnight breeze,  
That rustles through the leafless trees,  
The merry peal of village bells  
Glad tidings of salvation tells :  
But when the revel died away,  
And gentle night alone held sway,

Then harp, and flute, and viol sweet,  
Blent with melodious voices, greet  
The wakeful and the watchful ears  
Alike of commons and of peers.  
Joy ushered in that hallowed morn,  
On which that blessed child was born,—  
Who, as the glorious “Prince of Peace,”  
Shall bid our sins and sorrows cease,—  
Who shed his sacred blood for all  
That on his love and mercy call,—  
For all are equal in his sight  
Who shun the wrong, and seek the right.  
Joy ushered in, with peace on earth,  
That holy day at Kenilworth:—  
And mass was said, and bells were rung,  
And many a carol bravely sung;  
And many a blithesome game was played,  
And many a sportive gambol made;  
And sumptuous feast for all that came,—  
For King, and Peer, and gentle dame,—  
Rich and profuse, as heart could wish,  
Of royal game, and fowl, and fish,—  
Of wine and mead, of ale and beer,—  
And all that English taste holds dear.  
Time onwards swift as arrow flew,  
Yet silently as falling dew,

Till Henry, in the prime of life,  
Sought from a foreign land a wife,—  
And did his royal hand bestow  
Upon fair Margaret of Anjou ;  
Of gentle heart—yet iron nerve—  
That rarely did from perils swerve.  
But Henry as a child was weak,  
And like a monk was mild and meek,—  
Yet as a Sovereign all unfit  
Upon his father's throne to sit,—  
His sceptre and his sword to wield  
In court and council—camp and field,—  
Or grapple with the host of foes  
That all around him fiercely rose.  
In France his troubles first began,—  
And bad to worse like wildfire ran :  
For Joan of Arc—the Orleans Maid,—  
By Superstition's magic aid,  
Palsied with Terror's withering blight  
Both hands and hearts of matchless might,—  
Though Bedford, Gloucester, Salisbury,  
Warwick, Willoughby, Shrewsbury,—  
Whose dauntless souls with valour burned—  
Such idle fears and fancies spurned !  
But all in vain,—for to her cost,  
All Normandy soon England lost,



And eke Bordeaux, Bayonne, Guienne,—  
Though in the Market of Rouen,  
A foul and fearful deed was wrought,  
With malice and with vengeance fraught;  
There Joan of Arc died in the flame,  
And gained her an immortal name.  
While such reverses England rued,  
Burst forth that dire inveterate feud,—  
Which swept along like ocean-flood,  
And deluged all the land in blood,—  
Which through all ranks of kindred spread,—  
The Rival Roses, White and Red!  
But ere Rebellion's war broke out,  
To shun Jack Cade's rude rabble rout,  
Of which they were right sore afraid,  
King Henry and Queen Margaret made  
Of Kenilworth a refuge sure,  
Where long they held their court secure,—  
Where oft, in their dark troubled reign,  
They went with joyful hearts again,  
Whene'er capricious Peace awhile  
Upon their fortunes deigned to smile,—  
And in high pomp, and proud array,  
Spent festival and holiday:  
And Kenilworth's strong towers, we're told,  
For many a year did captive hold—

Which passed in mingled hope and fear—  
The royal Gloucester's Duchess dear,  
Lord Cobham's daughter Eleanor, (55)  
On idle charge of witchcraft!—for  
'Twas sworn by foes, with foul intent,  
Upon her husband's ruin bent,  
That by her magic arts she'd made  
A figure—like the King arrayed,—  
Of virgin wax, with malice dire,  
Which hung before a blazing fire,  
And, as it turned, did slowly melt,  
Until, at length, King Henry felt  
His youthful vigour waste away  
In pains of premature decay!  
Convicted on this tale absurd—  
As darkest ages ever heard—  
The Duchess was confined for life  
At Kenilworth—with sorrow rife,  
For by assassins soon, 'twas said,  
Her noble husband died in bed!  
But Civil War round Henry swept,  
And every sword from scabbard leapt,  
And near St. Alban's Abbey first  
The furious storm of battle burst,  
With all its raging horrors dread,  
And struck the crown from Henry's head,—


Whose feeble heart with terror shook,—  
For York his Sovereign prisoner took !  
Though, on that same disastrous field,  
Which had such dire events revealed,  
In after years, his dauntless wife,  
Retook him in victorious strife.  
But Henry oft—by Fate's decree—  
Was captive King—or Monarch free,—  
As many a battle-field proclaims,  
Still bearing old heroic names,—  
Which tell of many a dreadful day  
Of mingled triumph and dismay.  
Though Margaret danger spurned as nought !  
And his twelve battles bravely fought !  
Though York, on Wakefield's gory plain,  
Was numbered with the gallant slain,  
He left behind a warlike son  
Who many a hard-fought conflict won,—  
Who conquered at Northampton dread,  
And Tewkesbury, and Towton red,  
And Barnet Field, with slaughter filled,—  
With great " King-Maker Warwick " killed !  
And thus did York's White Rose prevail !  
While Lancaster's Red Rose grew pale !  
And Edward won the crown and throne  
Which were by right descent his own,— (56)

But he ferocious soul possessed,  
As well his cruel blow expressed,—  
At which, his savage nobles there,  
Stabbed Henry's youthful son and heir!  
Then, Kenilworth, thy Lord and King,  
From whom nought that was good did spring,  
Was our fourth Edward! but, I trow,  
There's none besides thyself can show,  
If he, in days of peace or war,  
Thy regal castle ever saw.  
But this, at least, full well we know,  
His reign was marked with blood and woe,—  
Yet one redeeming point it had,  
For good is ever mixed with bad,  
That wondrous and immortal art  
First into vigorous life did start,  
Which hath been ever blent by Fame  
With William Caxton's honoured name,— (57)  
Our first great Printer,—England's pride!—  
Through all the world known far and wide.  
Though Clarence,—who, with fiendish hate,  
He'd doomed unto untimely fate,  
For treason foul, but all untrue,—  
And who by lawless guile he slew,—  
Did in the Tower his life resign,  
By choice, in butt of Malmsey wine!

And thus his brother's murder drew  
On Edward's house that vengeance due,  
Which all hath ever yet pursued  
Whose hands in blood have been imbrued :—  
His youthful sons—his hope and pride  
By that fell demon Gloucester died !  
And our fifth Edward passed away,  
From this dark sinful world of clay,—  
Ere yet he knew the grief and care,  
Which mortal man is doomed to bear,—  
To those ethereal realms of light  
Where all is pure, and calm, and bright,—  
And cast his earthly sceptre down  
To gain an everlasting crown.  
Then Gloucester, by Ambition spurred,  
All England with commotions stirred,—  
And, for a season, proved her bane,  
And did her regal throne profane,  
And, by the aid of force and guile,  
Usurped her kingly crown awhile,—  
Richard the Third ! a tyrant bold,  
Who spared neither blood nor gold  
Adherents to his cause to gain,  
To make secure his lawless reign :  
And he, although by all abhorred,  
O Kenilworth, became thy Lord !

And to thy 'battled towers retired,  
For much their grandeur he admired,—  
Yet not to woo thy calm repose,  
But plots to lay against his foes.  
Twice Richard came: ere last he went,  
His Whitsuntide with thee he spent,  
And blithely passed the Summer's day,—  
And feasted half the night away,  
With rough and boisterous revelry,—  
Though little peace on earth had he,  
For conscience thundered in his ear,  
The crimes he had committed here!  
But tidings came, in evil hour,  
That menaced his despotic power,—  
So Kenilworth he left in haste,  
For prompt and vigorous action braced,  
And like a lion faced his foes,  
That fast on every side arose  
Until on glorious Bosworth Field,  
At length the tyrant's fate was sealed:  
Though desperate Richard fiercely fought,  
And Richmond's life all vainly sought,—  
Whose heart with noble valour thrilled,  
And his brave standard-bearer killed,—  
Though warlike Norfolk's powerful aid  
Was for King Richard's cause displayed,—

Spite of the warning he received,  
But which he scarcely half believed,—  
“Jockey of Norfolk, be not bold !  
Dickon, thy master’s bought and sold !”  
’Twas vain,—for Stanley “Richmond !” cried,  
And turned the doubtful battle’s tide ;  
And Richard fell beneath the sword,  
Which did too brave a death afford,  
For such a monster foul as he,  
Of tyranny and cruelty !  
Whose bloodstained and disfigured corse  
Was rudely slung athwart a horse,  
And so to Leicester back conveyed,—  
Where he the night before had stayed,  
And slept at that far-famed “Blue Boar,” (58)  
Which still retains its aspect hoar,—  
And in the Grey Friars’ church was laid,  
Where splendid tomb King Henry made.  
But with no peace the wicked’s blest !  
Long in his grave he did not rest,  
For spoilers—“Bluff King Henry” sent,  
Who church and abbey robbed and rent,—  
His monument to pieces hewed ;  
And that stone-coffin may be viewed—  
A horse-trough at the White Horse Inn—  
Which Richard’s bones once rested in.



And on famed Bosworth Field, I ween,—  
The last great battle of thirteen,  
Which closed the deadly strife and stir  
Of rival York and Lancaster,—  
The crown, which Richard's helm had graced,  
On Richmond's head Lord Stanley placed !  
Thus was our seventh Henry crowned !  
Long as a monarch wise renowned,—  
Who joined the Roses White and Red,  
When fair Elizabeth he wed,—  
Of York and England rightful heir,—  
Who did his prosperous fortunes share :  
And soon to Kenilworth they went,  
Where Whitsuntide with joy they spent,—  
Surrounded by the splendid state  
Which on their court did ever wait,—  
For in the hall, and in the bower,  
In song, and dance, and banquet-hour,  
In Pleasaunce gay,—in woodlands green,—  
Elizabeth was Fairy Queen !  
Presiding with bewitching grace,—  
With sunny glance, and smiling face,—  
And twined upon her bosom fair,  
And wreathed amid her shining hair,  
The Rival Roses, Red and White,  
In gentle love and peace unite,—



And, from that festive day, for ever,  
Nought could their happy union sever !  
But Time rolled on : and envious Death  
Seized Henry's good Elizabeth,—  
Regardless of a nation's tears :  
And then, in few short rapid years,  
That tyrant " Bluff King Hal" appeared,  
Who neither Pope nor Bishop feared,—  
Who, on the Field of Cloth of Gold,  
With royal pomp met Francis bold,—  
And victor proved on Flodden Field !  
Though lawless Vice his heart had steeled,  
" Defender of the Faith" was he !  
Although, as if in mockery,  
He plundered many an abbey grey !  
And left cathedrals to decay !  
Yet, Kenilworth, he loved right well  
In thy majestic halls to dwell,—  
And reared those " Lodgings," passing fair,  
That once his sovereign name did bear ! (59)  
But which, alas ! long, long ago,  
Not e'en a stone was left to show !  
He died : and our sixth Edward came,—  
Of pious, learned, blessed name !  
Then dark-browed Mary, stern and cold !  
Yet neither did thy towers behold.



With creeping ivy twined around,—  
With weeds and moss the summit crowned,—  
Rising against the clear blue sky  
In all their native majesty,—  
Although of pomp and power bereft,  
And nought but desolation left.  
Behold the mighty donjon-tower !  
Impregnable in battle-hour !  
Which oft defied, with smile of scorn,  
The power of mightiest mortals born,—  
Till its gigantic walls were riven,  
And roofless to the storms of heaven !  
Though its colossal strength is bowed,  
It still retains its aspect proud,—  
Still wears the same stern frown, as when  
Its battlements with harnessed men  
Were densely crowded, and the sound  
Of hostile arms rang loudly round :  
Where flaunted blazoned banner brave,  
Now the wild weed and brier wave !  
Where watchful warder's horn was wound,  
Now with the jackdaw's cries resound !  
Indomitable tower ! the name  
Of dauntless Cæsar, which ye claim,  
Befits thy gallant bearing well,—  
For ye, like him, by treachery fell !

Fair moon! sweet empress of the night!  
How lovely is thy silvery light!  
O'er yon majestic ruin beaming,—  
O'er verdant hill and valley gleaming,—  
And sparkling in the murmuring brook  
That's issuing from yon shady nook! (60)  
As oft upon the lake it shone,  
In ages now for ever gone!  
Yet still, methinks, I see it flow,—  
Still feel its balmy breezes blow,—  
Still view the soft pale moonbeams glancing  
Upon the crystal waves, advancing  
Along the moat, so broad and deep,  
As round the castle walls they sweep.  
Still can imagination call  
Forth from Oblivion's gloomy thrall,  
Each circumstance of pomp and pride,  
Which marked that princely festive tide,  
When haughty Leicester, History saith,  
Here feasted Queen Elizabeth! (61)  
Yet even now, methinks, I hear  
The sturdy rustics' joyous cheer;  
Now 'tis merrily pealing nigh,—  
Now in the distance seems to die;  
Loudly swells the rupturous shout  
From loyal English yeomen stout,—

And merry laughing clamorous noise  
From numerous groups of peasant boys ;  
All—all were happy, proud, and gay,  
Upon that blithesome holiday.  
In stately ranks and dress arrayed,  
Appeared a royal cavalcade :  
The gallant yeomen first were seen (62)  
Bedight in garb of Lincoln green,—  
Each wore upon his jerkin light  
A massive corslet, burnished bright,  
With England's red-cross badge impressed—  
St. George's sign—upon the breast ;  
Steel sallettes fenced each bowman's head,  
With waving plumes of white and red ;  
Broad studded buff-belts girt the waist,  
In which small dagger-knife was placed,  
While from it hung on either side  
A short cross-hilted broadsword tried,  
And quiver with its deadly store  
Of cloth-yard shafts—full twenty-four ;  
And at the back by leathern thong  
Round shining iron bucklers hung ;  
Each bore a bow of trusty yew,—  
And each a cloth-yard arrow drew,—  
And each, at twelve score yards and odd,  
Could split in twain a hazel-rod.

A numerous band of hagbutteers, (63)  
In buff-coats dight, with bandaliers,—  
Falchions and morions,—eight a breast,  
In ranks well-ordered, onwards pressed,—  
With pennon, drums, and trumpets shrill,  
Which echoed far o'er vale and hill.  
Then troops of heavy horse advanced,  
Whose barded chargers proudly pranced,  
As bugle, drum, and fife resound  
With varied harmony around,—  
Each stalwart horseman's martial weed  
Was proven well for time of need—  
'Twas massive plate from head to knee,  
All burnished bright as steel could be ;  
Well armed, they lance and broadsword show,  
And petronel at saddle-bow :  
Full in the midst a banner waved,  
That oft the battle's front had braved,  
St. George's, proudly was it hight—  
A red-cross on a field of white—  
Which ever over land and sea  
Has been the flag of Victory !  
The sturdy pikemen next behold,  
With martial step and bearing bold,  
Yet mingled with demeanour glad,  
In gold-faced scarlet jerkins clad,

Cuirass and tassets—fence of proof—  
And morion, plumed, of iron woof:  
Each soldier was equipped alike  
With falchion, buckler, dirk, and pike,—  
Broad belts and gauntlets—white as snow,  
Wrought of the hide of buffalo.  
The royal banner next appears,  
Amidst a gallant “plump of spears,”—  
Borne by a knight of gentle blood,  
High-famed for deeds on field and flood,  
Surrounded by a noble band,  
The glory of their native land,  
And harnessed in Italian steel—  
Of plate and mail—from head to heel;  
Some bright as glittering silver shone,  
Purpled with gold and graved upon,  
Some dark as even ebon-wood,—  
Some russet, blue,—but tried and good;  
Or wrought of brass, which gleamed like gold,  
In warlike fashion’s newest mould;  
Each helmet was superbly dressed  
With waving plume, and wreath, and crest,  
Enriched with gold, embossed, and chased,—  
The steel-barred visor upwards braced,  
To show the manly martial look  
Each gallant warrior’s visage took;

In broad gem-studded knightly belt,  
Of gold and velvet richly felt,  
Around each waist a broadsword hung,  
In bright steel scabbard, straight and long,  
With massive circling guard, and hilt  
Of crimson velvet, richly gilt;  
Upon each bridle-arm was borne  
A blazoned shield, with honour worn  
By ancestry of noble strain,  
In tourney and on battle-plain;  
A lance erect in stirrup-rest,  
By gauntleted right hand was pressed,—  
And heavy gold-spurs—knighthood's seal—  
Were buckled on each warrior's heel;  
Their fiery chargers trained for war,  
By dint of stern equestrian law,  
In form and colour nothing lack,  
From snowy white to jetty black,—  
Harnessed with poitrel, and manefaire,  
• Chanfron, flanchard, and croupière, (64)  
And silver-studded bridle-rein,  
Bright massive bit, and curblet-chain,  
Which scarce the proud curvet subdue  
Of Andalusian mettle true:  
With martial pomp and loyal pride,  
This knightly guard of honour ride



Around the royal banner, wrought  
Of silk and gold from India brought,—  
Whose ample folds, by Heralds' care,  
Two kingly quartered 'scutcheons bear,—  
Three fleur-de-lis of golden hue,  
For France, appeared on field of blue ;  
And on a field of brilliant red  
Three golden lions glittered,  
In pale, and passant gardant placed,  
For England ; such her shield have graced  
From second Henry, I opine,  
First Monarch of the Saxon line  
Restored to England's throne of yore,  
A.D. eleven, fifty-four.  
Three Kings-at-Arms then rode in view,  
Garter, Norroy, and Clarencieux,—  
Arrayed in costumes passing rich,  
Plumed caps, and silken tabards, which  
Bore England's lions quarterly  
With France's ancient fleur-de-lis ;  
Belts round the waist were buckled tight,  
Bedecked with sparkling crystals bright,—  
From which depended Milan blade,  
In velvet scabbard, gold inlaid ;  
And golden spurs and stirrups broad,  
Superbly chased, in style accord

With bridle, harness,—all, indeed,  
That formed the garb of cream-hued steed.  
Next came the Heralds—even yet,  
As erst of old, styled Somerset,  
Richmond, Chester, Winchester,  
Windsor, York, and Lancaster,—  
Mounted on mettled iron-greys,  
In costume which their rank pourtrays,—  
Each bearing some heraldic sign,  
Upon the breast, of old design :  
A host of Pursuivants next rode  
On chargers which high breeding showed,  
Of brightest chesnut, richly trapped,  
With ornaments of silver wrapped,—  
One hight Rouge Dragon, one Rouge Croix,  
Such on their tabards glittered,—for  
Their dress of state was fashioned so,  
That slightest glance might truly know  
The high command none dared resist,  
By force or fraud, in field or list.  
The Queen's own Pages next were seen  
In royal liveries—white and green, (65)  
Their palfreys of the deepest bay,  
Caparisoned in splendid way.  
Then mounted on a snow-white steed,  
Which boasted purest Arab breed,

Yclad in deep green housings, strewed  
With suns and roses, golden-hued,  
Behold a proud and stately dame,  
Elizabeth ! of glorious name,—  
Of England's mighty empire Queen,—  
The dread of France and Spain, I ween !  
Her velvet dress of emerald tint,  
In gold embroidery knew no stint,  
With brilliants spangled, such as bide  
Beneath Brazilian rivers' tide,—  
A royal crownlet decked her head,  
Of gold, and gems, and velvet red,—  
And round her neck a ruff entwined,  
By pearl and ruby brooch confined,  
Of rich white lace, of Flemish skill,—  
Unequalled then,—scarce equalled still ;  
As she approached, with witching grace  
She often checked her palfrey's pace,—  
While Pleasure's blush her cheeks assume—  
A glowing tint of roseate bloom—  
To revel in the boisterous cheers  
Which all around she gladly hears,—  
For loyal voices loudly bless,  
In rough-hewn language, " Good Queen Bess !"  
Oft did the Queen, in stately form,  
Return her subjects greeting warm,—

E'en thus she answered to their call,—  
“ God bless ye my good people all !”  
By Flattery's dulcet voice beguiled,  
She often bowed, and often smiled,  
And though capricious, proud, and vain,  
Well pleased her subjects' love to gain.  
A princely noble by her side  
Did on a sable charger ride,—  
Bred in the plains of Barbary,  
And of the noblest pedigree,—  
Fleet as the wind—his courage high  
The bridle-rein and spur defy,—  
He champed the bit, and foamed and fret,  
Spurning restraint with proud curvet,  
Disdaining that his fiery mood  
By horseman's craft should be subdued,—  
His housings were as black as jet,  
With stars of silver thickly set ;  
His noble rider's velvet garb  
Was sable as his jetty barb,  
Adorned with silver wreaths of oak,—  
And jewels which of India spoke,—  
While on his breast, in silver fair,  
Appeared the ragged-staff and bear,—  
His cap bedecked with ostrich plume,  
And diamond star, whose rays illume

His forehead—like a beacon-light  
 Afar off seen in stormy night ;  
 An ivory-hilted rapier hung  
 Adown his side, from baldrick slung,—  
 In sooth, it was a trusty blade,  
 By “ Andreas Ferara ” made, (66)  
 For though the point to hilt you bring,  
 ’Twould back as straight as arrow spring !  
 This Peer so regally bedight,  
 Was proud Sir Robert Dudley hight,  
 Of England’s court the brightest pearl,  
 And long of ancient Leicester Earl ; (67)  
 On him was Kenilworth bestowed,—  
 On him his Sovereign’s bounty flowed,—  
 And, as her favourite, did attain  
 To many a rich and fair domain,—  
 While numberless high honours shed  
 Their brightest beams around his head,—  
 E’en now he rides in “ pride of place,”  
 Loved both by Queen and populace.  
 Next came a goodly company  
 Of gentlemen of high degree ;  
 And many a graceful dame was seen  
 Attendant on the Maiden Queen,—  
 Whose beaming glance—whose sweetest smile—  
 Was sought and won by courtier’s wile.

Then 'squires and pages, gay and young,  
With boisterous laugh and gibing tongue,  
Suffuse the cheeks of rustic lass  
With burning blushes as they pass,—  
Upon her dress, face, form, and eye,  
Their frequent roguish glances pry ;  
Nor 'scaped the rough-clad peasant gaunt,  
Their jeering laugh and bitter taunt,  
Who inly chafed with anger's glow,  
Yet scorned its slightest sign to show.  
Oft smiling at these younkers' pranks,  
Next onwards marched the solid ranks  
Of heavy harnessed infantry,—  
Close followed by light cavalry,  
With falchions drawn and flags displayed,  
Whose bugles, drums, and trumpets made  
Such spirit-stirring martial noise,  
That greybeards joined the stripling boys  
In lusty cheers, that well express  
An English bosom's joyfulness.  
Although the crowd caused some delay,  
Yet onwards still they bent their way ;  
Now the trees o'erarched the road,  
Through which the silvery moonbeams glowed,  
Like rays of softest light,—and made,  
All seem around in deeper shade ;

Still darker shadows overhead  
The densely-matted foliage spread,—  
'Twas thickly wreathed—like forest bower,—  
And gloomy as the midnight hour,  
When every star its brightness veils,  
And sable night alone prevails.  
At length they reached the woodlands' verge—  
At length from gloomy shades emerge—  
O what a fair majestic sight  
Was glittering in the sweet moonlight !  
Fair Kenilworth ! 'twas even thou !  
What thou wert then, would thou wert now !  
Thy stately towers that glorious night,  
Stood proudly forth in 'battled might,—  
Thy walls were thronged with harnessed men,  
Who made the welkin ring again,  
With many a loud and lusty cheer,  
As their own idol Queen drew near ;  
Whilst many a ponderous culverin,  
Full charged with fiery thunder-din,  
From the embrasures grimly frowned ;  
The keep—Earl Leicester's banner crowned,  
Upon whose shining, waving, fold,  
His verdant lion ramp'd in gold.  
'Squires, grooms, and pages—many a one,  
In Leicester's gorgeous livery shone,—

'Twas green and gold,—and on the breast,  
In silver wrought, the Dudley crest.  
Soon as her Highness came in view,  
A signal-rocket upwards flew,  
Which like a meteor seemed to soar,—  
Then burst the cannons' thunder-roar,  
Reverberating o'er the lake  
Until the woodland echoes wake,—  
And mingled with the martial clang  
Which from musicians' bravely rang,  
Until the strain—so loud and high—  
Did softly o'er the waters sigh,—  
Then pealed afar o'er hills and dells,—  
Then mingled with the village bells,  
Whose silver tones, so passing sweet,—  
Like tuneful tongues,—with gladness greet  
The Queen to every heart so dear—  
And welcomed her to Warwickshire!  
Again—again—for miles around,  
The culverins rough voices sound, (68)  
Mid shouts from many a rustic swain,  
Who cheered 'till they were hoarse again,—  
While joy in every heart did spring  
To hear the bells so merrily ring ;  
And young and old, with much amaze,  
Came crowding round, with eager gaze,



To view the splendid pageant-scene  
Which greeted England's glorious Queen :  
The vanguard soon approached in state  
The new made royal entrance-gate,—  
When, from a verdant arbour near,  
The famed Sibylla did appear, (69)  
Clad in a silken robe of white,  
Which made her seem like heavenly sprite,—  
Who, in a sweet melodious voice,  
Exclaimed "Rejoice! O Queen, rejoice!  
Fate hath decreed thy reign shall be  
With glory crowned on land and sea,—  
With prosperous days thou shalt be blessed,—  
By all admired—beloved—caressed,—  
Yet feared by all throughout the world,  
Where'er thy victor flag's unfurled ;  
From thy dread presence War shall flee,  
And gentle Peace shall smile on thee,  
And Plenty bless thee with her store,  
And Wealth around thee riches pour,  
And Valour all thy foes shall tame,  
And Victory thy deeds proclaim,  
And Virtue in thy heart shall dwell,  
And Wisdom all her precepts tell,  
And Fame shall blazon forth thy worth  
In every land throughout the earth,

And Glory all thy life shall crown,  
And Heaven shower its blessings down,  
And give thee long and happy days—  
For so all England for thee prays,—  
And Kenilworth, this happy night—  
To all that can thy soul delight—  
Doth welcome thee with heart and voice :  
Rejoice ! O Queen ! rejoice ! rejoice !”  
Her Grace replied “ Fair maid, adieu !  
God grant thy prophesy be true !”  
Onwards the gay procession bent,  
But ere they through the Tilt-yard went,  
Yclad in ancient savage guise,  
Appeared a man of wondrous size,— (70)  
The giant warder of the gate,—  
Who mid the din all heedless sate,  
Until he saw the royal train  
Set foot upon his lord’s domain ;  
When up, with sudden start, he rose—  
His club across his shoulder throws,—  
Erect he stood, with dauntless mien,  
As though an enemy he’d seen,—  
His visage dark with shaggy hair,—  
With wild surprise his eyeballs stare,—  
With savage look, and frowning brow,  
Quoth he “ What’s all this uproar now ?

What's all this riding to and fro?  
 By Holy Rood! 'tis best ye show!  
 Stint in your garboil! for, i'fecks!  
 Stout Hercules but little recks!  
 Good sooth, an' if ye brave his might,  
 He'll strike for noble Leicester's right,—  
 And every man, though sheathed in mail,  
 Before his ponderous club shall quail!  
 What's all this roisting, roil, and rout?  
 What's all this thronging in and out?  
 St. Hubert! such a goodly sight  
 I never thought to see this night!  
 Nobles and knights of high degree,  
 And music chanting merrilie!  
 But who's this goddess?—by the mass,  
 I never saw so sweet a lass!  
 Now, gallants, if ye'll tell me true,  
 By good St. George I'll let ye through!"  
 A Pursuivant to this replied,  
 "Sir Savage Man, pray stand aside,  
 Your puissant self need scarce be told  
 That England's Queen you now behold."  
 The giant-warder with a bound,  
 Some dozen feet from off the ground,  
 Threw down his ponderous club and keys,  
 Then fell upon his brawny knees,

And with submissive voice and air  
He thus besought the royal fair :—  
“ O mighty Queen ! behold your slave,  
Low at your feet, for mercy crave !  
For Pity’s sake your wrath repress !  
O do not smile at my distress,  
But pardon my rough savage mood,  
For long I’ve lived in solitude !  
Though many a winsome dame I’ve seen  
Among these woods and meadows green,  
Yet till this hour, I soothly swear,  
I never gazed on one so fair !  
St. Hubert ! sure my dazzled sight  
Was wildered by thy beauty bright !  
Good sooth ! methought your Royal Grace  
Was fair Diana of the Chase !  
Or Goddess Venus—Queen of Love—  
Descended from the clouds above !  
Though her transcendant beauty rare  
With thine none ever could compare !  
O great and glorious Queen ! pass on :  
Yet, when your Majesty is gone,  
Your lovely presence I shall mourn,  
And sigh in vain for your return :  
These woods and wilds will hear my moan,  
And Echo oft will mock my groan.

Most noble Queen ! if savage foes  
Should dare invade your calm repose,  
Your faithful Hercules will be  
The champion of your Majesty !  
By good St. Hubert ! here I swear,  
Your glorious flag aloft I'll bear,  
Triumphantly o'er land and main,  
In spite of haughty France and Spain !  
Most gracious Queen ! I'll sing your praise,  
While life shall last, in rustic lays :  
Rough music my rude voice shall make  
Whene'er I rove by yonder lake,  
Until these stately woods around  
With thy loved name shall oft resound,—  
These fruitful fields and valleys green  
Shall echo oft ' God bless the Queen ! ' ”  
Her Grace replied, with gracious smile,  
Which more than paid the warder's toil,  
“ Our royal thanks to thee are due,  
Sir Hercules, the brave and true ;  
Sure never yet such sturdy wight  
Did battle for a lady's right !  
Thyself shalt be our champion bold,  
And in our body-guard enrolled ! ”  
And then she flung a purse of gold  
Unto the giant-warder bold,

Who, overjoyed at his success,  
The bounteous Queen did often bless,—  
And bade his brethren on the wall—  
Each man a giant eight feet tall— (71)  
Whose splendid silken garb of state  
Appeared to be of ancient date,—  
With silver trumpets six feet long,  
That round their sturdy necks were slung,—  
Ring out a blast of harmony  
To welcome her sweet Majesty !  
And to proclaim to heaven and earth  
Her welcome to fair Kenilworth !  
Again the bugles sweetly sung,—  
Again with cheers the Tilt-yard rung,—  
And never yet did mortal see  
Such mirth displayed—such jollity—  
Among all ranks—from peer to serf,  
As saw that night proud Kenilworth !  
The Queen, well pleased at this address,  
Her graceful steed did oft caress ;  
Nor longer drew the tightened rein  
His fiery temper to restrain,  
But let him prance along at will,  
To show her own accomplished skill  
In managing such gallant steed,—  
For never yet did courser heed,

Or falsely flatter prince or peer,  
He carried in his swift career.  
Far as the outstretched eye could see,  
The spacious lake flowed placidly,—  
Its rippling waves were deeply blue  
As it receded from the view,  
But snowy white the murm'ring stream,  
That sparkled in the silvery gleam  
The radiant moon so sweetly shed,  
Till all around seemed hallowed :  
And you might deem the sleeping earth,  
Had scarce from Heaven received its birth,—  
So calm—so pure—the heavenly light  
Was shed o'er all that Summer's night !  
Borne on the undulating waves,  
Whose gentle ripple often laves  
Its verdant banks—its pebbled shore,—  
Too soon, alas ! to flow no more !  
A lovely female group was seen,  
Of graceful form and noble mien,—  
Like Naiads, in coral shell,  
That lightly skim o'er ocean's swell :  
Right splendidly were they bedight  
In silken robes of spotless white,  
While in the breeze each waving fold  
Seemed spangled o'er with stars of gold :

These graceful nymphs were heavenly fair,  
And richly gemmed their golden hair,  
Which fell around their necks of snow,  
Bedecked with radiant jewels glow.  
The evening breezes softly sigh  
And slowly waft the maidens nigh,  
In all their pride of loveliness,  
To seek the aid of "Good Queen Bess!"  
Her Grace beheld with much surprise,  
This splendid pageantry arise,—  
Then quickly drew the silken rein,  
Her mettled palfrey to restrain,  
And tarried, as she deemed was meet,  
The "Ladye of the Lake" to greet! (72)  
The music sweetly died away,  
That heralded the beauteous fay,—  
And then, with voice of witchery,  
She thus addressed her Majesty :—  
"Most gracious and most puissant dame!  
To bid you welcome, here I came :  
Welcome to these lordly towers,—  
Welcome to these fairy bowers,—  
Welcome to these woods surrounding,  
• Where the princely stag is bounding,—  
Where the sparkling streamlet's gushing,—  
Where the simple wild-flower's blushing,—



Where, in the moonlight, elfin-fays,  
Amid the tangled copsewood's maze,  
Merrily trip the lightsome round,  
And mark with fairy-rings the ground : (73)  
Now craves the ' Ladye of the Lake'  
For leave, this favouring hour, to make  
Her sorrows known unto your Grace,—  
Deep wrongs that nought can e'er efface !  
Full oft has dauntless warrior's might  
Assailed in vain that cruel knight—  
The fierce and pitiless Sir Bruce—  
Who oft has sworn he'll grant no truce,  
But will such direful vengeance take  
For his dear cousin Merlin's sake,—  
In yonder rock enclosed by me,  
To punish his disloyalty,  
For basely seeking to defame  
My pure and spotless maiden name,—  
That pitying Neptune summoned forth  
This lake to shield me from his wrath :  
Long have I feared this caitiff's rage,  
For this fierce warfare will he wage  
Until a maiden, pure as light,  
Shall plunge him into endless night,—  
This, gracious Queen, vouchsafe to do ?  
O do not let me vainly sue !

As I must on this lake abide,—  
E'en so Merlin has prophesied—  
Until a Maiden Queen will deign  
To break the hapless captive's chain :  
Then grant my boon ? O lady fair !  
And I will to thy court repair,—  
Thy humble handmaid ever be,—  
And Heaven will bless your Majesty !”  
The lady's voice so piteous fell,—  
So sweetly did her sorrows tell,—  
So pensively she gazed, I ween,  
Upon her Majesty the Queen,—  
So humbly did her favour sue,—  
That you might deem her speech was true !  
Around this beauteous sylph-like maid,  
A mimic Dolphin sportive played ;  
A Triton on his back he bore, (74)  
Who did his mistress' fate deplore,—  
But when her Highness he espied,  
In joyful tones aloud he cried,—  
Prayed God to bless her goodness long,  
And then, in strains of joyful song,  
Commanded every fish to keep  
Silence the most profound and deep,  
In Neptune's name ! that all might hear,  
And duly mark, with reverent fear,

The Queen of England's royal will ;  
Soon all around were calm and still ;  
Her Highness, smiling, then replied  
Thus to the lady of the tide :—  
“ Fair cousin, ‘ Ladye of the Lake,’  
We beg our royal thanks you'll take  
For your fair welcome, kind and free,  
Unto this high festivity :  
'Tis true, we thought these stately towers—  
This fair domain—this lake—were ours !  
Nathless, we'll talk it o'er, fair dame ;  
If we are wrong, we'll yield our claim,  
And gladly will fit homage do  
For these possessions unto you.  
With sorrowing heart, we must confess,  
We've listened to your sad distress,—  
And if that rude discourteous knight,  
Who haunts your steps like evil sprite,  
Can be by us a prisoner ta'en,  
Or by our royal presence slain,—  
E'en as you wish, so shall it be ;  
Receive from us thy liberty !  
But, for thy sufferings to atone,  
Come thou unto our court and throne,  
And midst the loveliest take thy place,  
As Queen of Beauty, Love, and Grace ! ”

The Queen passed on, with smile and bow,  
 Across the goodly bridge, I trow,  
 On which in varied beauty shine,  
 The offerings of the gods divine ;  
 And as their splendour she admired,  
 A youth, in silken dress attired,—  
 Of blue, with gold embroidered,—  
 And poet's garland round his head,  
 Stepped forth before her Grace and bowed,—  
 And then, with mien erect and proud,  
 Like minstrel of the olden time,  
 He thus addressed the Queen in rhyme :—  
 " Fair Rose of England ! if you'll deign  
 To listen to a minstrel's strain,  
 He will in simple rustic lay,  
 Explain these gifts as well he may :— (75)  
 Sylvanus first salutes your Grace—  
 God of the Forest and the Chase,—  
 And sends this princely gift of game,  
 From Arden Wood—both wild and tame,—  
 Whose varied plumage well may vie  
 In splendour with the rainbow's dye !  
 Pomona offers fruit and flowers,—  
 Fresh culled from amaranthine bowers !  
 And Ceres, sheaves of yellow corn,  
 Waving from her plenteous horn !

Bacchus presents you blushing wine—  
Delicious nectar of the vine,—  
That raises to Olympine height  
The drooping heart of weary wight !  
Neptune, the Monarch of the Sea,  
Presents these fish, as gifts to thee,  
Which, long ere dawn of day, were took  
From ocean, river, lake, and brook,—  
And were, as welcome offerings, sent  
Fresh from their native element !  
Behold these arms of glittering steel—  
The gift of Mars, for England's weal,—  
Sword and corslet, lance and helm,  
And bows—the might of England's realm—  
Ywrought of tough and trusty yew,  
With cloth-yard shafts, both sharp and true,—  
By Vulcan forged, with mystic spell,  
Your Grace's bitterest foes to quell !  
Phœbus, whose melodious voice,  
Bids the impassioned heart rejoice,  
To you, fair dame, does now present,  
Each sweetly sounding instrument,—  
Whose joyous strain—whose thrilling tone—  
Delighteth all from cot to throne !  
And sure the god inspires the strain  
That sings long life, and glorious reign,

And welcome, with such wild delight,  
As greets your Grace this festive night!"  
The minstrel bowed with glowing look,—  
Then by the Queen his station took,—  
Who deigned to praise his simple verse,  
And paid him with her royal purse.  
Next through the outer-court they sped,  
Which to Earl Leicester's Buildings led;  
This noble pile he'd reared of late,  
And furnished with high regal state,  
That he might lodge and entertain,  
His royal mistress and her train,  
In style of proud magnificence  
That might become an English Prince.  
Blazoned above the gate was seen,  
The 'scutcheon of her Grace the Queen,  
Surrounded by a blaze of light!  
I'faith it was a goodly sight,  
To stand beside the lake and see  
The Queen and her nobility  
Across the spacious court-yard ride,  
Then halt the castle gate beside.  
Leicester approached, then lowly bowed,—  
Leapt from his sable charger proud,  
And, with a courtier's graceful mien,  
Assisted to dismount the Queen;

And then the royal train commence,  
With due regard to precedence,—  
Their coursers being led to stall,—  
To enter in the castle hall.  
Again the vollied cannon-peal  
Appeared to make the fortress reel !  
Again commenced the martial clang,—  
Again with shouts the welkin rang,—  
And such a tumult then was made,  
Full many a time it oft was said  
That never had such wild uproar  
Been heard in Kenilworth before !  
The freshness of the dewy morn  
Was ushered in with hound and horn,—  
Then rose to breathe the balmy air  
The Queen, and lords, and ladies fair,  
And to the greenwood hied away  
To welcome in the sunny day,—  
The Goddess of the Morn to greet,—  
And Dian e'en perchance to meet !  
To chase the stag through glade and brake ;  
Or by the borders of the lake,  
Upon the velvet turf to ride,  
And see him stem the rippling tide :  
A stag of ten at length was found, (76)  
With startled mien he glanced around,

Then onwards sprang with lightning speed—  
That mocked the fleetest Arab steed,—  
His rapid flight the hounds pursue,  
Whilst loudly rang the view halloo !  
Short space he fled,—his swift career  
Was stayed by woodmen's shout and spear,—  
Who formed a ring, extending wide,  
And pent him in on every side ;  
He turned and tried another track,—  
Again the woodmen beat him back ;  
Till furious grown the lake he sought,  
For strength and speed availed him nought :  
He swam the stream right gallantly,  
Whilst bugles ringing merrily,  
With woodmen's shouts and cheers combined,  
Urged on the hounds that lagged behind :  
At length he gained the grassy bank,—  
The hounds were on his reeking flank !  
Too soon, alas ! his race was run !  
Too soon, alas ! the triumph won !  
The gallant stag to earth was borne ;  
The hounds his throat have rudely torn ;  
Deep in the tangled forest dell,  
The bugles rang his parting knell,—  
And noble hearts, and lovely eyes,  
Exulting viewed the hunter's prize,—



While gathering round them in a ring,  
E'en thus the joyful woodmen sing :—  
“The blithest sports that earth can yield,  
In hall and bower—in wood and field,  
Must ever own the foremost place  
Hath been decreed the kingly chase !  
Then sovereign prince, and peer, and knight,  
And noble dames of beauty bright,  
With yeomen, boors, and rangers, deign  
To mingle in the woodland plain,—  
While Mirth and rosy Health unite  
To glad the heart of mortal wight !”  
Through shady paths with wild-flowers strewed,  
They wandered back in merry mood,—  
Where, grouped amid the foliage green,  
The Rural Deities were seen !  
Then lovely wood-nymph's silvery voice  
Bade Arden's glades and brakes rejoice,  
And welcomed in high flattering strain  
The royal huntress and her train !  
Whilst hidden music's sweetest sound  
Was loudly echoed far around.  
Her Highness and her ladies gay,  
As was their wont, in mirthful way,—  
Commingled with young courtier's jest,—  
The rustic damoselles addressed,

Whose classic costume lent new grace,  
And symmetry, to form and face,—  
Though each young beauty's bashful eye,  
And cheek that glowed with roseate dye,  
Showed throbbing hearts but ill at ease,  
And little used to pageantries.  
The Summer sun betokened soon  
The near approach of sultry noon,—  
Her Highness with a favoured few,  
Unto the Pleasaunce then withdrew, (77).  
To wile away the sultry hours  
Amid the mossy grots and bowers,  
Which furnished many a cool retreat  
From the oppressive noontide heat :  
There was a stately fountain dashing,— (78)  
In the golden sunshine flashing,—  
Whose crystal column, flung on high,  
Seemed mounting to the azure sky,—  
Then downwards fell in sparkling streams—  
And bright as showers of brilliants gleams—  
Into a vase of pearly white,  
Ywrought in Parian marble bright ;  
Which with fair classic forms was rife,  
That looked just starting into life,—  
And in the basin's silver wave,  
Swam many a fish which Neptune gave :

200      THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

This fountain graced the velvet lawn,  
From whence the limpid streams were drawn  
That caused the rich-hued flowers to bloom,  
And scent the breeze with sweet perfume,—  
Which in luxuriant clusters grew,  
Of tints that mocked the rainbow's hue !  
Around were flowering shrubs and trees,—  
Whose boughs were rustled by the breeze,—  
Fantastically twined o'er head,  
With variegated foliage spread !  
These formed a forest, which appeared  
By skilful care, not nature, reared,—  
Yet glade and brake, and dale and hill,  
And mossy bank, and gurgling rill,  
And all that decks the forest wild,  
Was here in tasteful grandeur piled :  
The Queen might even deign to rove  
In this sweet labyrinthine grove,—  
Whose densely wreathed branches made,  
On every side a pleasant shade ;  
While, from each stately avenue,  
Rich sylvan scenes burst on the view.  
Here proudly stood an aviary  
Beneath a verdant canopy  
Of ancient trees of sombre hue—  
Ycleped Old England's trusty yew ;

Whose broadly chequered shadows pass  
 In trembling swiftness o'er the grass :  
 This "sumptuous cage" was broad and long,  
 With architrave and column strong,—  
 Transom, cornice,—windows fair,—  
 And "beautified" with jewels rare ;  
 On every side 'twas fenced entire  
 With curious net of golden wire,—  
 And all that Taste could then display  
 Was lavished on its bright array: (79)  
 Secure in this superb retreat  
 Dwelt many a warbling songster sweet,  
 Captured and brought from foreign clime,  
 And then in voice and plumage prime :  
 From North and South—from East and West—  
 Behold their choicest and their best !  
 And such melodious tones were heard,—  
 Such varied notes from every bird,—  
 That it might well be deemed their song  
 Did to th' Elysian Fields belong !  
 And their rich plumage brightly glows,  
 With hues that tropic clime bestows,—  
 Resplendent as the gorgeous dyes  
 Of sunset in the western skies.  
 All kinds of luscious fruit were here,  
 For Plenty crowned the joyous year ;

The laden trees were bending low,  
As if their wreathed boughs to show  
Studded with fruit,—and to invite,  
By look and scent most exquisite,  
The rosy lips—the hands of snow—  
The sparkling eyes of diamond glow—  
To revel in luxuriant sweets  
That every sense profusely greets.  
A stately terrace here displayed  
Its ornamental colonade,—  
Its Grecian marble columns fair  
Displayed the ragged-staff and bear,  
Surmounted by acanthus leaf  
In varied shades of bold relief,—  
And fashioned by the purest taste,  
In style at once superb and chaste :  
Gay creeping shrubs with ivy twined,  
In graceful drooping wreaths designed,  
With clustered flowers half hid between,  
Bedecked its trellised roof with green :  
Its tessellated marble floor  
Most brilliant high-wrought polish bore,—  
Upon whose surface shade and shine  
In ever changing forms combine.  
Here Youth and Beauty tripped along,  
Or loitered with the jocund throng,

While syren tongues essayed their skill  
With Love or Mirth the heart to fill,—  
Joy reigned supreme in every breast,  
And all obeyed his sovereign 'hest.  
Her Majesty this terrace graced,  
By Leicester's side she slowly paced,  
And graciously vouchsafed, I ween,  
Upon his proffered arm to lean,—  
And listened to the flattering strain  
That rarely met her ear in vain.  
Long had ambitious Leicester wooed,  
With wily art, her wayward mood,  
And foiled all obstacles that barred  
His hope to win her fond regard,—  
Despite all foes, in luckless hour,  
Who sought to check his flight to power,—  
For none that dared to cross his path,  
E'er 'scaped from his relentless wrath.  
Around the Queen and Leicester crowd  
The fair—the noble—and the proud,—  
Their stately mien—their jewelled dress—  
Their winning smile—their bland address—  
Won the admiring praise of all  
Who graced that regal festival.  
Here, for Her Majesty's repose,  
A silk-dight marble throne arose,

High canopied above her head  
With blooming roses white and red,—  
More fragrant than the sweetest flowers  
That scent Arabia's fairest bowers,—  
Eclipsing mingled gold and gem,  
Which form a monarch's diadem.  
Awhile she sat—around she gazed—  
This scene of peerless grandeur praised ;  
Her smiling glance on Leicester bent :  
And well, she deemed, no compliment  
Could its magnificence express,—  
Good sooth, and she might say no less,  
The Pleasaunce might almost entice  
The soul to think it Paradise !  
Meantime, the spacious inner-court  
Resounded with some noisy sport ;  
A host of merry guests were there  
To see the baiting of the bear,— (80)  
I'faith in that court-yard were seen  
A goodly number—full thirteen !  
With packs of hounds and mastiffs stark,  
As ever, in the wood or park,  
Fought bear, or chased the stag to bay,  
Were loudly yelling for the fray,—  
Their straining eyeballs flashing fire,—  
In token that their vengeful ire

With nought but blood could be subdued ;  
St. Hubert ! 'twas an ancient feud !  
And now the rival foes had met,  
'Twas deemed to be an even bet,  
By cunning wights in baiting lore,  
Which stubborn beast would first give o'er :  
By leash restrained, the mastiffs howl !—  
The bears, fast chained, unmuzzled growl !—  
And, like bold warriors faced their foes :  
The dogs were slipped—loud shouts arose—  
To urge the ban-dogs, wild with rage,  
Unflinchingly the fight to wage ;  
With clamorous barking on they rush  
Their fierce antagonists to crush,  
And soon were furiously fighting,  
Barking, yelling, scratching, biting,—  
Some with pain and rage were howling,  
Others snarling, yelping, growling ;  
Although the dogs, oft beaten back,  
Again renewed their fierce attack,—  
Although the bears were roughly used,  
Sorely worried, clawed, and bruised,—  
Their stubborn temper would not yield,  
Both were resolved to win the field,  
Until at length their desperate strife,  
Was not for fame—but death or life !



The motley crowd—whose eager look  
Evinced the interest which they took  
In this rough sport—this type of war—  
Encouraged oft with loud hurrah  
Now the mastiffs, now the bears ;  
Rowland, the veteran ranger, swears,  
Not e'en the bear's tremendous claws,  
Will make his blood-hound ope his jaws,  
Or quit his hold upon his throat,—  
His silver bugle to a groat,—  
Until he's stiff upon the ground,  
For he's a right old English hound.  
Some at this rude sport were laughing,  
Some the ruddy wine were quaffing,  
Some were a-drinking sparkling ale,  
Some were a-bawling out "wassail !"  
Some the gallant dogs were cheering,  
Some were scoffing, jibing, jeering,  
Some most lustily were swearing  
When the bears the dogs were tearing,  
Some their feats of youth were vaunting,  
Some their young companions taunting,  
Some were staggering—some were brawling,  
Some upon the ground were sprawling,  
Some were grave, and some were gay,  
But all exulted in the fray,

Which still continued unabated,  
Until the bears, most sorely baited,  
Yielded at length the dogs their right,  
And owned them victors of the fight.  
Thus ended all that wild uproar,  
Which lasted for an hour or more,  
Delighting all assembled there,  
Who did most heartily declare,  
From courtly peer to clownish boor,  
They ne'er had seen such sport before,  
And to their latest day should ne'er  
Forget the baiting of the bear.  
Long is the sultry noontide past :  
Such tidings by the sun are cast  
In shadow on the dial's face,  
Where hours are marked, yet leave no trace  
Of ever silent fleeting Time.  
Why does the clear melodious chime,  
Which oft has pealed from yonder bell,  
Neglect the passing hours to tell ?  
Why is the clock on Cæsar's tower  
Bereft of its diurnal power ?  
The gold hand on its dial blue,  
Points to the banquet hour of two !— (81)  
And there 'tis fixed, a signal clear  
To all who come from far or near,

That noble Leicester's generous board  
Will good old English cheer afford,—  
Give to each rank befitting seat,—  
And all with hearty welcome greet.  
Such, then, was his imperious will,  
That Time must cease to move, until  
The halls of Kenilworth should own,  
And mourn the royal presence flown :  
For, while she stayed, blithe Pleasure lent  
Such ceaseless change of merriment,  
That Time was deemed full fain to stay,  
Enchanted by her magic sway,  
Yielding himself, like noble knight,  
A willing slave to beauty bright.  
Delusive hope ! as false as vain !  
To think stern Time will e'er remain  
Inactive for a moment's space,  
Or linger in his rapid pace,  
At mortal bidding ! fast his flight,  
From morn to noon—from noon to night—  
From week to month—from month to year :—  
Such is his ceaseless swift career !  
Think ye that Time will ever heed  
What man's presumption has decreed,—  
Or that he will his power resign  
To any fiat, save divine ?

No: till the voice of Him on high  
Shall this dark sinful world destroy,—  
Until through boundless space there rings  
The mandate of the King of kings,—  
Old Time will never yield his sway;  
Nor Prince nor Peer will he obey:  
Then will his weary race be o'er,—  
Then—not till then—Time reigns no more!  
Enough:—the busy menials' hum  
Proclaims the banquet-hour is come;  
Scullions and cooks—a goodly show,—  
Bustling about the kitchens go:  
Green-garbed serving-man and maiden  
With luxurious viands laden,—  
With generous wine, of vintage rare,  
And sparkling nut-brown ale, repair,  
With merry look, and pompous gait,  
Unto the lordly hall of state,  
Superbly decked with princely taste,—  
Its massive oaken tables graced  
With plate of silver and of gold  
In rich profusion,—and behold  
How bounteously with viands stored!  
Supplied from Plenty's choicest hoard,—  
The spoils of river, wood, and park,  
Of ocean, swept by fisher's bark,

Of meadow, stubble, fen, and moor,—  
All taste could wish, or wealth procure.  
The guests were seated—grace was said,—  
The Queen, attired in rich brocade,  
Upon the dais enthroned and crowned,  
Surveyed the noble guests around  
With looks of mingled joy and pride,—  
Her favoured Leicester by her side,  
On whom her eyes did often rest,—  
To whom her speech was oft addressed :  
Although the proudest nobles try  
With their accomplished host to vie,  
In brilliant wit—in courtly strain—  
The notice of the Queen to gain,  
They lacked that polished grace and ease,—  
That voice which never failed to please,—  
That noble mien,—that sparkling eye,  
From which commanding glances fly !  
Nor could the wildest courtier boast  
The winning manners of their host.  
The Queen glanced round,—bestowed on each  
A smiling look, or gracious speech ;  
And whilst partaking of the cheer,  
Conversing oft with ladies near,—  
While Leicester on his royal guest,  
The choicest wine and viands pressed.

The hall resounded with the din  
Of these gay revellers within,—  
Who, from the greatest to the least,  
Did ample justice to the feast :  
Enlivened by the generous wine,  
Full many a gallant sought to shine  
In high-flown speech—or witty jest,—  
Or some facetious story, dressed  
In comic garb from Fancy's store,  
To “ set the table on a roar !”  
But yet the highly-polished mind,  
In such gay revels, ne'er can find  
That pure enjoyment o'er it steal  
Which calm retirement doth reveal.  
The board was cleared amid the noise,  
And spread anew with rich supplies  
Of wine and fruit, bedecked between  
With choicest flowers and sprigs of green :  
Then sparkling wine passed quickly round,  
Whilst Pleasure's syren tones resound,  
And every heart was free from care  
Amongst the gay assemblage there.  
At length the Earl of Leicester rose,  
Which brought the jesting to a close,  
And then, with mien erect and proud,  
He gracefully around him bowed,—

With high-bred dignity and ease,  
Which spoke the conscious power to please,—  
A smile upon his handsome face  
Played brightly for a moment's space,  
His deep-toned voice then silence broke,  
And thus in courtly phrase he spoke :—  
“ So please your Highness ! condescend—  
Your royal ear a moment lend,—  
And deign to listen to the voice  
Of him who ever doth rejoice  
To see your Highness throned and crowned,  
With England's Peers and dames around !—  
Though all unworthy, well he knows,  
The honours which your Grace bestows—  
The favours which your Highness showers  
Upon these regal halls and towers !  
Had I a tongue—to charm—to please—  
Like eloquent Demosthenes—  
Then proudly, truly, could I tell  
The joy which doth my bosom swell,  
As I proclaim my life's chief boast—  
Leicester's the Queen of England's host !  
E'en now I feel like spell-bound wight,  
Half doubting if I see aright,  
Yet, while I gaze, the glance that flies—  
Like sungleams from your Grace's eyes—

More potent far than magic spells,  
All wildering doubt and fear dispels.  
So please your Grace, a health I'll give :—  
A name—in whose bright smiles we live !  
A name—which is our boast—our pride !  
A name—all others pale beside !  
A name—we'll guard in life and death !  
Our gracious Queen Elizabeth !”  
He paused :—then with a flashing eye  
He raised his glittering cup on high,  
’Twas brimming full of sparkling wine—  
The rich and luscious Muscadine ;  
Then, with impassioned heartfelt strain,  
He thus addressed his guests again :—  
“ Here’s to the Queen a fair good health !  
Long life, and happiness, and wealth !  
Long o’er her people may she reign !  
And long in these fair halls remain  
A happy, loved, and lovely guest,—  
Making all hearts around her blest !”  
“ Health to the Queen !” full loudly rung  
Spontaneously from every tongue !  
Then cups were drained, and every lip  
Echoed the joyous “ Hip ! hip ! hip !  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! God bless the Queen !  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! Long live the Queen !”



“Hurrah! hurrah!” long, long and loud  
Resounded from that loyal crowd.  
Soon as the cheers were heard below,  
Ere yet the cause they well could know,  
Peasant and yeoman—old and young—  
With lightning speed at once upsprung;  
Through every heart it seemed to thrill,  
They could not, for their life, sit still  
And hear that soul-enlivening shout,—  
So from the yeoman to the lout,  
From heart and voice burst forth the cheer!—  
For ’twas their boast that Warwickshire  
As tried and trusty men possessed  
As nobles by the Queen caressed;  
Her peasantry, as bold and true  
As ever sword or long-bow drew,  
And in the realm’s defence would die—  
And for the Queen—as readily  
As those brave men of noble blood,  
Who in the royal presence stood;  
Who, for five hundred years, could trace  
Descent from an illustrious race  
Of ancestry, without a stain,—  
From Norman Knight, or Saxon Thane.  
Slowly the boisterous shouts subside,  
Which burst through halls and kitchens wide;

Retainers, yeomen, boors and all,  
At buttery-hatch—in servants' hall—  
With thronging guests were mingling free,  
All full of boisterous revelry ;  
For all to Kenilworth resort,—  
And every hour fresh comers brought,—  
Until for room they were so pressed  
They scarce knew where to place a guest.  
No lack of sumptuous fare was here,  
Nor scarcity of ale or beer ;  
Yet those who could, by homage due,  
Acquaintance scrape with butler Hugh,  
Might get, perchance, a flask or so  
Of wine from Lisbón or Bordeaux ;  
Though he himself preferred the smack  
Of a cool draught of "simple sack !" "  
" You know," said he, with knowing wink,  
" I ne'er refuse a friendly drink  
Of ale or wine—if it be mellow—  
With any merry-hearted fellow !  
For, by my fay, I love to see  
Old English hospitality !  
And never will I bring disgrace,  
Upon my jolly ancient face,  
By quaffing from a stinted cup,  
Or hoarding all the liquor up,

Like an old selfish niggard churl !  
 Besides, it would not please the Earl—  
 That generous friend to me and mine—  
 Should I begrudge his ale and wine !  
 And 'tis well-known we never fail  
 To keep fresh broached some nappy ale !  
 Rare humming stingo !—brown October !  
 Yet will I swear that I'm as sober  
 As any butler in the land !  
 Though now I carry in my hand  
 A brimming cup of sack, d'ye see,  
 To drink the Queen's prosperity !  
 Health to the Queen !" the cup he quaffed,  
 Then looked around the hall and laughed,—  
 " Good fellows are ye all !" said he,  
 " Fear not to lack the 'barley bree !'  
 None love good liquor more than I !  
 Gadzooks ! I've drained the flagon dry !  
 Come, fill your cups, I'll fill agen,  
 Though every man should drink like ten !  
 For well I love a jolly blade  
 Who of his ale is not afraid,  
 But blithely trowls his stoup about  
 And laughs and sings until it's out,—  
 And featly tells a ditty good  
 Of Little John and Robin Hood,—

Of Agincourt, Poitiers, and Cressy,  
 And such like placen ! why, God bless 'e,  
 Old as I am I'll chant a song  
 With any of ye, young and strong,—  
 Of England's battles, crowned with glory,  
 That will for ever live in story !”  
 He gazed around,—his bright blue eye  
 Dwelt on this scene of rustic joy  
 With purest feelings of delight ;  
 He thought it was a goodly sight,  
 Such as he ne'er might see again,  
 While on this earth he did remain :  
 He glanced around a minute's space—  
 Surprise depicted on his face,—  
 For close by sat a comrade dear  
 He had not seen for many a year ;  
 At first, he doubted if 'twas he,  
 And gazed at him right steadfastly,—  
 Until the stranger turned his head,  
 When thus, with joyful voice, he said :—  
 “ What ! cousin Ranulph ! what's that you !  
 Why bless my soul, man, how d'ye do ? ”  
 Then started up from where he sate  
 His ancient friend to gratulate ;  
 Who rose in haste, with jovial look,—  
 His proffered hand he warmly shook,

And by his manner seemed o'erjoyed,  
As to his friend he thus replied :—  
" Why, hearty, thank 'e ! how's yoursel' ?  
I need'nt ax ye if ye're well ;  
For by your jolly face, I wis,  
Ye do not fare so much amiss !"  
" True Ranulph !" said the butler, " true :  
Come, sit down without more ado,  
And tell me in what noble's train  
To visit Kenilworth, ye came ?  
You well remember, I dare say,—  
Though many a year has rolled away,—  
The time when we were boys together,  
And ranged the fields in Summer weather :  
Or through the lonely forest strayed,  
And loitered in the thicket's shade.  
You know the spot ? there gushes by,  
A streamlet, on whose banks we'd lie,—  
Upon the bright green mossy grass,—  
And watch the bounding red deer pass :  
And oft we've traversed many a rood,  
O'er hill and valley—heath and wood,  
In Summer's heat and Winter's cold,—  
Then we were young—now we are old :  
But though our youthful prime is o'er,  
Which can, alas ! return no more !

Though age—old age—is drawing nigh,  
Ranulph! I think that you and I  
Upon the varied past can dwell,  
Without regret,—and say ‘all’s well!’  
Now, while the sparkling ale we quaff,  
At youthful follies oft we’ll laugh;  
Old tales we’ll tell—old songs we’ll sing—  
Nor care what future years may bring:  
Come, here’s your health, my jolly lad!  
I’m sure to see thee I am glad,  
So well and hearty: Here’s your health!  
Don’t spare the drink, man, help yourself!”  
“Thank ’e,” said Ranulph, “Here’s to you!”  
Both filled and drank, and deeply too;  
And then, without delay, began  
Ranulph his tale—e’en thus it ran:—  
“Good Master Hugh, full well you know  
It’s now some twenty year ago  
Sin’ last we parted in the lane,  
Through which last night her Highness came:  
To London then I journeyed on,  
And found at length my brother John,  
Who served Lord Warwick as a page:  
I wished, I told him, to engage,  
As forest ranger to a lord:  
At my request he spoke a word

Unto the Noble Earl for me,  
Who promised my good friend to be :  
A week or so with John I spent,  
Until Lord Warwick to me sent,  
To say the Earl of Cumberland  
Would gladly take me from his hand :  
If to this offer I agreed  
I was to travel with all speed  
To Windsor at the break of day,  
For at that place his lordship lay.  
I went : but soon from thence we rode  
To Cumberland—the Earl's abode :  
Now with him twenty years I've been,  
And in that time strange things have seen :  
In the bleak North I've travelled far ;  
And in fair Scotland,—from Dunbar—  
O'er dreary heaths—o'er valleys wild—  
O'er mountains, to the heavens piled,—  
Whose rocky summits, crown'd with snow,  
Frown sternly o'er the vales below,—  
Aye, e'en as far as Inverness ;  
And all yclad in Highland dress,  
Although a Southron, treated me  
With Scottish hospitality—  
As though I'd been a Scottish man,  
The chieftain of a friendly clan.

Well, now methinks I've said enough ;  
But if my speech and manner's rough,  
You must excuse it : verily,  
I'm no book-clerk, nor e'er shall be.  
Some other time, I'll tell you how  
My life has passed from then till now :  
I wear the Lincoln green, you see,  
And have some brief authority,  
As Steward to the noble Peer  
With whom last night I journeyed here."  
The old man ceased, then filled his cup  
With brown October, foaming up,—  
For bumper toast was loudly cried,—  
" A bumper toast !" each tongue replied ;  
For nothing less in loyalty,  
Could e'er be quaffed to Majesty.  
" The Queen ! the Queen !" old Ranulph called,  
And butler Hugh " Earl Leicester !" bawled,—  
" A bumper to the noble twain,  
Their like will ne'er be here again !"  
The gay, but noisy multitude,  
With boisterous shouts, and clamour rude,  
First drained their cups, then one and all  
Hurrah'd until the lofty hall  
Resounded with their boisterous glee,  
And all passed on right merrilie :



In various ways each merry guest  
Enjoyment's richest store possessed ;  
The noisy song—the jest—the tale—  
Owed their applause to potent ale !  
Although they were both rough and rude,—  
But little used to thoughtful mood,—  
And might not boast of polished mind,—  
Yet they were generous, blunt, and kind ;  
Their faces wore no treacherous smile,—  
And their warm hearts were free from guile.  
The deepening shades of twilight grey  
Yclosed at length the Summer's day,  
And with the stilly eventide,  
The sounds of noisy revel died :  
As the dim evening shadows fell,  
They seemed to cast a gloomy spell  
Around the hall—as though the power  
Of wizard marred the festal hour,—  
And deep unwonted sadness spread  
O'er each gay heart, till gladness fled.  
'Tis ever thus with boisterous mirth,—  
It scarce outlives its hour of birth,—  
It fills the heart with wild delight,  
And at a glance—or cause as slight—  
Bursts out in riot laughter rude,  
Which scarce will brook to be subdued ;

But yet there is no perfect joy,—  
No happiness, without alloy  
Of sorrow and anxiety,  
Upon this earth : Hilarity,  
Which overflows the heart, we find  
Oft leaves a bitter tear behind ;  
And painful thoughts of happy past  
Come crowding o'er the memory fast ;  
But soothing Hope's bright vision heals  
The anguish which the bosom feels.  
The hall was soon completely dark,  
But " Hush ! what sound is that ? hark ! hark !"  
A hollow, deep, unearthly sound  
Startled the ears of all around ;  
Succeeded by a thunder-crash,  
And sheeted lightning's vivid flash ;  
Across the gloomy hall it gleamed,  
Till some fair dames had well nigh screamed :  
A moment's pause,—the straining sight  
Was dazzled by a blaze of light,  
The splendid arras flung aside,  
When scene of marvel they espied :—  
A Tumbler clad in silk and lace, (82)  
Whose antic postures and grimace  
To serious faces smiles recall,—  
Till peals of laughter shook the hall,

As he advanced, with grotesque bow,  
His feats of strength and skill to show.  
He turned his head, he waved his hand,  
At once the instrumental band  
Struck up a lively air, and then  
Began this prince of tumbling-men  
To dance, and jump, and skip about,  
Turning and twisting in and out,  
Cutting capers, tumbling, vaulting,  
Backwards and forwards without halting,  
Till every one was sore amazed  
Who at his feats of wonder gazed,—  
And marvelled much, I ween, at him,  
How he could twist each supple limb.  
In such uncouth yet dexterous ways,  
That won their plaudits and their praise :  
Some deemed he was a clever wight,—  
Some whispered he must be a sprite,  
As living man could never be  
Endowed with such agility.  
But yet he was of mortal frame,—  
From Italy this Tumbler came,  
And was accustomed to display  
His wondrous skill on festal day,  
In the proud halls of royalty  
To princes and nobility.

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The Tumbler ceased : with much parade  
Obeisance to the Queen he made,  
Then lightly bounding backwards drew,  
At once disclosing to their view  
A Juggler, clad in sable gown,  
Who wore upon his head a crown  
Of wreathed snakes,—and in his hand  
He bore his mighty magic wand.  
Music's merry strains of gladness  
Soon were changed for tones of sadness,—  
For wailing sounds of deepest woe  
That from the human voice could flow :  
Anon it changed to bolder tone,  
And drums were beat, and trumpets blown,  
In spirit-stirring martial air,—  
Meantime the Juggler did prepare  
The mystery of his craft to show :  
He waved his potent rod,—when lo !  
A startling instantaneous change  
Appeared in various objects strange ;  
Keen eyes in vain detection sought,  
All seemed as if by magic wrought,  
And his illusions, though they were  
Produced by human skill and care,  
Caused many a one to be afraid  
That he had sought the foul fiend's aid,—

Or that he was a fiend himself!  
 He was, in sooth, a cunning elf,—  
 A crafty necromantic priest—  
 A native of the glowing East,—  
 And whose inhabitants are still  
 In Europe famed for juggling skill;  
 Yet e'en of them, but few alone  
 Could e'er such wondrous feats have shown!  
 But hark! a piercing trumpet-call  
 Thrice sounded from the castle-wall,—  
 With vivid flash of coloured light,  
 That chased afar the shades of night,—  
 A signal to the guests within  
 That some new pastime would begin:  
 Then swiftly glittering rockets fly  
 Like fiery comets through the sky,  
 And brighter do they shine by far  
 Than e'en the most resplendent star;  
 Across the lake they took their flight,  
 Red, green, and yellow, blue, and white,—  
 As o'er its placid face they sweep,  
 Some dipped into its bosom deep,  
 Then unextinguished rose again  
 Emitting showers of fiery rain;  
 The Catherine-wheels' bespangled-rings,  
 Which sparkling fire in circles flings,

In wondrous shapes of beauty glide,  
Illuming far on every side,—  
Every change more brilliant seeming,  
In the sable darkness gleaming :  
All kinds of fireworks were displayed, (83)  
And cannons roared, and music played,—  
To all it was a pleasant sight,—  
So passed the morning, noon, and night.  
Again the blushing Morn appears,  
And smiling through her pearly tears,  
She woos the flow'ret to unfold,  
And tips the forest trees with gold,—  
Bedecking with her sunny gleam  
Both hill and valley—wood and stream.  
The morning air is redolent  
With every fragrant perfume blent,  
And breathing sweets as balmily  
As odorous gales of Araby :  
Above, the glorious heavens display  
Their azure garb, and seem to say  
Arise ye great, ye lowly rise,  
And gaze upon the dappled skies ;  
With rapture—unfeigned rapture—view  
The firmament's ethereal blue ;  
Inhale th' invigorating breeze  
That fans the flowers and bends the trees,—

Whose rustling boughs oft shake away  
A diamond shower from every spray.  
The hawthorn hedge—the verdant moss—  
The grass—the yellow-blossomed gorse—  
The flowers—all spangled o’er with dew,  
With beauties every pathway strew ;  
And dull indeed that soul must be  
Who loves not Nature’s purity :  
Happy are they who more than wealth,  
Can love the rosy goddess Health,—  
Who seek to gain that bliss refined,  
Which all who love creation find  
In every simple form that grows,—  
In every beauteous flower that blows,—  
In the sweet matin-song that’s heard  
From every little warbling bird  
On bush and tree in field and wood,  
To thank the Giver of all Good  
For blessings to his creatures given—  
For which their songs ascend to Heaven.  
Round the fair landscape while ye gaze,  
Lift up your heart in silent praise  
To that Omniscient Power, whose will  
Created all for good—not ill :  
The simplest flower that decks the sod  
Proclaims the glorious works of God.

The sun was shining then as bright  
As ever blessed a mortal's sight ;  
And every guest of Kenilworth,  
From high-born peer, to lowly serf,  
Came forth to greet the new-born day !  
Some through the flowery meadows stray,—  
Some through the woods, or by the lake  
Their solitary rambles take,—  
Others more social in their walks,  
Conversed on horses, hounds, and hawks,  
Until the hour that every one  
Was by the Butler called upon  
The breakfast-table to attend :  
Who, cap in hand, did lowly bend  
Before them, marshalling the way,  
Whilst all most willingly obey.  
The breakfast, sumptuously spread,  
By all was duly honoured ;  
Nor did the viands seek in vain,  
The fickle appetite to gain ;  
They eat, drank, laughed, and merry grew,  
Then singly or in groups withdrew,  
And their respective chambers sought  
To don their robes of state for court,—  
Which would be holden in the space  
Of one short hour before her Grace :



In the Great Hall they must convene,—  
Such was the pleasure of the Queen.  
In Splendour's richest garb attired,  
That princely hall was much admired :  
With tapestry its walls were lined—  
Of silk, with gold and silver twined,—  
Its brilliant groups enhanced by glow  
That dazzling golden sunbeams show  
Through arch and traceried window tall,  
Of that superb, proud, peerless hall !—  
And streaming through the diamond-pane,  
Which gules, or, vert, and azure stain :—  
There Leicester's shield was placed on high  
In all the pomp of heraldry !  
There ramped in gold the lion green,  
Surmounted by his crest, I ween,—  
The silver ragged-staff and bear :  
In every window, blazoned fair,  
Appeared a crested helm and shield,—  
Beneath, an antique scroll revealed  
Each noble owner's rank and birth,  
Who once was lord of Kenilworth.  
The fretted oaken roof o'erhead  
Was with devices thickly spread,—  
And in the centre that good knight,  
Who slew the dragon in his might,—

St. George of ancient Coventry !—  
 Was carved and decked right curiously.  
 The floor of polished oak was made,  
 With pearl and ivory inlaid ;  
 And Persian carpet on the dais,  
 Adorned that highly honoured place,—  
 For on the dais stood alone,  
 In regal splendour England's throne,  
 Superbly wrought, of Gothic mould,  
 And dight with ermine, silk, and gold !  
 Three royal banners of renown  
 Waved o'er its canopy and crown,—  
 St. George's name was borne by one—  
 White, with a ruddy cross thereon ;  
 St. Edward's next, of priestly fame,  
 Though once he bore a monarch's name—  
 A fleury cross on field of blue,  
 Between five martlets—golden hue ;  
 The other quarterly combines  
 Two nations old heraldic signs,—  
 First and fourth, on blue advance  
 Three golden fleur-de-lis, for France ;  
 Second and third, on field of red,  
 In pale, of gold, three lions spread,  
 All passant gardant,—such of old,  
 As now, the might of England told.

There sat the Queen whose will was law !  
Whose frown kept all the world in awe !—  
Whose Princes long had sought t' o'erwhelm  
The Sovereign of earth's mightiest realm !  
In vain :—firm as her ocean-rock,  
She frowned defiance to the shock  
Of hostile arms on field and flood,—  
For England oft alone had stood  
Against the universe in arms,  
Unscathed by direst war's alarms,—  
Unconquered still, and so shall be  
Till time ends in eternity !  
There sat the Queen in regal dress,  
Unrivalled in its costliness ;  
Bedecked with gems—with diamonds bright—  
That sparkled in the sunny light  
Which through the gorgeous windows shone,  
Until ye scarce could look upon  
Its dazzling splendour !—and behold  
The jewelled crown of glittering gold  
Which on her royal brow she wears !—  
In sooth, 'tis circled round with cares,—  
With doubts and fears,—until the mind  
Slight trace of happiness can find,  
And envies oft the peaceful lot  
Of those who dwell in humble cot,—

Who happy in their lowly state  
Ne'er dream what cares beset the great.  
A snow-white ruff of Flemish lace  
Adorned her Highness' neck and face ;  
And in her hand, whose fingers were  
Laden with rings and jewels rare,  
An ivory sceptre then was seen—  
An emblem meet for maiden Queen !  
And this she wielded with such skill,  
That all were proud to do her will,—  
And England was both great and free,  
Although she reigned imperiously !  
Now gaze upon the proud array  
Which wealth, rank, beauty, can display !  
The loveliest round the throne were set  
Like diamonds in a coronet :  
The patriotic great and wise,—  
Who England's welfare dearly prize,—  
The noblest, bravest in the land,  
Around their royal mistress stand  
In robes of state,—for every Peer  
Of England then was present here :  
There stood the Earls of Cumberland,  
Essex, and Sussex, Westmoreland,  
Kent, and Pembroke, Southampton,  
Shrewsbury, and Huntingdon,

Warwick, Arundel, and Derby,  
Bedford, Hunsdon, Scroope, and Burleigh;  
And many noble lords, I trow,  
Whose names are in oblivion now;  
Though some are e'en remembered yet—  
Which England never can forget—  
For wisdom, valour, patriot-zeal!  
Whose loyal hearts were true as steel  
In court, or camp, or battle-plain!  
Or sweeping o'er the raging main!  
Who oft to crush her foes did roam,  
Far from their native island home!  
Aye, there they stood, in manhood's pride!  
Sydney and Raleigh, side by side,—  
Drake, Effingham, and Willoughby—  
Whose lives were passed so gloriously!  
And Leicester, at the Queen's right hand,  
Right proudly as her host did stand,  
In a rich velvet dress bedight,  
With gold embroidered, all of white,—  
Which countless splendid jewels deck,—  
And Flemish ruff around his neck;  
The collar of St. George he bore;  
The badge and ribbon blue he wore:  
And over his white silken hose,  
The glorious knightly garter shows

Its sparkling brilliants round his knee—  
The proudest badge of chivalry !  
White velvet shoes his feet encased ;  
A gold-wrought belt begirt his waist,—  
Whence hung his sword and dagger, which  
Gold, ivory, and gems enrich.  
Around the Royal Heralds wait,  
In all the pomp of feudal state,  
In richly-blazoned tabards dressed :  
And waiting on the Queen's behest,  
A host of graceful youths were seen,  
Clad in the gayest silken sheen,  
Adorned with gold and silver braid,  
And which their slender forms displayed  
To much advantage—when they paced  
Across the oaken floor in haste,—  
Or while the splendid trains they hold  
Of dames and damsels, decked with gold :  
Attired in rich gem-spangled dress  
Were those sweet flowers of loveliness,—  
And truly might each graceful dame  
The prize for peerless beauty claim !  
Though some were dark, and some were fair,  
Yet all possessed that witching air—  
Those fascinating charms which bind  
The heart of man to womankind :—

The sweet fair face—the cheek that glows  
With tints that shame the blushing rose ;  
The ruby lip, whose sunny smile,  
Is, like the mind, devoid of guile ;  
The spotless brow,—the beaming eye,  
Which thrills the soul with ecstasy ;  
The voice, so musically clear,  
Whose melody enchants the ear ;  
The teeth—more white than Orient pearls ;  
The graceful head, whose waving curls  
In silken tresses softly shine,  
As round the ivory neck they twine,  
Or o'er the bosom's snowy skin—  
As stainless as the heart within ;  
The slender waist—the sylph-like form—  
Which native gracefulness adorn ;  
The finely-moulded hand and arm,  
Whose wondrous conformation charm ;  
And feet of matchless symmetry :  
Such were the fair nobility  
Who graced the hall that festal day,—  
And though their names I may not say,  
They were of England's noblest blood,  
Accomplished, affable, and good.  
Then forth stepped Warwick gracefully,  
Unto the throne, and bent his knee,—

"May't please your Highness," said the Peer,  
"To condescend a Bard to hear,  
Who dwells by Avon's silver wave?  
He says he hath a boon to crave,  
And most beseechingly does pray  
That he may see your Grace to-day."  
The Queen replied most graciously—  
"Good my lord, your Bard may be  
Conducted to our presence straight:  
Inform him that we now await  
His coming:" Warwick rose and bowed,  
And then retired among the crowd;  
A page unto the Bard he sent,  
Who quickly came, and lowly bent  
Before the throne:—his head he raised,  
And on the Queen in silence gazed:  
He was a handsome man, in sooth,  
Though scarcely past the flush of youth;  
His noble form, by all admired,  
Was in a simple garb attired;  
Finely proportioned was his head,  
With dark-brown curling locks o'erspread,—  
Lofty his brow,—his piercing eye  
With intellectuality  
Was flashing bright—like sunny rays  
That on the lake's broad bosom plays,



Whose wavelets in the golden gleam,  
 As bright as molten silver seem :  
 His nose was slightly aquiline ;  
 His finely-rounded mouth and chin  
 Seemed to suppress a half-formed smile ;  
 His beard he wore in pointed style ;  
 His look—his countenance confessed,  
 That he a noble soul possessed :  
 As the Bard knelt before the throne,  
 His voice he raised in manly tone,  
 Holding a small book in his hand,—  
 “ Your Gracious Majesty’s command,  
 I have, at length, fulfilled,” said he,  
 “ With all my poor ability :  
 So please your Highness, if you’ll look  
 Sometime into this little book,  
 You’ll see, though rudely penned, the lives  
 Of Royal ‘ Windsor’s Merry Wives !’ (84)  
 I fear me ’tis but simply writ,—  
 But small the mirth, and poor the wit,—  
 Yet ’tis the best its author mean  
 Can lay before his glorious Queen !”  
 The Poet ceased : his proffered book,  
 With gracious smile, her Highness took :—  
 “ Accept our royal thanks, we pray,  
 For this fair gift of thine, to day :

If, as thou sayest, 'tis like thyself, '  
In sooth, 'tis like a waggish elf,—  
For such thou art we know right well,  
And so thy 'Merry Wives' will tell!  
Nathless, thy efforts we commend :  
Our royal self will be thy friend,  
And thou shalt be our Laureate!  
Around thee fame and fortune wait,—  
Their brightest smiles shall be thy lot,  
Nor shall thy name e'er be forgot :  
Thy genius—like yon glorious sun—  
Delighteth all, offendeth none ;  
And thy time-honoured works shall be,  
Admired by all posterity ;  
The blooming youth—the reverend sage—  
Alike shall bless thy wondrous page ;  
And England shall thy name revere,—  
Sweet Avon's Bard, of Warwickshire,  
Through countless ages!—matchless still!  
Time will our prophecy fulfil  
Good Master Shakspeare! now arise :  
Thy precious gift we duly prize,  
And honour give where honour's due.  
Our King-at-Arms shall give to you  
A blazoned shield—fair Honour's sign—  
Our royal gift to thee and thine!" (85)

Thus said the Queen. With graceful bow  
The favoured Bard retired. "And now,  
My Lord of Leicester, we'll proceed  
To pay our loyal subjects meed :  
Let them stand forth." Then Leicester made  
A sign the King-at-Arms obeyed,  
Who ushered in, without delay,  
Five gentlemen in rich array, (86)  
Unarmed, bare-headed, clad in white ;  
Their gold-spurs, shields, and rapiers bright,  
Which shortly would by them be worn,  
Were by attending pages borne :  
With stately step, they slowly paced  
Across the hall, and then were placed  
Before the throne in goodly row,—  
Making, I ween, a gallant show !  
Then rose the Queen, in gracious mood,  
As this majestic scene she viewed,—  
For round her England's nobles bent,  
Unto her will subservient :  
Then turned to Leicester :—"Now my Lord  
Of Leicester, we command your sword !"   
The Earl obeyed, and from his belt  
Detached his splendid sword, and knelt  
Before her Highness, whose right hand  
Drew from its sheath the glittering brand !

Concentrated upon the blade,  
The golden sunlight sparkling played,  
Dazzling the sight. She paused awhile,  
With flashing eye, and haughty smile,—  
From hilt to point the sword surveyed,  
Then to her Court this speech she made :—  
“ My noble Lords, a trusty brand  
Is this proud weapon in our hand,—  
Of cunning workmanship, we swear,—  
And such brave men alone should wear !  
In every clime—in every age—  
Prince, Peer, and Peasant,—youth and sage,—  
Have felt themselves ennobled more,  
When they such honoured weapon wore !  
Our trusty friend—it guards our life—  
Our realm—our honour—in the strife  
Of deadly battle. This bright steel  
Was ever true to England’s weal !  
As true to us may each one be  
Whom here assembled round we see :  
And well remember, each good Lord,  
Your noblest ornament’s the sword !”  
Her Highness paused : with sterner look,  
The glittering sword she waved and shook,  
Till it reflected back the light !  
Then drew herself to her full height,

With dauntless mien, and boldest tone  
She said :—" My Lords, our realm, our throne,  
And all that we and you hold dear,  
Are threatened by proud Spain, we hear !  
Who now is arming forth a host  
Of war-ships to invade our coast !  
And this fair isle they'll sack and burn,  
If England will not Papist turn,  
And swear allegiance to the Pope !  
They think, forsooth, we cannot cope  
With their gigantic armament,  
Blessed by the Pope, and to be sent  
To overwhelm us ! Well we know  
How British hearts will face the foe,—  
Will wield their battle-blades on high,  
And, if need be, for England die !  
Or brave the ocean's tempest-foam  
To guard from foes their hearths—their home.  
Good sooth ! my Lords ! if Spain dare seize  
One fathom of our narrow seas,—  
Or should one English vessel bar,  
We'll slip our fiercest ' dogs of war !'  
And will such deadly havock make,  
That e'en the Pope himself shall quake,  
And Spain shall feel we'll crush her might :  
We know that Heaven defends the right !

And by such aid we do not doubt  
This great armada soon to rout :  
But should these fiends pollute our land,  
Our royal self will wield the brand,—  
Lay our dead body on the field,  
But ne'er to Spain or Popery yield !”  
Her Highness ceased :—a breathless pause  
Was broke by murmurs of applause,  
Which swelled into a deafening roar—  
Like breakers on a rocky shore :  
Then mingled voices loudly rose,  
In fervent wishes that her foes  
Might be destroyed upon the main,  
Before Old England's coasts they gain ;  
And many a curse, both loud and deep,  
Did they on Spanish Papists heap ;  
And many a sacred oath they swore,  
Should the detested foe come o'er,  
That every man would bravely stand—  
Aye, to the death,—with sword in hand !  
Excited by the maddening thought,  
Each nervous hand the sword-hilt sought ;  
Some were half-drawn—and some did leap—  
As if they spurned ignoble sleep—  
From their white scabbards gallantly,  
Ready to smite their enemy :

They swore with life, wealth, heart, and hand,  
 They would defend their native land,—  
 That England's lion-hearts would show  
 What they could do 'gainst such a foe,—  
 Should they invade their native isle,  
 Their hearths and altars to defile !  
 Proud Spain they boldly did defy,—  
 They'd live freemen—or freemen die !  
 Her Highness made a sign for peace ;  
 When instantly their voices cease,  
 And every ear and every eye  
 Attentive waited her reply :—  
 “ Good my Lords, we thank ye well :  
 And trust your valour will repel  
 These fierce invaders, who now think  
 They've brought us near to ruin's brink !  
 Nathless, my Lords, we do not fear,  
 With such brave men around us here,  
 To beat them back, and tell proud Spain  
 We'll never brook a despot's chain !  
 Now, Master Cecil, stand ye forth,—  
 In approbation of your worth,  
 This noble order we confer,  
 Nor doubt ye'll well deserve it, sir :  
 Right well we know ye'll ne'er disgrace  
 Your country, name, or noble race.”

Then turning to a damsel fair,  
Addressed her thus with smiling air :—  
“ Fair maiden, please ye, condescend  
‘ Your gentle services’ to lend  
This gallant youth,—upon his heel  
Buckle the spurs,—his sword of steel  
Gird round his waist. Nay, blush not so !  
Ye might be proud of such a beau !  
And prouder still ye well may be  
To serve in rights of chivalry.”  
Then, at her Highness’s behest,  
The lovely damsel did invest  
The noble youth with golden spur,  
With dagger, shield, and rapier,—  
And then he knelt before her Grace,  
Joy beaming on his handsome face.  
In gracious tones the Queen then spoke,—  
“ St. George’s aid we now invoke,  
And great St. Michael’s blessing too,  
That thou mayst prove bold, brave, and true ;  
And loyal to thy Sovereign be,  
And faithful to thy fair ladye,  
And in defence of England’s right—  
Her Church—her Monarch—bravely fight :  
Ne’er sheathe thy sword with foul disgrace,  
Nor let a stain thy shield deface,—



But rather meet a warrior's death,  
And with renown resign thy breath :  
Yet, let us hope we ne'er may see  
In this fair land and enemy,—  
That future years may bring to thee  
Health, happiness, prosperity.  
Now, good St. George's help we claim,  
And in St. Michael's blessed name,  
We dub thee knight ! ” Then with the sword  
She lightly struck his shoulders broad :  
“And now, Sir Thomas Cecil, rise,—  
And be ye loyal, brave, and wise ! ”  
The new-made knight arose and bowed,  
Amid congratulations loud,  
And then retired. Her Highness then,  
Knighthood four other gentlemen,—  
Who well might such distinction claim,  
By gentle blood and ancient name,  
And graciously addressed to each  
A brief, yet complimentary speech.  
Her Highness then the court dismissed,  
And soon the hall was cleared, I wist :  
Some sought their chambers for repose,—  
Whilst others thronged to sports and shows,  
And shared the rustics rough-hewn joy,  
Whose boisterous mirth knew no alloy :

Their blithesome cheer the welkin rends,  
As slowly through the Tilt-yard wends  
A gay-bedizened rustic train,  
Who from the neighbouring village came,—  
With merry looks, and hearts elate,  
Before the Queen to celebrate  
Their merry bridal. In the van, (87)  
Rode the old village piper, Dan,  
Mounted upon a sorry steed,  
Half-blind, and lame, and broken-knee'd;  
Yet somewhat frisky still was he,  
And pranced along right gallantly,—  
Neighed, champed the bit, and tossed his head,  
As though he'd been a thorough-bred;  
And such he was, might well be seen,  
Though but the wreck of what he'd been,—  
His gaudy trappings, too, he bore,  
As proudly as in days of yore,  
When he was fleet of foot, and strong,  
And bounded merrily along  
The dusty road—the field—the moor;  
Now times were changed,—a country boor  
The noble charger did bestride,  
Who once was gazed upon with pride  
By nobles, gallant, young, and fair,—  
Whom oft he did full proudly bear,

With stately step, and sportive neigh!—  
Alas! alas! thou gallant grey,  
Old age has fastened on thee now,  
Thy once fine form he'll surely bow  
Unto the dust,—thy spirit still  
Is unsubdued, and ever will  
Remain unconquered, till thy breath  
Is yielded to the conqueror Death.  
Vainly the blithe old piper tried  
With youthful gallant's grace to ride,  
His limbs were stiff, his body bent,  
And gone his youthful hardiment;  
Upon his wrinkled brow and face  
The marks of age you well might trace,—  
His scanty beard and locks were grey,  
Which from beneath his cap did stray,  
Though his warm heart seemed full of glee  
As he piped along right merrilie;  
His jerkin was of Kendal green,—  
His cap of sable velveteen,—  
His doublet wrought of crimson stuff,—  
His boots were tawney,—trunk-hose, buff;  
And thus equipped in Sunday gear,  
Old Dan was prouder than a peer.  
Behind him followed, four a-breast,  
A troop of rustics bravely dressed,—

Some clad in jerkins,—others chose,  
For lightness, doublet and trunk-hose,—  
With every point clean trussed before :  
Some hats, some caps, some bonnets wore,  
And thought themselves most wondrous fine,  
And tried their comrades to outshine,  
In gaily flaunting holiday guise !  
Burning for deeds of high emprise,  
Their right hands bore a headless lance,  
Their left restrained the limping prance  
Of broken-down and haggard steeds,  
Whose stubborn temper little heeds  
The tugging at the bridle-rein ;  
And whip and spur were plied in vain  
To urge along their hobbling pace,—  
Or keep them well in rank and place ;—  
For some were lame, and some were blind,  
Some lagged most terribly behind,  
Some were spavined,—broken-knee'd,—  
Of every colour, every breed ;  
Some tall, some short,—bay, black, grey, roan ;  
Some low in flesh and high in bone.  
One vicious brute, when touched with steel,  
Reared-up and roared, and showed his heel,—  
Throwing into confusion dire  
Both nags' and riders' gay attire !

Some neighed, and would not stir a jot,—  
 While others broke into a trot ;  
 And now and then, brimful of daring,  
 The sturdy boors were boldly swearing,  
 With laugh, and jeer, and loud halloo !  
 What feats of hardihood they'd do !  
 Next came the village band, which played  
 A lively Spanish serenade,—  
 Though inharmonious was the chime,  
 Both out of tune and out of time,—  
 Though many a discord jarred the ear,—  
 Yet such rude blithesome sounds were dear  
 To every country lad and lass,  
 Whose sun-burnt faces, as they pass,  
 Betokened merry hearts were theirs,  
 Untouched by envy, grief, or cares.  
 The Morris Dancers next were seen, (88)  
 Fantastically clad, I ween,  
 In old Moresco garb unique,  
 Of shape and colour most antique,—  
 Whose antics, as they danced along,  
 Made mirth amidst the clamorous throng.  
 Next came the gallant bridegroom, who  
 Was dight in coat of Coventry blue ! (89)  
 His hose were yellow,—doublet red,  
 Black boots, brass spurs,—and on his head,

Whose locks were of the deepest brown,  
He wore a hat with steeple crown,—  
Which ostentatiously displayed,  
Upon its front, a white cockade !  
His weapon was a headless spear ;  
His charger, decked from front to rear  
With housings and devices gay,  
In colour was the brightest bay,—  
A rough young colt, about half-bred,—  
Who stepped along and tossed his head,  
And neighed and snorted,—seeming proud,  
And pleased with music, noise, and crowd !  
A group of village girls and boys,  
With laugh, and shout, and merry noise,  
Followed the bridegroom eagerly,  
With looks of sly simplicity,—  
Which oft in gaping wonderment  
Were on his gaudy costume bent !  
Then came the lovely blushing bride,  
Of village damoselles the pride !  
Who tripped along with footsteps light,  
Attired in bridal dress of white ;  
Her brow and raven locks around,  
A snowy white-rose wreath was bound ;  
Her face was fair,—her eyes were bright,  
And dark as ebon shades of night,—

With pure love beaming : oft she tried  
In vain the starting tear to hide ;  
And then she sighed—she scarce knew why,  
For mingled hope, and fear, and joy,  
By turns her heaving bosom thrilled :  
She smiled—as deep emotions filled  
Her soul with bliss—and gazed above !  
What passion tries the heart like love ?  
With merry laugh that gaily rung,  
The rustic bridesmaids tripped along,—  
Around the bride,—attired in white,  
With looks of archness and delight,—  
And each fair maid had decked her head  
With wreaths of roses—white and red.  
A band of trusty bowmen good,  
As ever dwelt in Arden Wood,  
Of sturdy limb,—and heart as bold,  
As ever braved the Winter's cold  
Or Summer's heat,—their forest gear  
Of Kendal green,—brought up the rear. (90)  
And thus the gay procession passed  
Into the great court-yard at last,—  
Where stood the Quintain, firm and strong, (91)  
With arms of oak outstretched and long ;  
One held a sand-bag, firmly placed,—  
A broad flat shield the other graced,—

Which, being struck, turned swiftly round,—  
The sand-bag bringing to the ground  
Without remorse, the luckless wight  
Who could not guide his lance aright !  
The spacious court arrived within,  
Midst merry music, shouts, and din,  
Each hardy horseman with his spear  
Was placed aright for full career ;  
Gay laughing groups the bride surround—  
Who as a May Day Queen was crowned,—  
While in her hand the victor's prize,  
A bugle-horn and baldrick, lies.  
All being duly ranged at last,  
The trumpets blew a signal-blast :  
When, all prepared to run his course,  
The bridegroom spurred his dashing horse,  
And did right gallantly advance,  
With anxious look and levelled lance,  
Against the Quintain—whose broad shield  
He soundly struck—and round it wheeled ;  
At the same instant bending low  
He 'scaped the sand-bag's ruthless blow !  
A hearty round of shouts and cheers  
Burst gladly on the bridegroom's ears,—  
Who gazed upon his beauteous bride  
With flush of triumph and of pride !



Whose sunny smiles full well express  
Her heartfelt joy at his success !  
Then the old gleesome piper, Dan,  
His course against the Quintain ran :  
His limping courser bore him wide,  
And turned his levelled lance aside.  
Old Dan was chafed,—he swore and frowned,  
Reined-in his steed, and wheeled him round,—  
Then dashed the rowels in his side,  
And vowed another course he'd ride ;  
His arm was strong—his eye was true,  
He'd show the lads what he could do,  
Although he was a greybeard grown !  
He'd never in his life been thrown !  
And on that great and glorious day,  
St. Hubert ! none should say him nay !  
For whether good or ill betide,  
By Jove ! another chance he'd bide.  
Though 'gainst the rule,—That every one  
Should in successive order run.  
Again he cursed his limping horse !  
Then hauled him round with all his force,  
And spurred him hard and raised his spear,  
And galloped on in full career ;  
This time he'd rather better luck,  
For on the shield he fairly struck,

Then bent his body and his head ;  
The sand-bag harmless o'er him sped,—  
But yet it slightly touched his cap,  
Which he looked on as sore mishap,  
And muttered that he'd lost his skill,—  
No matter,—for he'd had his fill,  
Of "tourneymenting," and such like !  
Just then he spied his cousin Mike,  
Who mimick'd him upon the sly !  
So off he rode in dudgeon high.  
Well, next a roaring, swaggering blade,  
A tilt against the Quintain made ;  
His half-blind, hobbling steed he lashed,  
Who snorted, winced, and onwards dashed,  
Till by a loose and rugged stone  
Both horse and man were overthrown,—  
And for a minute rolled about,  
Which raised a jeering laugh and shout !  
And cries of " Bravo ! Lucky Jack !  
Come here, you dolt, and larn the nack !"  
Next came a younker, tall and gaunt,  
With surly look and bragging vaunt,—  
Who trotted up, and seemed in haste  
To get himself and nag well-placed,—  
Then rattled on with look as fierce  
As though the oaken shield he'd pierce ;

He struck it hard,—it flew around—  
And he was tumbled to the ground ;  
The sand-bag hit him on the back,  
And with the shock down came his hack,  
Who floundered—as perforce he must—  
And rolled and scrambled in the dust !  
His lanky rider, sore alarmed,  
Made rueful face, though little harmed,—  
While laugh and jest were heard afar,—  
With shouts of “ Bravo ! ” and “ Hurrah ! ”  
And “ Don’t be daunted, Surly Ben !  
At ’em again, lad ! at ’em again ! ”  
With like success the others ran,—  
Some toppled down both horse and man,—  
Some caught the sand-bag’s swingeing blow,  
And reeled and staggered to and fro ;  
Some viscious hacks full oft did try  
To run astray, and some to shy,—  
Others, though goaded by the spur,  
Reared, kicked, and plunged, but would not stir,  
Although the rider’s whip was plied  
With might and main about their hide !  
And some—bold hardy venturous wights—  
Ran at each other, just like knights !  
And many a buffet gave and took,  
With comic mock-heroic look !

Till one or other champion bold  
Upon the dusty greensward rolled,—  
And struggling man, and plunging horse,  
In heaps one o'er the other toss,—  
Till such a merry mad *melée*  
Had not been seen for many a day.  
An hour or more this noisy sport  
Right well amused the Queen and Court,  
Who from the windows did survey  
This merry rustic holiday :  
Till all at length would fain give o'er,  
For many a wight was bruised sore,  
And midst that venturous band not one,  
Would try another course to run.  
Then bugle-horns full loudly sound,  
And sweetly echoed far around,—  
And midst the uproar that prevailed  
The bridegroom was the victor hailed !  
Who proudly rode along the court,  
With smiling grace and manly port,  
Attended by a jovial throng—  
A motley crowd of old and young—  
Until they reached the bride,—when he  
Before her bowed his head and knee,—  
Who with a crimsoned cheek arose,  
And round his neck the baldrick throws ;

He raised his head—their eyes did meet—  
At once he started to his feet,  
And held the bugle-horn on high  
Midst shouts that seemed to rend the sky !  
The banquet's o'er :—the festive board  
No longer could delight afford,  
Save only to the jovial few  
Who to the wine-cup still were true :  
Who quaffed the ruddy sparkling wine  
Heedless of Music's voice divine,—  
Heedless of sounds of gladsome sport  
Which oft resounded from the court,—  
Or lady's winning glance or smile ;  
Wine did the fleeting hours beguile,  
Exciting both the heart and brain  
Till sober reason reeled again !  
The Queen, with every fair ladye,  
Then left this scene of revelry,  
And unto Leicester's Buildings went,  
To see the rural sports intent ;  
And to repose themselves awhile  
From the sun's heat, and courtly toil,  
In the bay-windows' cool recess,—  
For it was sultry to excess.  
In sooth, it was a noble room,  
Though slightly shadowed o'er with gloom,

For richly-carved oak panels line  
Its walls with many a quaint design,—  
And the light oaken ceiling's set  
With grotesque figures black as jet.  
On silken couch the Queen reclined,  
And much amusement did she find  
By gazing round the court below,—  
Where motley groups moved to and fro ;  
While merry laugh, and quizzing speech,  
And polished joke, were passed on each,  
By courtier and by damoselle,—  
Who often glanced o'er hill, and dell,—  
Whose smiling beauty met their glance,  
In its profuse luxuriance.  
But what magnificent array  
Is that which slowly wends this way ?  
Then every eye was strained to see  
The first glimpse of the pageantry,—  
Which oft, along the winding road,  
Amid the trees, its banners showed ;  
And the shrill fife, and rattling drum,  
Were mingled with the distant hum  
Of merry voices : on they came,  
Midst greetings warm and loud acclaim ;  
And soon they passed the entrance-gate  
In all the pride of civic state :

Musicians first—a numerous band,  
Appeared with instruments in hand—  
Drums, trumpets, fifes, flutes, clarionets—  
Horns, cymbals, bugles, flageolets,  
On which a blithesome strain they played ;  
Behind them, in the breeze displayed,  
A gay broad banner next was seen,  
Of two bright colours—red and green,  
On which, in glittering gold, appeared  
An Elephant and Castle reared,—  
Surmounted by the ancient crest  
Which Coventry had long possessed—  
The Cat o' Mountain,—and the Plume  
That's sculptured on Black Edward's tomb ! (92)  
Before the Mayor, with stately pace,  
Was borne the City Sword and Mace,  
And Cap of Maintenance, by men  
In sable garb. Following, then,  
The Worshipful the Mayor you see  
Of the loyal City of Coventry,—  
His robe was scarlet, trimmed with fur,  
His cocked-hat was of black beaver,  
And his good horse was dapple-grey,—  
Then, dressed and mounted in like way,  
Ten Aldermen behind him sped ;  
And they in turn were followed

By Councillors, in sable dress ;  
And Chamberlains and Wardens press  
Close on behind them eagerly,  
With air of civic dignity.  
Then marched along in pomp and pride,  
With swaggering look, and martial stride,  
A chosen band of men ydight  
In suits of armour—brown and bright,  
In corslet, helm, and bascinet,—  
That civil war's rude shock had met :  
Under their coats-of-proof they wore  
Bright scarlet jackets,—and they bore  
Brown bills upon their shoulders broad,  
And at their sides a short straight sword ;  
Round bucklers, too, had every man,—  
Some pike, or bow, or partizan,  
Or hagbut with its bandalier,—  
And to complete their martial gear,  
Their kersey hose were fair to view,  
Nine times dipped in Coventry blue !  
Their pennon showed a saltire white,  
Upon a field of azure bright, (93)  
Which fluttered gaily in the wind :  
Another troop marched close behind,  
In disciplined compact array,  
Equipped and armed for battle fray,—



With jackets green, and hosen blue,—  
While o'er their heads a pennon flew,  
Of spotless white, and in the field  
A flying raven was revealed. (94)  
In the court-yard they halted :—then  
The stately Mayor and Aldermen  
Dismounted, and with pompous mien  
Dispatched a page unto the Queen,  
To humbly pray she'd condescend  
Unto their mission to attend.  
A royal page, with much parade,  
Her Majesty's assent conveyed,—  
Then led the Mayor and Corporation  
Unto the hall of presentation :  
With grave demeanour, then, the Mayor  
Proceeded to the regal chair,—  
Where sat the Queen, surrounded by  
A host of fair nobility,—  
And did the city sword present  
Unto her Highness,—while he bent  
In homage both his head and knee :  
Behind him, kneeling reverently,  
In robes of state, with joyful pride,  
His burly brethren all abide,—  
Who marvelled at the splendid scene,—  
While thus the Mayor addressed the Queen,—

“ May’t please your Royal Highness, we  
Of your good City of Coventry,  
With loyal hearts, and right good-will,  
Have journeyed hither to fulfil  
Our duty to your Majesty,—  
To welcome you most heartily  
To this fair county,—and to pray  
Your Grace will condescend to pay  
A visit to your liege-men true,  
Before you bid our shire adieu ?  
So please your Grace, it’s our intent,  
In the court-yard to represent,  
In our rude fashion, as we may,  
Our ancient town’s Hock Tuesday Play ! (95)  
Intended to commemorate  
A great event of ancient date,—  
When Ethelred the Saxon King,  
Did on the Danes his vengeance fling ;  
’Twas on a dark November night—  
St. Brice’s eve—for very spite  
They burned St. Osburg’s Convent down  
The glory of our ancient town !  
Then the bold-hearted Saxons rose,  
And rushed upon their Danish foes,  
And, for the sainted Osburg’s sake,  
Did such terrific havock make,

That not a Dane escaped to tell  
The fate his comrades had befell.  
Such is the story of our Play,  
Which shall begin without delay,  
If your Grace will condescend  
Your presence for an hour to lend ?”  
Her Highness smiled and slightly bowed,  
And thus replied :—“ We are full proud,  
Good Mr. Mayor, we do avow,  
To see yourself and brethren now :  
Right welcome to our sight are ye,  
True-hearted men of Coventry !  
For loyal subjects have ye been  
On all occasions to your Queen :  
And by St. George ! there’s none more dear  
To us, than ye of Warwickshire !  
We do assure ye, trusty friend,  
Our course to London we must bend  
Without delay,—so must decline  
This proffered courtesy of thine,—  
Although with much regret, ’tis true.  
Nathless, Sir Mayor, pray let us view  
Your ancient city’s Hock-tide Play,—  
Ourself and Court, the sooth to say,  
Will be delighted with the show,  
Of what occurred so long ago !

Arise, we pray you, Mr. Mayor,  
And hasten on your pageant fair!"  
Then, at her Majesty's request,—  
In condescending phrase expressed,  
The Mayor and all his brethren rose,  
And with becoming reverence chose  
Befitting seats around the Queen,  
To view the merry festive scene.  
Then clamorous shouts on every side  
Resounded as the yeomen tried  
To clear the crowded outer-court,  
By royal order, for the sport:  
Soon as a spacious ring was made,  
A sturdy wight, in arms arrayed,  
Came tramping on in haste, I trow,  
With red-plumed steel-cap on his brow,—  
A shining corslet on his breast,—  
And hosen blue, and crimson vest;  
Proudly his ton-sword he displayed— (96)  
A heavy, long, cross-hilted blade,  
Which well required both hands to wield,—  
And at his back a small round shield:  
Full lowly to the Queen he bowed;  
Then to the merry circling crowd,—  
For many knew him there right well,  
And could strange stories of him tell,—

And that he was a citizen free,  
 In good repute, of Coventry,—  
 And there had been, for many a year,  
 Chief-Conner of the ale and beer !  
 A jovial blade : it oft was said  
 No townsman's nose was half so red !—  
 For none could drink so much October,  
 And look so wise, and still be sober !  
 By trade a mason : yet was he  
 Well skilled in ancient legendry,—  
 No clerkly wight in all the shire  
 Could show so many books yfere ;  
 Certes, he'd talk a Summer's day,  
 Without a book, as well I say,  
 As any learned tapster could  
 Within the bounds of Arden Wood !  
 Of songs and ballads he'd a store,—  
 'Bout giants, dwarfs, and knights of yore !  
 Which o'er his stoup of ale he'd sing,  
 In strains which would delight a king !  
 Far-famed was he for excellence  
 And cunning in the art of fence !  
 And with his ton-sword oft did swear  
 He would compete with any there,—  
 But none would face the wily fox—  
 The great and valiant Captain Cox ! (97).

Proudly before them did he stand  
As Captain of the Saxon band,  
As well as Governor of the town,  
When Ethelred's command came down  
To rid the country of the Dane,—  
Who were both his and England's bane.  
Well, thus the Hock-tide Play began :—  
With fiery haste an armed man  
To (Captain Cox) the Governor came,  
And did an instant audience claim,—  
As he, by Ethelred the King,  
Was honoured with command to bring  
His royal mandate and behest,  
That all his subjects—sore oppressed  
By the detested Danes—upon  
St. Brice's Eve, should every one,  
Both old and fearful—young and brave,  
Arise and arm with sword and glaive,—  
Revenge their wrongs upon the foe,  
And not the slightest mercy show,  
To age or sex of Danish name—  
Old England's bitterest curse and shame !  
While yet the messenger did speak,  
A martial wight appeared to seek  
The Governor at every turn,—  
“The Danes ! the Danes !” he cried, “ They burn

St. Osburg's Convent, and they've slain  
A host of Saxons, who in vain  
Though bravely with them did contend,  
St. Osburg's Nunnery to defend! (98)  
Revenge! revenge! Saxons arise!  
For aid your injured country cries!"  
The Governor, at this loud uproar,  
Shook his huge sword, and fiercely swore  
Such treachery they should sorely rue!  
And with his bugle-horn he blew  
A loud and warlike signal-blast:  
Then furious Saxons poured in fast,  
In wild disorder, mad with rage,  
All eager instant fight to wage,—  
And waving swords and spears on high,—  
St. George for Coventry!" their cry; (99)  
With the fierce Captain at their head  
Onwards to face the Danes they sped.  
Flushed with their recent victory  
On rushed the furious enemy,  
With cries of "Odin!" to the charge; (100)  
Then glaive and corslet, helm and targe,  
With heavy blows full loudly rang,  
Mingled with shouts and trumpets clang.  
At first, the Danes were driven back  
By the bold Saxons' fierce attack,—

But soon they rallied from the shock,  
And did their desperate efforts mock  
To penetrate their steady ranks,  
Though sore assailed in front and flanks.  
The rival war-cries loudly rose,  
And mingled with fast-falling blows ;  
At length the Saxons yield their ground,—  
Then eagerly the Danes surround  
Their serried phalanx, which they tried  
By fiercest charges to divide :  
In vain :—on every side their front  
Withstood the battle's sternest brunt ;  
And for some time they bravely fought,  
As if each other's life they sought,  
In line and column—centre—wing—  
In triangle, and wedge, and ring,—  
Attack—defence—retreat—advance,—  
The skilful use of sword and lance,  
And every warlike tactic known  
By the best soldiers, then was shown.  
At length the beaten Danes retreat,  
In dire confusion from defeat,  
And by the Saxons closely pressed :  
Then did their bravest and their best,  
Stand forth with single-handed might,  
To turn th' o'erwhelming tide of fight ;



They struggled gallantly in vain,  
Until their raven-flag was ta'en,— (101)  
Then threw their weapons on the ground,—  
The rustic lasses standing round,  
With laugh and jest, began amain  
The luckless prisoners fast to chain!  
And many a captive from that day  
Was never freed from Beauty's sway!  
Once more the bugles sounded,—when  
They quickly formed in line again,  
And in salute flag, lance, and sword,  
With military grace were lowered,—  
The Hagbutteers a volley fired,  
Their band struck up, and all retired.  
Her Grace, enraptured with the sight,  
The Coventry men did well requite;  
And, with her royal thanks, she sent,  
To feast them to their hearts' content,  
A brace of bucks—indeed 'tis true!—  
With five marks in bright silver, too! (102)  
At which they felt so much delight,  
That shouts of joy from every wight,  
Resounded merrily, I ween,  
With blessings on their bounteous Queen!  
And Captain Cox, in jovial mood,  
When he the regal present viewed,

His velvet cap he upwards flung,  
And good Queen Bess's praises sung;  
Which with Stentorian voice he roared!—  
Flourished amain his huge ton-sword!  
Bragged of the wondrous deeds he'd done—  
The battle he that day had won!—  
And then he'd sing, and laugh, and shout,—  
Or challenge some rough country lout  
To feats of strength,—or tell a tale,—  
Until the copious draughts of ale  
Had so confused the braggart's brain  
That he could scarce his seat retain;  
But yet he talked, and laughed, and swore,  
Until he rolled upon the floor,  
Where he, with many a hapless wight,  
Slumbered until the morning's light.  
Brief is the Summer's night, I ween,  
When smiles the full-orbed moon serene,  
Illuming with her silver glow  
Both heaven above, and earth below!  
Yet as night wanes the azure sky  
Assumes a robe of deeper dye,—  
Till softly gleam the first faint streaks  
Of light to tell that morning breaks!  
Then roused the cock, with aspect proud,—  
Oft rang his piercing voice aloud,

Re-echoed by shrill rival cries  
That frequent in defiance rise :  
Then rose the lark, with carol sweet,  
The rising sun in heaven to greet,  
Whose glowing beams dispelled the mist,—  
Away the sparkling dew-drops kissed,—  
And from the sky chased every cloud  
That might its lustrous azure shroud,—  
Whilst in the woods and fields around  
Wild vocal melodies resound,—  
And in the breeze a soft sweet voice  
Seemed ever whispering, “O rejoice !  
Enjoy bright Summer while you may,  
For swiftly pass its sweets away !”  
The court-yards echoed with the din  
Of noisy groups fast thronging in ;  
Retainers, yeomen,—page and squire,  
Each one ydecked in brave attire,  
Dragoons and Pikemen, armed complete,  
In shining plate, with weapons meet :  
War-steeds and palfreys fresh from stall,  
Barded and richly trapped withal,—  
Of haughty mood,—with tossing head,  
And prancing step, by grooms were led.  
Whilst Pursuivants toiled here and there  
To set them all in order fair.

When duly marshalled, loudly rung  
A signal trumpet's silver tongue !—  
Such ever hath resistless charms  
To urge the brave to deeds of arms !  
First, in well-ordered ranks, appear  
Pikeman, Dragoon, and Hagbutteer ;  
And next the Royal Archers stand,  
Each with his trusty bow in hand,—  
And who St. George's pennon bore,  
As erst they'd ever done of yore ;  
And next, all hot with youthful haste,  
That chosen few which knighthood graced !  
Mounted on chargers white as snow,  
And ranged, I ween, in goodly row,—  
Who burned to prove in glorious field,  
Their maiden armour, arms, and shield,—  
And longed their prowess to display  
Before her Grace that festal day ;  
And next, the Marshals of the List,—  
Appointed by the Queen, I wist,—  
Warwick and Essex, Earls of fame, (103)  
Of gallant deeds, and glorious name,—  
Both armed complete in harness brought  
From Italy,—with gold inwrought,—  
Their noble steeds, of dapple-grey,  
Were barded as for battle-fray,

In housings green and white, impressed  
With England's golden lion-crest ;  
And next the royal banner flew,—  
Then came the Kings-at-Arms in view,  
Attended by Pursuivants gay,—  
And then, ydight in proud array,  
The Queen's own Champion bravely rode,—  
Whose martial port true knighthood showed,—  
Whose dashing charger snorted fire,—  
With gay and gallant page and squire ;  
And then appeared a noble host,  
That blooming youth and beauty boast,  
Whose brilliant courtly guise combines  
Capricious Fashion's choice designs,  
In silk and velvet—divers hued,—  
With gold and jewels thickly strewed :  
Scarce were they mounted—ere, indeed,  
Some timid dames were safe on steed,—  
For much ado is often made  
When such bold ventures are essayed !—  
When Leicester's Earl led forth the Queen,  
Superbly dressed in silken-sheen,  
Of that far-famed deep glossy hue  
Throughout the realm hight Coventry blue !  
With sparkling brilliants studded o'er,  
That forms of starry semblance wore ;

Her rich white ruff of Flemish lace  
By diamond-clasp was kept in place,—  
Her neck, and arms, and ears, and curls  
Of golden hair, were decked with pearls,—  
And on her queenly brow was set  
A splendid royal coronet :  
She paused and smiled,—with due parade  
Accepted Leicester's proffered aid,—  
Of such, good sooth, she well had need  
To mount her on her snow-white steed,—  
Who pawed the earth, and welcome neighed !  
Which with caresses she repaid.  
Leicester's commanding form was seen  
In gold-slashed dress of emerald green,—  
White ostrich feathers, finely grouped,  
Around his sable bonnet drooped,  
Ywrought of velvet from Genoa,—  
Adorned with gems from India's shore !  
His hose were silk, of amber shade,—  
Gold spurs his sable boots displayed,—  
His sword and dagger hung in belt  
Of gold embroidered scarlet felt,  
With massive diamond buckle, placed  
In front, begirt around his waist :  
His coal-black charger scarce would rest  
Until his foot the stirrup pressed,

Such help right little did he lack,  
So lightly vaulted on his back,  
And soon by aid of spur and rein,  
His restless spirit did restrain.  
Next to the courtly throng, I ween,  
Surrounding Leicester and the Queen,  
The Royal Body Guard took post—  
A stalwart and a faithful host,  
Who with Dragoon and Hagbutteer,  
Brought up the proud procession's rear.  
Again the silver trumpets rang,  
And rattling drums made warlike clang,  
Whilst slowly paced the stately throng  
In princely pomp the courts along,  
And in the knightly Tilt-yard staid,  
For tourney as of old arrayed :  
A band of stalwart Pikemen tall,  
In single rank lined either wall ;  
A low broad tower at either end  
Was reared its entrance to defend,—  
Mortimer's name one tower still kept, (104)  
The other Floodgate was ycleped ;  
From base e'en to the battlement,  
Was thronged with jocund guests, intent  
Upon the stirring scene below,—  
Illumed with Summer's sunny glow :

The royal banner proudly flew,  
In the light breeze displayed to view,  
Upon the tower of Mortimer,—  
Where clad in velvet, silk, and fur,  
Ydecked with gold and jewels rare,  
Appeared the noble, young, and fair.  
Her Majesty sat full in front,  
Surrounded by her court as wont,  
And graciously her presence lent,  
As Sovereign of the Tournament,  
And Queen of Beauty! Near her lay—  
Prize for the victor of the day—  
A sword and belt of princely price,  
That might a monarch's pride suffice:  
Of pure Damascus steel the blade,—  
The guard and hilt of gold, inlaid  
With diamonds of the finest kind  
On which the sun had ever shined;  
The scabbard, wrought of deep red gold,  
Was richly decked with lions bold,—  
The belt, of velvet green and white,  
Gem decked, with diamond-buckle bright.  
Each spot that could a glimpse afford,  
Was with spectators thickly stored,  
Whose ardent gaze was bent, I ween,  
Upon that glorious warlike scene.



Along the Tilt-yard, to and fro,  
The Heralds' coursers swiftly go,  
Who, with their Pursuivants, were fraught  
With ardent zeal,—and tireless sought  
To fitly order and arrange,  
Or rectify aught needing change,—  
Whilst with true knightly grace and pride  
The brave Earl Marshals slowly ride.  
A trumpet sounded, as abreast  
Three Royal Heralds onwards pressed,  
Styld Windsor, Lancaster, and York,—  
Whose well-trained coursers proudly walk  
Before a knight of gallant mien,  
The Champion of her Grace the Queen !  
Harnessed from head to heel was he  
In massive black steel panoply,—  
Enriched with gold embossed thereon,  
Which in the sunlight gaily shone ;  
His helm bore England's lion crest,—  
His 'scutcheon, at the Queen's behest,  
Was charged with bearings and with hues  
The royal house of Tudor use,  
In token of his high desert !  
Thus was it blazoned,—argent, vert,  
Paly of ten, on canton gules  
Three lions or, which herald-rules.

In pale and passant-gardent place,  
As types of England's royal race :  
A rich broad knightly belt he wore,  
Whence hung his sword—a true Bilboa,  
Whose chequered ivory hilt was twined  
With gold and silver wire combined,—  
Of massy gold its circling guard,  
Its silver scabbard golden barred ;  
His dagger, at his dexter side,  
In silver sheath embossed, was tied,—  
Around whose hilt of gold and pearl  
A myriad tiny brilliants curl :  
His right hand bore a lance erect  
With green and white silk pensil decked :  
His Andalusian charger black  
Did nought of grace and spirit lack,  
Completely barbed, and trapped superb !  
By powerful silver bit and curb,  
And golden spurs, his rider bold  
His hot imperious mood controlled :  
A braver or more gentle knight,  
I ween had never seen the light,  
A veteran of renown was he,—  
And styled the good Sir Henry Lee ! (105).  
The Heralds reined their coursers round,  
And blithesomely their bugles sound,

Whilst gracefully his charger's prance  
The knight restrained, then lower'd his lance  
Before the Queen,—whose smiling look  
Betrayed the pleasure that she took  
In pageantries of martial kind,  
When courtesy's with valour twined.  
The Champion's charger pawed the earth,—  
Oft had his rider proved his worth,  
For both their youthful days had spent  
In battle-field and tournament !  
He pawed the earth—he snuffed the air—  
Restraint his spirit scarce could bear,—  
He snorted, tossed his head, and neighed,  
Yet spur and bridle-rein obeyed,  
Curvetting round with all the grace  
Distinguishing his high-bred race !  
Again the Heralds' bugles blew,  
As slowly paced forth Clarencieux,—  
A stately King-at-Arms, I vow,  
E'en such in ages past as now :  
His leading-staff he raised with pride,  
“What ho ! brave knights ! what ho !” he cried,  
“To arms the martial trumpets sound !  
With Glory's laurels Valour's crowned !  
The Queen's own Champion, present here,  
Will meet all comers—far or near—

And keep the lists, by Fortune's aid,  
'Gainst all in knightly garb arrayed !  
Of old, fair ladies loved to see  
The noble deeds of chivalry !  
Now win young beauty's smiling glance,—  
Spur on, brave knights, and break a lance !  
He ceased,—a Herald's trumpet rang,—  
The Royal Champion forward sprang,—  
To meet a youthful gallant knight,  
Harnessed in maiden-armour bright ;  
Who, with his headless lance in rest,  
And stainless shield upon his breast,  
Spurred on his milk-white charger fleet,  
That dashed along with flying feet :  
In mid-career—with sudden crash—  
In splinters flew their spears of ash !  
The maiden-knight in saddle reeled,  
His lance had struck the Champion's shield ;  
Who, in return, did fairly smite  
With skilful grace his helmet white !  
And thus the Champion foiled the youth,—  
Who bore him like a knight, in sooth,  
But though he lacked not strength and will,  
Had not his rival's matchless skill.  
Another, and another, came,—  
With headlong speed—with heart of flame !

But Fortune would not deign to bless  
Their gallant efforts with success :  
One lost a stirrup, helm, or spear,—  
One failed to strike in full career,—  
One, though he did most boldly ride,  
By headstrong horse was borne aside,—  
But yet, although at rapid speed,  
Not one was hurled from off his steed !  
From time to time the Queen and Court  
Applauded high this martial sport,—  
And each fair knight of valour bold—  
E'en worthy of the days of old ;  
But yet the laurels of the day,  
Her Grace's Champion bore away !  
Though each young knight had nobly done,  
And every course was bravely run.  
At length the Queen hurled on the sand,  
The royal warder from her hand,  
When Heralds loudly shouted " Ho !  
Ho ! ho ! Sir Knights ! ho ! ho !—ho ! ho !"  
And Pursuivants, all 'ranged around,  
Their silver bugles gaily wound :  
And then the Kings-at-Arms, as wont,  
Before the champions rode in front,—  
And marshalled them in fitting place,  
And halted then before her Grace,—

Who rose, with proud majestic air,  
And praised each warrior's prowess rare;  
Then turned to Leicester at her side,  
With glance of pleasure and of pride,  
And from his hand took sword and belt,  
As he before her lowly knelt,—  
Which, like a Sovereign bold and free,  
She gave unto Sir Henry Lee!  
Like golden rays of setting sun,—  
Like banquet o'er,—like pageant done,—  
Like parting gleam of glorious day,—  
So passed the Virgin Queen away,  
Like sovereign lady of the earth,  
From thy proud towers, O Kenilworth!  
Which, had they tongues, e'en now could tell,  
The splendour of that last farewell—  
Which Deep Desire, from holly-tree,  
And blithe Sylvanus spoke for thee! (106)  
Enough—enough! 'tis o'er—'tis o'er!  
Such festival shall be no more!  
And I must tell, as well I may,  
Thy desolation and decay,—  
Yet could I sing, in glowing strain,  
The glories of that glorious reign,—  
The proud career, from birth to death,—  
Of England's great Elizabeth.

Who, when she passed beyond that bourn,  
From which none ever shall return,  
Long mourned her loss with bitter grief,—  
All heedless, hopeless, of relief,—  
Until the Scottish Monarch James,  
Her royal love and fealty claims :  
He, whom his wondering people saw  
Had no delight in fields of war !  
But, like a pedant, would dispute,  
Till Priest and Bishop both were mute,—  
He, who the glory of his age  
Kept, like a bird, in prison-cage,  
Until, at length, with bitter mock,  
He sent bold Raleigh to the block !  
But royal James loved ease and mirth,  
So came to thee, fair Kenilworth !  
And there sojourned in calm repose,  
All heedless he of pageant-shows !  
Yet scant the records are that tell  
How passed his visit—ill or well :  
But Henry, royal James's son,—  
Whose hopeful course too soon was run,—  
Within thy towers would often stay,  
And spend his hours in martial play :  
'Twas he who sought thy rich domain  
From Leicester's noble son to gain,—

For him that famed Survey was made, (107)  
Which all thy wealth and power displayed,—  
Although he lived not to fulfil  
The purpose of his generous will.  
His brother Charles—the Monarch White—  
In thy fair towers took much delight,  
And when he mounted England's throne,  
He claimed and seized thee for his own.  
And then to make thy Sovereign mirth,  
Within thy halls, O Kenilworth,  
Ben Jonson's "Masque of Owls" was played,  
Which England's follies well portrayed,— (108)  
With satire keen 'twas richly fraught,  
And certain reformations sought,  
Which to enforce, by taunts and mocks,  
Appeared the ghost of Captain Cox!  
Who proudly pranced the hall across,  
Upon his dashing hobby-horse!  
But soon full many a gathering cloud  
Did thy majestic castle shroud,—  
The prelude to that fearful storm,  
Which all thy grandeur did deform,—  
Which hurled with its resistless power  
Destruction o'er each lordly tower!  
Unscathed by elemental wrath,  
Wert thou, O stately Kenilworth!



To Royal Charles—the exiled King—  
For whom all England's bells did ring!  
And who, with heart, and hand, and voice,  
Did at his coming long rejoice,—  
And placed him on his father's throne,  
Her dire rebellion to atone!  
And he, "the Merry Monarch" bold,—  
Of whom strange stories oft are told!  
Gave to his friend Sir Edward Hyde—  
His Chancellor—thy towers of pride,—  
And who, for faithful service done,  
He made first Earl of Clarendon;  
From whom, but through a daughter fair,  
Who was in later years its heir,  
It has descended—still to one  
Who bears the name of Clarendon!  
With him—his country's hope and pride—  
Long may its noble Ruins bide! (110)  
Sweet moon! how radiantly serene  
Thou'rt smiling o'er this beauteous scene!  
Shedding thy soft and silvery beams  
Around the landscape, till it seems  
So lovely in thy hallowed light,  
Almost too pure for mortal sight!  
And still yon old majestic pile  
Is greeted with thy sweetest smile,—

And still thy lustrous beams are shed,  
Around its now time-ravaged head,  
As brightly as when first 'twas seen  
To rise amid the forest green,—  
Or when its giant-towers appeared  
In stern baronial grandeur reared !  
Or when its regal splendour shone !  
Or when its glory all was gone,—  
And the Despoiler's hand, full fraught  
With ruin, had its mission wrought !  
Majestic pile ! thy reign is o'er,—  
Thou'rt fallen now to rise no more,—  
Yet not the less superbly great,  
Though fallen from thine high estate,  
Than what thou wert in days gone by,  
When visited by royalty :  
Then, peerless in thy splendour, thou ;  
Unrivalled in thy Ruins, now !  
Oh ! 'tis a sweet, yet mournful sight,  
To view thee by the pale moonlight,—  
Which seems to fling a holy spell  
O'er thy grey moss-grown walls—where dwell  
The raven and the owl, amid  
The lonely nooks with ivy hid.  
In light and shade alternate blent,  
Are shattered tower and battlement,—

With creeping ivy twined around,—  
With weeds and moss the summit crowned,—  
Rising against the clear blue sky  
In all their native majesty,—  
Although of pomp and power bereft,  
And nought but desolation left.  
Behold the mighty donjon-tower!  
Impregnable in battle-hour!  
Which oft defied, with smile of scorn,  
The power of mightiest mortals born,—  
Till its gigantic walls were riven,  
And roofless to the storms of heaven!  
Though its colossal strength is bowed,  
It still retains its aspect proud,—  
Still wears the same stern frown, as when  
Its battlements with harnessed men  
Were densely crowded, and the sound  
Of hostile arms rang loudly round:  
Where flaunted blazoned banner brave,  
Now the wild weed and brier wave!  
Where watchful warder's horn was wound,  
Now with the jackdaw's cries resound!  
Indomitable tower! the name  
Of dauntless Cæsar, which ye claim,  
Befits thy gallant bearing well,—  
For ye, like him, by treachery fell!

And with his fame thine own may vie,—  
For many an age will yet pass by,  
Ere thou art levelled with the earth,  
Old guardian keep of Kenilworth !  
Those noble Buildings—still the same—  
Which bear the proud Lancastrian name—  
E'en to this day as firmly stand  
As if unscathed by Time's rude hand,—  
Though of their vast dimensions shorn,  
And crested with the weed and thorn,—  
The bat and moping owl's lone haunt ;—  
Yet, like their founder, John o'Gaunt,  
Through storm and shine, through weal and woe,  
They never blenched to friend or foe,  
But dauntlessly endured the fate  
Which on all earthly things doth wait :  
Still seems to spurn their iron frown  
The hinds that pulled their greatness down !  
Mark Leicester's Buildings, how they're rent !  
Which once were so magnificent,—  
And are e'en now, although decay  
Hath swept remorselessly away  
Their matchless splendour ! O'er the wall  
Of that once proud and princely Hall,  
Lichens and creeping shrubs, combined  
With aged dark-green ivy's twined,—

Or in festoons depending low,  
In the breeze rustling to and fro :  
And briers and weeds are growing o'er  
The place where once was oaken floor,—  
And scattered o'er the rugged ground,  
Huge fragments of the walls are found  
Covered with moss : the windows fair,  
That richly blazoned glass once bare,  
Are paneless now,—and in their stead  
The mullions are with ivy spread,  
Whose ever-verdant leaves, you see,  
Are twined around luxuriantly.  
The noble Oriels yet are seen,—  
Though not a relic of their sheen  
Is now remaining,—tempest-torn,  
Defaced, and black, and weather-worn,  
You well may deem them lone and sad,  
Although with ivy richly clad,—  
But still, from one, the gazer may  
A lovely landscape yet survey :  
Where once the crystal Lake did flow,  
Now cattle graze, and wild-flowers grow,—  
And blooming meadows, far and near,  
In bright-hued emerald green appear,—  
And rich luxuriant golden corn,  
Doth many a fertile field adorn ;

And in the distance still may see—  
Almost as far as Honiley, (111)  
The old chase-woods—once thronged with deer,  
And game, through many a changeful year.  
The blooming Pleasaunce, once so gay—  
A paradise in Leicester's day—  
Bedecked with choicest shrubs and flowers,  
And ever-verdant fruitful bowers,—  
Whose varied beauties did unite,  
To fill the senses with delight,—  
For years neglected and decayed,  
Is now an humble garden made :  
Where high-born damsel proudly paced,  
Is now by village-maiden graced,  
With mind as pure, and face as fair,  
And heart as glad, as theirs once were,—  
And who, perchance, may breathe a sigh—  
When musing over times gone by,—  
Contrasting thy now lowly fate  
With what thou wert in regal state.  
The Tilt-yard—once the field of Fame!—  
Where gallant knight and lovely dame,  
Assembled oft on festal day,  
In most magnificent array,—  
Where many a warlike feat was done,—  
Where many a laurel-wreath was won,—

Has long been desolate and lone,  
Its walls and stately gates o'erthrown ;  
Save two rude fragments, which remain  
Close by the winding rural lane,  
O'er which still flows a shallow brook—  
Through flowery mead and shady nook,—  
And which, in olden times, did take  
Its pathway through the noble Lake.  
Opening on to Clinton Green, (112)  
Proud Leicester's Gatehouse yet is seen,  
Where massive strength, most skilfully,  
Is blent with graceful symmetry,—  
And this fine structure still appears  
As vigorous as in former years,—  
Long ere the Spoilers did deflour  
The castle of its pride and power,—  
But O, plebeian brick-and-tile  
Patrician stone-work doth defile !  
Which grieves the antiquarian's eye,  
Who doth such barbarous taste decry !  
In this fair Gate, for many a day,  
And many a year now passed away,  
A worthy yeoman dwelt with pride,—  
And there his son doth still reside: (113)  
There long in honour may he be,—  
In peace and in prosperity ;

And long, O long, to have the care  
Of that sole relic—passing rare—  
Which once did Leicester's Buildings grace,—  
Though here it now hath resting place—  
The chimney-piece "wrought curiouslie," (114)  
Of oak almost like ebony,  
And alabaster pearly white,—  
All highly polished fair and bright :  
On the dark wood may still be seen,  
Memorials of the Virgin Queen—  
E. R. in carving quaint and rich,  
And the round central scutcheon, which  
Her royal arms once proudly bore,—  
But which shall never show them more !  
And on the marble—still so fair—  
The famous ragged-staff and bear !  
And Leicester's ramping lion bold,  
The visitor may yet behold,  
With his initials of R. L.  
And his motto, "Droit et Loyal !"   
But he who doth these Ruins claim,  
Hath now as loyal noble name,—  
And hath high fame and honour won—  
'Tis Villiers, Earl of Clarendon !  
He, who like knight of old, has cast  
Around these relics of the past

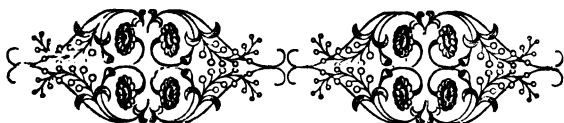


His glorious shield : through good and ill  
Their tried and trusty guardian still.  
'Tis he, whose noble mind has shown—  
As to all Warwickshire is known—  
That anxious care which still prevents  
The havock which the elements  
Would often make with tower and wall,—  
Which, crumbling, stone from stone would fall,  
Until these time-worn Ruins grey  
Would like a shadow pass away.  
Auspiciously hast thou begun  
Thy bright career O Clarendon !  
For ere thou might'st thine Earldom claim,  
Thou wert Ambassador in Spain,—  
Where thou—Victoria's Envoy tried—  
Didst long with fame and honour bide.  
But when upon thy brow was set,  
Thy earldom's ancient coronet,  
Thou wert the chosen of thy Queen,  
As Erin's Viceroy, well I ween,—  
Whose interest thou didst make thine own,—  
And words and deeds full well have shown,  
How much thy patriot-heart did feel  
For thy loved native country's weal.  
But England, proud of thy renown,  
Did all thy loyal service crown,

By claiming thee, with heart and voice,—  
The special Envoy of her choice,—  
To be the umpire of her fate,  
In that great council held of late,  
On that dread question “Peace or War?”  
Which all the world with wonder saw:  
There didst thou stand, as all will own,  
Fearless and free—almost alone;  
Like British Statesman, firm and true,  
Thou bravely didst thy duty do,  
Nor let our Foe’s smooth sophists’ blind  
Thy clear and penetrating mind,—  
And had our friend not proved a foe,  
Thou hadst wrought Russia wail and woe!  
Though on the glorious rolls of Fame  
Hath long been traced thy noble name,—  
Though in thy country’s grateful heart  
Thou long hast had immortal part,—  
Though in that chancel-window fair,  
Which tells of pious Butler’s care, (115)  
Within the church of Kenilworth,  
Amidst thy Peers in rank and birth,  
Thy shield of arms is blazoned rich,—  
Last, yet not least, amongst those which  
O’er these proud Ruins once held sway,—  
Who in their high and palmy day

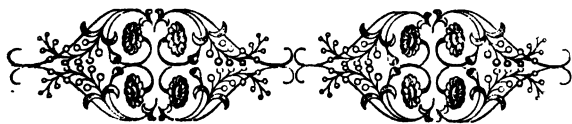
Were long illustrious on the earth,—  
Yet never one possessed more worth,  
Nor England more distinguished son,  
Than thou, most noble Clarendon.  
Though 'midst the wise, and good, and great,  
Hath ever been thy happy state,  
Yet wilt thou condescend to smile  
Upon a lowly Bard awhile,  
And listen to his simple strain,  
Which hath been wrought with toil and pain ?  
In which he long hath placed his trust  
To raise his fortunes from the dust,—  
And which, by kind permission free,  
He dedicates for aye to thee.





# The Ruins of Kenilworth.

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FAREWELL.







THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

Farewell.

FAIR Kenilworth! farewell—farewell!
Though sorrow doth my bosom swell,—
Yet still, methinks, I could abide
For aye amidst thy wreck of pride!
It may not be—the wish is vain!
I ne'er may see thy towers again!
How much I feel no tongue can tell,—
I scarce can sigh farewell! farewell!

Proud Kenilworth! farewell—farewell!
The deep-toned solemn midnight bell
Tolls sadly on the fitful breeze,—
Till the last sound, faint by degrees,
Has with the night-wind died away!
I may no longer lingering stay,
Though round my heart ye've twined a spell.—
I scarce can breathe farewell! farewell!





The Ruins of Kenilworth.

NOTES.







THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH.

Notes.

KING PRINCE ARTHUR, the celebrated King of Britain, flourished from about A. D. 480 to 550, according to Nennius, the oldest and almost the only historian from whom we derive any authentic information respecting this ancient and popular British hero,—but whose existence as an historical personage, as well as that of other remarkable men, it is now the fashion to deny; and the literati of the present day have laboured hard to prove that King Arthur, Robin Hood, &c. had no real existence, and can only be regarded as mythological personifications.

The kingdom of Arthur, erroneously considered to have been Cornwall, was situated in Northern Britain, the mistake probably arising from the similarity of the name Dumnonii to that of Damnii. The five following states constituted this kingdom which was designated Berneich, but eventually corrupted by the Saxons into Bernicia:—The Damnii inhabited the country from the Forth to the Clyde, including the districts of Lothian and Clydesdale, the Rampart of Antoninus forming its northern boundary: the other four tribes lay between the Damnii and the wall of Severus, which crossed the island from the Tyne to the Solway,—the Ottadeni held the eastern coast, comprising Berwickshire and the greater part of Northumberland,—the Cadeni occupied the west, in Tynedale, Reedsdale, and Teviotdale,—the Selgovæ peopled Dumfriesshire,—and the Novantes tenanted the peninsula of Galloway. Nennius relates that King “Arthur fought against the Saxons in those days, in alliance with the Kings of the Britons, but his was the command.” Having mentioned twelve battles, he adds,

all his wars he was victorious."—The Battle of the Glen, his first triumph, was fought near the capital of Bernicia, at the mouth of the river Glen, which falls into the Till, in the northern part of Northumberland, within the country of the Ottadeni. Four battles followed, on the banks of the little river Dunglas, which formed the southern boundary of Lothian. The sixth victory was gained near the river Bassas, most probably intended for the strait which separates the "Bass" from the mainland,—which is an isolated rock in the Frith of Forth, near North Berwick. Having repelled the invasion of his own kingdom, and advanced into the territory of his enemies, he gained his next victory, the Battle of the Grampions, in the country of their allies the Picts, within the boundaries of the Caledonian Forest. Arthur fought his next battle, according to Nennius, in aid of the Iceni, at Castle Gurnion, identical with the Roman station of Garionenum, near Yarmouth; when the invading Saxons, completely routed, fled to their ships. The next victory gained by Arthur in support of his oppressed countrymen was at *Caer-Legion*, on the river Usk, afterwards Exeter. This success was followed by others equally decisive, until the Saxons were intercepted in their flight at the river Brue, where they received another signal defeat. They then fell back on *Agned Cathbregion*, the modern Cadbury, and were again completely routed. They made their final stand at Mount Badon, or the hill of Banedoun, near Bath; which is the last battle of King Arthur, as recorded by Nennius, which is also mentioned by Gildas, and repeated, on his authority, by Bede.

In that ancient and very curious romance, entitled "The noble hystories of kynge Arthur and certeyn of his knyghtes, which was reduced (from French) in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory, knyght, and emprynted and fynysshed in thabbey of Westmestre, the last day of Juyl, the yere of our lord m.cccc.lxxxv." by William Caxton, the first English Printer, we learn that Prince Arthur was the son of King Vter Pendragon and the beauteous Ingrayne, Duchess of Cornwall; and, by the help of Merlin the great magician, reigned King of Britain in 516, when he subdued the Saxons, conquered Denmark, and Norway, triumphed over the Saracens, and instituted the famous Round Table at Winchester, which was eventually honoured with 150 knights. Whilst he was "abroad in these noble and heroical employments," his nephew Mordred, to whom he had confided the government of his kingdom, usurped the crown. On being informed of his treachery, Arthur hastened home, and landed

at Dover, where he found Mordred at the head of an army, who opposed his landing, but whom he subsequently defeated in two battles, and at length slew, with the loss of his own life, after a reign of sixteen years, and was buried at Glastonbury in Somersetshire, where his tomb is still to be seen. Also, at St. Edward's shrine, in Westminster Abbey, the impression of his seal in red wax is preserved, on which is written "Patricius Arthurus, Britannie, Galie, Germanie, Dacie, Imperator." Also in Dover Castle is exhibited Gawayne's skull, and Cradock's mantle: and at other places Launcelot's sword, with many other relics. At Winchester the Round Table is still in existence in the County Hall, formerly the ancient Chapel of St. Stephen in Winchester Castle, and which, according to Paulus Jovius, who lived about three hundred years ago, was shown by King Henry VIII. to his visitor the Emperor Charles V. as the actual table made and placed there by King Arthur himself. It is of massive carved oak: in the centre a rose within a circle, from which radiate twenty-four compartments, each bearing the name of a knight, in one of which is a carved figure of King Arthur throned and crowned, with a sceptre in his hand.

The battle with Mordred, where Arthur was mortally wounded is asserted to have been at Camlam in Cornwall, from whence he was conveyed by sea to Glastonbury, where he died and was buried. His death was long concealed, and Taliesin sang that Morgana, to whom he was entrusted, had promised to heal his wounds; and afterwards a wild tale was spread amongst the people that he had left the world for an enchanted region, from which he would issue at some future crisis to lead his countrymen again to victory. This illusion was probably intended to avert the popular vengeance from Mordred and his adherents. At all events, the return of Arthur was anxiously expected for many ages.

In the notable history of Prince Arthur, we read that after having killed Mordred with the thrust of his spear, and receiving a mortal wound on the head from Mordred's sword in return, that Arthur sent Sir Bedivere to cast his own famous sword Excaliber into the water, where it was received by the Lady of the Lake, from whom Arthur had originally obtained it; and who came in a splendid barge, attended by many fair damsels, all attired in black, and, with great wailing and weeping, placed Arthur amongst them and so rowed away.

Giraldus Cambrensis and William of Malmesbury, were living at the time, relate that in the year 1189 remains of King Arthur were sought for in the cemete

Glastonbury Abbey, on the traditions of the Welsh Bards, by the Abbot, Henry de Soili, at the command of King Henry II. Between two stone pillars, at a depth of seven feet below the surface, a leaden cross was found under a stone with the inscription "*Hic jacet sepultus inclitus Rex Arthurus in insula Avallonia.*" Nine feet below this the remains of Arthur appeared, enclosed in the trunk of an oak; but nothing but dust and bones remained. The leg-bones were of large size, being three-fingers longer than those of the tallest man present. The skull showed ten wounds—nine healed, and one open, probably caused by the blow which proved fatal. Near the same spot were found the remains of his wife, whose long yellow hair appeared perfect until touched. The remains of both were placed in a splendid shrine within the abbey; which afterwards, by command of King Edward I. were placed before the high altar; who, with his Queen, visited this shrine in 1276. William of Malmesbury gives the inscription and figures which appeared on the five-sided stone pillars, twenty-six feet high, that marked the spot where the bodies were buried, and which long remained, although unintelligible at the time of the discovery.

For further particulars of Prince Arthur I beg to refer my readers to his "most antient and famous history," as printed by William Caxton in 1485, and reprinted in 1634, and 1816: also to Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, and to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1842.

(2) Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, Golyddan, and Merdhin or Merlin the Caledonian, were British Bards who flourished in the sixth century, whose existence and writings have been established by Sharon Turner and others. They recorded the prowess of Urien, Arthur, and other celebrated British chiefs, during their struggle against the Saxon invaders of Britain: their poems are still in existence, which describe, in language glowing with the fire of patriotic valour, the feelings aroused by victory, defeat, or death.

(3) In the history of King Arthur, his friend and counsellor, Merlin, is represented as a magician, a prophet, and "a devil's son." Arthur's father, Vter Pendragon, was indebted to Merlin for the friendship of the Duchess of Cornwall, and for victory over his enemies. Arthur himself was under the care of Merlin from his infancy; and he afterwards became his guardian and adviser; obtained for him his celebrated sword Caliburn or Excaliber (*s. e. hard-*

cleaver) from the Lady of the Lake; enabled him to triumph over his foes; and made many wonderful prophecies. But Merlin, at last, "fell in a dotage" on one of the Damsels of the Lake, who, after obtaining from him the secrets of his magic art, by her "subtle craft and working" prevailed upon him to enter an enchanted rock, "to let her wit of the marvels there," when she "so wrought that he never came out again for all his craft," and so died.

(4) The Saxon Chronicle says that the Kings of England subdued all Wales, took hostages, and levied tribute. In 1063 Harold invaded Wales with a large army, and defeated Griffith King of North Wales, afterwards killed by Caradoc ap Gryffyth, the son of Gryffyth King of South Wales, who sent his head to Harold in token of their entire submission. Harold, having conquered the Welsh, erected a palace at Portscuit, and many fortresses, to keep them in subjection, returned in triumph to his sovereign, Edward the Confessor. Pennant asserts that about 143 castles were to be found in Wales, the ruins of many of which remain to this day. These fortresses were most probably built by the Saxons, although afterwards occupied by the Normans. It is presumed that Harold also built the church of Portscuit, the tower of which has still a rough military appearance. The Saxon invasion of Wales was not the first, as it had been occupied by the Romans for 330 years,—that is, from the time of Vespasian, to their evacuation of Britain in 408.

(5) King Edward I. having determined by force of arms to annex both Wales and Scotland to the English crown, and to unite the whole island of Britain under one sovereign, invaded Wales in 1277 on the pretext that Prince Llewellyn had refused to obey his summons to do homage to him as one of the great vassals of England; although Llewellyn had refused on the plea that Edward harboured all his rebellious Welsh subjects, and had captured at sea on their voyage to Wales, from France, his affianced wife Elinor de Montfort, and her brother, whom he still detained without any just cause. Edward advanced into Wales with a powerful army; and, after a series of desperate engagements, in which he was almost uniformly victorious, Llewellyn was slain at Bualth, in the valley of the river Wye, his head cut off and sent to London, where it was placed on the Tower, crowned with willow, in fulfilment of a prophecy by or some other seer, that the Welsh should regain the supremacy over Britain, and their Prince be crowned. Shortly afterwards his brother David

Sovereign Prince of Wales, was captured, tried, and executed as a traitor, having broken his allegiance to Edward as an English Baron. Thus Wales was subdued, and annexed to the English crown; and Edward conferred the title of Prince of Wales on his son Edward, who was born at Carnarvon Castle, afterwards Edward II.—which has been perpetuated to the present day. About twenty years afterwards Madoc and other chiefs again attempted to achieve their independence, but in vain: although the hanging or execution of the Welsh Bards, as celebrated in Gray's Ode "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!" can scarcely be attributed to Edward, as the circumstance is *first* mentioned by a writer who lived three centuries afterwards.

(6) The Saxon Heptarchy comprised the following kingdoms:—Kent, containing that county only, was founded by Hengist in 454, and ended in 823.—South Saxons, containing Sussex and Surrey, was founded by Ella in 491, and ended in 685.—East Saxons, containing Essex and Middlesex, was founded by Erchenwin in 527, and ended 827.—Northumberland, containing Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Westmerland, Cumberland, and Northumberland, was founded by Ida in 547, and ended in 827.—Mercia, containing Huntingdon, Rutland, Lincoln, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Oxford, Chester, Salop, Gloucester, Worcester, Stafford, Warwick, Buckingham, Bedford, and Hertford, was founded by Creda in 582, and ended in 827.—East Angles, containing Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Isle of Ely, was founded by Uffa in 575, and ended in 792.—West Saxons, containing Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, Hants, and Berks, was founded by Cherdic in 519, and ended in 828. Egbert, the seventeenth King of the West Saxons, having destroyed the Saxon Heptarchy, was crowned first King of all England at Winchester in 827, where he was buried in 837.

(7) Although Ethelbert, fifth King of Kent, from 568 to 616, was the first Christian Saxon Monarch; yet when Hengist and Horsa arrived, about 450, they found Christianity the prevailing religion of Britain, which was most probably introduced during the dominion of the Romans; and it is presumed, also, by that great apostle of the Gentiles—St. Paul. British Christianity having been destroyed by Saxon Paganism—except, perhaps, in Wales—Pope Gregory the Great, pitying the benighted condition of Britain, appointed Augustine, the Prior of St. Andrew's Convent at Rome, assisted by forty monks, to re-establish

the true faith, by the conversion of the Pagan Saxon Kings. They landed on the Isle of Thanet in 597, and proceeded to the court of Ethelbert, whose wife Bertha, daughter or sister of Charibert King of Paris, was a Christian, enjoying the free exercise of her religion, and whose influence procured Augustine a favourable reception; and at length prevailed upon her husband to receive the rite of baptism on the day of Pentecost. On Christmas Day ten thousand of his subjects followed the example of Ethelbert, who, according to Bede, had previously given a ruined British church to Augustine, situated without the walls of Canterbury. Pope Gregory, as a reward for his zealous services made Augustine Archbishop of Canterbury, and conferred the Primacy of all England on the capital of Kent; which it still retains.

(8) The Christian Religion, after being introduced into Kent by Augustine, who died in 604, rapidly spread through the remaining six kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy, and in less than ninety years from the arrival of Augustine in 597, it was firmly established over the whole of England. The introduction of the Gospel into the powerful kingdom of Mercia, was, as in several preceding cases, the consequence of a royal marriage. Peada, son of the terrible Penda, King of Mercia, in whom Christianity had found its most inveterate enemy, during his father's lifetime solicited the hand of Alchfleda, daughter of Oswy King of Northumberland; but as the Princess refused to accept a Pagan, Peada before his marriage abjured his idols, and became a Christian, taking with him back to Mercia four priests, who were successful in the conversion of his father's subjects,—who tolerated their labours, although refusing to be baptized himself. Wherever the Christian faith has been introduced it has always found its most zealous advocates amongst the female sex, not only by its intrinsic excellence, but by its tendency to raise them to an equality with the lords of the creation. This was remarkably exemplified among the Anglo-Saxons, as their women acquired an influence in society unknown to the most polished nations of antiquity,—and while their Princesses refused to marry any but Christian Princes and Kings, it is most probable that in innumerable instances among the lower orders of the people that “the unbelieving husband was converted by the believing wife.” It is a remarkable fact that the conversion of Saxon England from Paganism to Christianity was accomplished without violence,—no convert was compulsorily made; no preacher was martyred; and the zeal of the missionaries was rewarded by the ready and willing assent of both princes and people.

(9) Kenelm, fourteenth King of Mercia, flourished in 819. Tradition asserts that King Arthur first built the castle of Kenilworth, which, after being reduced to a ruinous condition in the wars of that barbarous age, was repaired and restored to its original state by Kenelm King of Mercia. This was alluded to by the Lady of the Lake in her speech to Queen Elizabeth, as penned for her by Master George Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, Warwickshire, sometime Lord of Misrule in the Court, and which, I regret to say, I have accidentally omitted in my Poem. Sir William Dugdale, in his History of Warwickshire, says that the origin of the castle of Kenilworth was popularly attributed to Kenelm; but, whoever the founder might be, it was certainly demolished in the wars between Edmund Ironside and Canute the Dane in 1016. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was called Killingworth, although that interesting personage, Master Robert Laneham, in his very amusing letter descriptive of the splendid entertainment of her Majesty by the Earl of Leicester, contends that it should be Kenilworth. Dugdale asserts, that "Kenil" must be the name of some ancient proprietor; but, as it was originally spelt Kenulworth, it was doubtful whether that name was Kenelm or Kenulph: and as the Saxon word "worth" denotes a mansion or dwelling-place, the two joined together would signify Kenil's, Kenelm's, or Kenulph's castle, court, or place.

The following lines should have commenced the speech of the Lady of the Lake in the Poem (page 189):—

"Most gracious and most puissant Dame,
To bid you welcome here I came:
Welcome—for King Arthur's sake—
Unto this regal 'Lodge and Lake,'
Which here he built, by Merlin's aid,
And well for war and peace arrayed:
Welcome—mighty Sovereign Queen—
To royal Kenelm's fair demesne,
Who to its splendour, as of yore,
This shattered castle did restore:
And I, the 'Ladye of the Lake,'
Your Grace's joyful welcome make:
And noble Leicester, well I ween,
Doth welcome here his glorious Queen:
Welcome to these lordly towers," &c.

(10) The Anglo-Saxon population was divided into two classes—noble and ignoble—represented by the Eorls and Ceorls, or in modern language Earls and Churls. The eldest of the Saxon Kings appear to have borne the title of

Atheling.—Ealdormen, were princes of the royal blood.—Eorls or Eorlcundmen, and Thaness, were the titles of their nobility, who bore the general name of Twelfhaendmen, *i. e.* men with twelve hands.—Sithcundmen or Sixhaendmen, *i. e.* men with six hands, were the gentry.—The inferior classes were designated Ceorls, or Twihaendmen, *i. e.* men with only two hands.—The Serfs, Servi, or Theowes, were bondmen, and the Ancillæ bondwomen, employed as labourers, and receiving wages and maintenance from their Lords.—The Coliberti were of a rank between Servi and Liberi, doing the work of a Serf, and yet holding land as a manumitted Villain; yet they were not absolutely free.—Cottarii or Cottagers, rented small portions of land.—Bordarii, or Boors, held a bord or cottage, and land, and paid their rent in provisions.—Villani, Villains, or Villagers were the Lord's farmers or tenants.—Socmanni, Socmen, were privileged Villains, whose tenures, although copyhold, were nearly equal to freehold. These various classes of Ceorls were held in different degrees of bondage and servitude by their Lords, who could sell them with the land, or in some cases without it, at his pleasure; yet they were not oppressed, and their condition appears to have been well suited to the times in which they lived; and we find no trace of any popular rebellion in Saxon history,—although, after the Conquest, the Norman Barons treated their Saxon Servi and Villani very little better than their hogs.

(11) Falconry, or Hawking, is the art of training falcons or hawks to pursue and kill other birds. This sport appears to have been introduced into England from the continent about the middle of the eighth century, and soon became a favourite with the Anglo-Saxon Kings and nobility; and subsequently the training and flying of hawks was considered an indispensable accomplishment for a young man of rank. Alfred the Great is said by Asser, his biographer, to have written a treatise on this subject; and also Edward the Confessor. Under the Norman sway none but persons of the highest distinction were allowed to keep them: and many severe statutes were made for the preservation both of eggs and birds, under fines and imprisonment, by our Sovereigns, from the Forest Charter of King John to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In some cases, stealing and concealing a hawk was felony: in others, the penalty was excommunication. In Domesday Book a "hawk's airy" is mentioned as valuable property. Persons of rank rarely appeared without a hawk perched on their fist: and they were considered of sufficient value to be bequeathed by will, as well as to be

presented as royal gifts: Winifred, or Boniface, Archbishop of Mons, presented one hawk and two falcons to Ethelbert, King of Kent; and Edward III. received a falcon-gentle as a present from the King of Scotland. Hawking was forbidden to the clergy by the canons of the church: but ladies of rank were frequently very partial to this sport, and drawings are in existence in the Royal Library showing them engaged in this amusement both on foot and on horseback in the fourteenth century. Also, in the Cotton Library are drawings of Saxon hawking in the ninth century. At the beginning of the seventeenth century hawking was in the zenith of its glory, but seemed to be almost forgotten at its close, owing to the improvements in firearms. The Duke of Saint Albans is the hereditary Grand Falconer of England: and every nobleman and gentleman entitled to keep hawks had his Falconer, who had the management of them. In the celebrated treatise, entitled "The Boke of Saint Albans," by Dame Juliana Berners, we find that the hawk was hoodwinked with a cap or hood made to fit the head, and worn at all times, except when flying at the game. The hand was protected from the hawk's talons by a glove, often richly embroidered, when the bird was carried on "the fist." The jesses were straps of leather fastened about the hawk's legs, and made sufficiently long for the knots to appear between the middle and the little fingers of the hand that held them, so that the lures or thongs attached to the jesses with two tyrrits or rings might be wound round the little finger: sometimes the jesses were made of silk. The hawk's legs were adorned with bells—one on each leg—fastened with rings of leather, or bewits, and to these was fastened the creance or long thread, which was used, in training, to reclaim or pull back the hawk after having been allowed to fly a short distance. The bells were to be of equal weight, not too heavy to impede the flight of the bird, one a semitone beneath the other, sonorous, shrill, and musical: those made at Milan were the best, for they were "sounded with silver." The lure was of various kinds, to bring the hawk back again to the Falconer,—the figure of a bird with a bell attached, or the tasseled hood of the bird swung round the Falconer's head. Hawking was followed on horseback in the fields and open country; and on foot in woods and coverts, the sportsman carrying a stout pole to assist him in leaping over brooks and ditches. The month of October was particularly devoted to this sport by the Saxons. Falconry, like Hunting, was protected by our ancestors by royal and legislative enactments, and, as a science, was governed by its own peculiar regulations.

Hunting, far more ancient than Hawking, which, in the infancy of nations, is essential for individual maintenance, as civilisation advances gradually assumes the form of an amusement. Long before the ninth century hunting formed part of the education of a Saxon nobleman. Asser asserts that King Alfred was a most expert hunter, and the Saxon, Danish, and Norman Monarchs appear to have been equally partial to this recreation. It was usually followed on horse-back, with dogs, spears, horns, &c. but sometimes on foot, with bows and arrows, or slings, &c. Wolves, boars, and wild deer, were the principal beasts of chase; although goats, foxes, hares, and other animals were frequently sought after. Saxon and early English MSS. give representations of hunting both by lords and ladies. In Saxon times the laws respecting hunting were mild and liberal, every landholder being allowed to hunt upon his own land; although none were suffered to interfere with royal hunting parties. But under the Normans the forest-laws were very oppressive: the life of a peasant not being considered of more value than a beast of chase. In the reign of King Edward I. hunting was reduced to a perfect science, and its practice regulated by established rules.

(12) The Anglo-Saxons were certainly acquainted with the use of the bow; and also the Danes: and it is probable that this weapon was introduced into Britain by the Romans, archers being mentioned as forming part of their armies during their occupation. In the Cotton Library there is a Saxon MS. of the eighth century with drawings of archers,—one accompanied by a dog, having a bent bow in his hand and a quiver of arrows at his back; and the other, with a bent bow and arrow fixed, in the act of shooting upwards, and carrying several dead birds in his girdle. Representations of the bow frequently occur in Saxon MSS. and in one of the tenth century there is a bow depicted curiously ornamented, and having the head and tail of a serpent carved at the ends: the arrow has a broad spear-head. During the Saxon Heptarchy we find that Offrid, a son of Edwin King of Northumberland, was killed by an arrow in a battle with the Mercians and Welsh near Hatfield, Yorkshire, about 633. About 870 the Danes killed Edmund King of the East Angles with arrows, having taken him prisoner and tied him to a tree for the Danish archers to shoot to death. According to Polydore Virgil, both Danes and Saxons used the bow in warfare, for he says that Alf, the brother of Ethelred, commanded a great number

archers on the right wing of the army. In North Britain the bow was known as early as in the South. If the poems of Ossian may be taken as evidence, the bow was uniformly the weapon of the warrior and hunter, and the yew was the wood of which it was formed. Also, in the lays of the ancient Welsh Bards the bow was familiarly mentioned, and they appear to have been as expert archers as the Saxons. Consequently the bow was not introduced into England by the Normans at the Conquest; although it appears that the Saxons under Harold had no archers at the memorable battle of Hastings, while the Normans used both long-bow and cross-bow.

The Saxon bow was short, apparently similar to that used by the Greeks and Romans, and having the appearance of two bows joined together, from a bending-in of the centre at the place where it is grasped by the left hand. The Saxons appear to have drawn the bowstring to the breast, instead of up to the right ear, consequently the force and precision of the arrow was far inferior to the practice of the long-bow after the Conquest, when the English archers became the terror of Europe from their matchless skill and strength, as attested by many a glorious battle-field in English history.

The Saxons also were expert in killing birds and even beast by means of the sling and stone, as represented in a Saxon MS. in the Cotton Library.

(13) As it is probable that the very beautiful song, "Thou soft-flowing Avon," which is here alluded to, is not so extensively known as it deserves to be, I have transcribed it, in the hope of once more establishing it as a favourite with all those who have "music in their souls," and are "pleased with the concord of sweet sounds." The words were written by the celebrated David Garrick, and formed Air vi. in the Ode which he recited, and which was sung at the memorable Jubilee in honour of the immortal William Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of September, 1769. The air, which was composed by the great Dr. Arne, who conducted the musical portion of the Jubilee, is plaintive, yet replete with elegant and flowing melody. My own copy, published by G. Walker, 106, Great Portland-street, London, about the year 1800, in the key of E. 3 flats, 3-4 time, Larghetto.—An interesting account of the great Shaksperian Jubilee including Garrick's much admired Ode, and other poetical compositions, is given in the History of Stratford-upon-Avon by H. B. Wheeler.

AIR VI.

Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakspeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon! in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

(14) Our Saxon ancestors were noted for their partiality to a profusion of coarse food, and an equally abundant supply of beverages. Their favourite animal was the hog, which was frequently roasted whole, and served up with herbs, and bore the name of "Barbacue." Although they possessed horses, asses, cows, sheep, and goats, yet they appeared to set the most value on swine, which they kept in great numbers, as they could be cheaply fed in the immense forests which then existed, on the acorns or mast of the oak, and beech: it is, perhaps, not generally known that our word bacon is derived from *bucon* the ancient name of beech mast. In Domesday Book there are frequent returns of "pannage" or swines' food; and swine were frequently bequeathed by will,—one nobleman leaving two thousand as a portion for his daughters; and in Saxon MSS. there are many drawings existing of them, in common with other animals, and implements of agriculture. Their ploughing was performed principally if not exclusively by oxen. They possessed fowls and geese; their bread was made both of wheat and barley; and they manufactured cheese. Henry of Huntingdon relates that the Anglo-Saxon Kings were "so generous and bountiful that they commanded four royal banquets to be served up every day to their courtiers, choosing rather to have much superfluity at their tables than the least deficiency." They were, like other northern nations much addicted to drinking,—ale was their principal liquor, made as now from malted barley, but hops were not

used in England until about the end of the fifteenth century; and Henry VIII. commanded that no hops should be used in ale; but this edict was repealed in the next reign. It is not surprising that malt-liquor, so well suited to the constitution of Englishmen, is still our national beverage, as it has descended to us without intermission from our Saxon forefathers—a period of more than a thousand years. The Saxons also were partial to mead and metheglin, prepared from honey, frequently mentioned by their bards,—mead was the strongest and richest liquor of the two. They also made a liquor, called Morat, composed of honey and the juice of mulberries, also Pigment, which was a sweet liquor, of honey, wine, and spices. Wine was expressed from the grape by means of the wine-press, but it was only used by the wealthy portion of the community.

The well-known appellation “stag-of-ten” denoted that the animal was of mature age, and had ten tines or branches on his antlers.

(15) Woden or Odin was the supreme divinity of the Northern nations, and introduced into Britain by the Saxons. He was the god of battles: his palace was the Valhalla, where the departed souls of heroes enjoyed immortal felicity,—spending the day in hunting and fighting, and the night in feasting and drinking. The Saxons named Wednesday after this god, which they called “Woden’s daeg.”

Friga or Frea was the wife of Woden—the father and mother of all the Saxon gods. Friday derives its name from her day—“Friga’s daeg.”

Thor was the eldest son of Woden and Friga. He was believed to reign over the aerial regions; to launch the thunder; point the lighting; and direct the meteors, winds, and storms. Thursday was consecrated to him, called “Thor’s daeg.”

From the idol of the Sun we derive Sunday—“Sun’s daeg.”

From the Moon, Monday—“Moon’s daeg.”

From “Tuisco,” Tuesday—“Tuisco’s daeg.”

From “Seater,” Saturday—“Seater’s daeg.”

Thus the names of the days of the week are derived from Saxon idols.

(16) Egbert, King of Wessex, first sole King of England, defeated the Mercians, who had invaded his kingdom, at the battle of Elyndome, near Wilton, in Wiltshire, about the year 826, and shortly afterwards attached Mercia and all its dependencies to Wessex.

(17) About the year 878, Hubba, a Danish King, with nearly a thousand of his followers, were slain in attempting to besiege Oddune, the Earl of Devonshire, in his castle at Kinwith, near the mouth of the river Tau; and their dreaded raven banner, which had been embroidered in one noon-tide by the three daughters of the great Lodbroke, with magical incantations, and whose moving wings were believed to foretell the success or failure of any enterprise, was captured by the Saxons.

(18) *Æthlingay*, or the Isle of Nobles,—otherwise called *Athelney*, or the Prince's Island. It contained about two acres of firm ground situated in the centre of an immense bog formed by the stagnant waters of the rivers Thone and Parret in Somersetshire. In this inaccessible and fortified retreat King Alfred collected his nobles and warriors; and then, being anxious to ascertain the force of his Danish enemies, he disguised himself as a minstrel or harper, and went to the tents of Guthrum and his principal nobles: having obtained the information he required, he returned; and hearing of the death of Hubba at Kinwith, and the capture of their enchanted raven-banner, he summoned the men of Wessex to meet him at Eghert's stone, on the east of Selwood Forest. The summons was obeyed; and at the battle of Ethandune, seven weeks after Easter, the Danes were completely defeated, and at a place called "Slaughterford," on the Avon, there was a vast number slain. Guthrum, and the remnant of his force, took refuge in a fortified position, but were compelled to surrender as prisoners by Alfred: Guthrum was baptized as a Christian under the name of Athelstan, and a large portion of England on the east and north took the name of the "Dane-lagh," or Dane-law,—having been granted to Guthrum and the Danes by Alfred for the purpose of affording them a peaceful settlement.

(19) The massacre of the Danes by the Saxons on the festival of St. Brice, November 13, 1002, by command of King Ethelred, was provoked by the oppressive and insulting conduct of these barbarian invaders, who had supreme rule in every house, compelling the Saxons to perform the most menial offices for them, cruelly illtreating their wives and daughters, and beating, maiming, and murdering their hosts at pleasure. This, in addition to the oppressive and degrading tax, called the "Dane-gelt" imposed on the Saxons to pay the contributions so frequently levied by their Danish invaders as the price of peace, at length aro-

the deadly hatred of the Anglo-Saxons, who attacked by surprise, and massacred them all, without distinction of age, sex, or quality, and so the realm was "well rid." But when this was known in Denmark, Sweyn, the King, assembled all his choicest warriors, every one being a free man, the son of a free man, and in the prime of life, to revenge this fearful slaughter of his countrymen, and invaded England, burning and destroying every town in their progress, and murdering their inhabitants, being unopposed by the Saxon armies through the treachery of their leaders. After some years of bloodshed and devastation, Sweyn was declared King of England.

(20) Sir William Dugdale, in his History of Warwickshire, says that a castle existed at Kenilworth even in Saxon times, but that it was certainly demolished in the wars between Edmund Ironside and Canute the Dane. As no records exist to prove the fact, or relate the circumstances attending its destruction, I have ventured to use "a poet's licence" for that purpose. But, I think, on mature consideration, there is every reason to believe—from the name it bears, and from the traditions associated with it, for tradition is always founded on fact, however much the truth may be distorted by the exaggerations inseparable from its transmission to us from age to age,—that a castle did exist during the Saxon era, and that it was founded or restored by Kenelm or Kenulph, King of Mercia about the year 819: We have no evidence to prove when it was destroyed; but it did not exist at the Conquest, or it would have been mentioned in Domesday Book.

(21) On the death of Sweyn, his son Canute the Dane claimed the crown of England, but he was opposed by Edmund, surnamed Ironside for his courage in the field and his wisdom in council, who was a son of the late Saxon King Ethelred. Edmund was crowned at Kingston-on-Thames in April 1016; and Canute was crowned at Southampton. After fighting five pitched battles with Canute, and twice relieving London, William of Malmesbury says that Edmund challenged Canute to settle their claims to the crown by single combat; which he refused, but said it would be far wiser to divide England equally between them, as their forefathers had done, "rather than that so many lives should be perilled and lost for their ambition." After the battle of Assendon, in Essex, won by Canute, it was agreed at a conference held on the island of Alderley in the Severn, Gloucester-

shire, that Canute should reign over the North of England, and Edmund over the South, with a nominal superiority over the Danes. But Edmund was murdered at Oxford on St. Andrew's day before he had reigned a year, suspected by the treachery of Canute, who thus became sole King of England.

(22) In the chapel of St. Edward, in Westminster Abbey, the shrine of Edward the Confessor, the last Saxon King of England, still remains. The present shrine was erected by King Henry III. in 1269 to receive the remains of St. Edward who died in 1065, which were removed from the shrine built for them by Henry II. on his canonization by Pope Alexander III. in 1163. This shrine, once "the glory of England," was much frequented by pilgrims and devotees, who, in the excess of their zeal, carried away even the dust from his tomb as a memorial of their visit. According to a record in the Tower,—*"Parl. Roll, 51st of Henry III.—King Henry III. with consent of the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, pledged the jewels belonging to the body and shrine of Edward the Confessor to foreigners, being necessitated on account of heavy emergencies; the value of the said jewels was £2,557 4s. 8d."*

(23) The only right of William Duke of Normandy to the crown of England was by the sword of conquest, although he founded his claim on the verbal promise of Edward the Confessor, and also by his will, which however he never produced. It was doubtless the wish of Edward the Confessor that the Norman Duke should succeed him on the throne, with whom he had lived like a brother under the same roof for many years; having found shelter in Normandy from the age of thirteen to that of forty, when he became King. But although the will of a popular Monarch had some weight, it was not binding on the Saxon people until confirmed by the Witenagemot, or Parliament. The crown of England was thus elective. This fact is proved by the irregularity of the succession; for we frequently see the brother of a deceased King preferred to all his sons; or a younger son put over the head of the eldest. Consequently, as William made no appeal to the Witenagemot, and was not chosen as their King, he could have no other title to the crown of England than that of a usurper.

(24) As the Saxon royal race ended in Edward the Confessor, or only survived in an imbecile boy, it became imperative to look for a successor capable of perpe-

the glory of the Saxon name, and consequently the brave, skilful, and experienced Harold,—the defender of the Saxon cause, the near relative by marriage of their late King, and the eldest son of their deceased idol the great Godwin, Earl of Kent,—was unanimously chosen King by the people of England.

The memorable events connected with the Battle of Hastings, fought on Saturday the 14th of October 1066, between Harold King of England and William Duke of Normandy are well known,—and full particulars may be found in Knight's Pictorial History of England; and also in Duncan's interesting Lives of the Dukes of Normandy.—According to the Roll made at St. Valery, the Norman invading army numbered 60,000 men, who were conveyed in about 610 vessels. The fleet put to sea on St. Michael's Day, 29th of September, 1066, and a landing was effected unopposed on the next day at Bulverhithe, between Pevensey and Hastings. William marched at once on Hastings, constructed a fortified camp, and set up two wooden towers which he had brought with him, where he placed his provisions: he also occupied the old Roman castle of Pevensey with a strong detachment, and sent out numerous foraging parties that overran the surrounding country, pillaging and burning the houses. Harold was at York, recruiting his army after his victory over the Norwegian invaders, when he heard of the landing of William the Norman. He hastened to London, armed 700 vessels, and sent them round to prevent William's escape. Without waiting for the northern troops of Edwin and Morcar, Harold departed in haste for the coast of Sussex with only 25,000 Englishmen. He halted at Senlac, since called Battle, and in a well chosen position formed his camp, which he surrounded with ditches and palisades. All negotiation being rejected by Harold, and the Pope's Bull, obtained by William to authorize his invasion being set at nought, at day-break on the 14th of October the Norman army was formed in three columns of attack,—the third, comprising the flower of the army, being headed by William in person, who rode a Spanish horse, and wore round his neck some of those holy relics on which Harold had made his compulsory oath to assist William to gain the English crown. Tonstain the White carried the banner blessed by the Pope at his side. Taillefer, a gigantic Norman, who was also a minstrel and juggler, rode in the van singing the valour of Charlemagne and Roland: he struck the first blow, but was immediately slain. The Norman war-cry was "Dieu aide!" The English

"Christ's Rood!" who stood firm in their position on the ridge of a hill, surrounded by trenches and stockades, shield against shield, and showing an impregnable front. The Kentish men were in the front rank, and the Londoners guarded the royal standard, at the foot of which stood the gallant Harold and his brothers Gurth and Leofwin, and the bravest Thanes of England. The Normans attacked with their long-bows and cross-bows, but produced no impression; and their mailed horsemen were driven back by the English battle-axe. Another charge was equally unsuccessful, and in their retreat numbers fell into a deep trench, covered with grass and bushes, and perished. From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon the Normans gained no advantage, when William ordered a thousand horse to advance, and then turn and fly; deceived by this pretended rout, the English rushed after them, when the Norman horse, reinforced, faced about and attacked their disordered pursuers, who had rashly left their strong position, and slaughtered a fearful number. Three times was this manœuvre successful owing to the impetuous although stubborn courage of the English foot. At a critical moment, when his brave Saxons were closing round him, near the standard, Harold was killed, about six o'clock, by an arrow which entered his left eye and passed through his brain. Soon after his brothers Gurth and Leofwin were slain: and after several desperate attempts to regain their position by the men of Kent and East Anglia, they at last gave way in confusion about nine o'clock, having no leader to direct their efforts; although they turned and fought with unflinching valour at every favourable position, to the great loss of the Normans, who soon gave up pursuit. The English loss is not known. The body of Harold was discovered under a heap of slain by means of his mistress Edith, "the swan necked," and buried in Waltham Abbey, which he founded before he became King. The Normans lost one-fourth of their army, or fifteen thousand men: but William, who had three horses killed under him, did not gain one-fourth of England by the battle of Hastings; for it cost him seven long years of warfare to subdue the east, and the west, and the north. On the centre of the eminence which formed the position of Harold at Hastings, William built a splendid abbey, which he largely endowed with the lands of his fallen enemies; and the high altar stood on the very spot which had borne the standard of England. The name of Senlac, which the battle-field then bore, was changed to Battle by William in honour of his victory; who deposited

in Battle Abbey a roll containing the names of the Norman Barons and Knights who fought at Hastings,—which has been printed from copies preserved of the original, which, unfortunately, has been either lost or destroyed. The loss of the battle can only be attributed to the superior force of William, and the death of Harold. Had he awaited the arrival of Edwin and Morcar, and the other forces on their march to join him, in his impregnable entrenched position, which the Normans were unable to capture so long as his troops stood firm, in a few days his army would have far outnumbered that of William and the entire Norman army must have been annihilated. But it was ordered otherwise: for although the Norman, like every other invasion, was fraught with wail and woe, yet England has now reason to rejoice in the proud position which she has achieved by the valour, and skill, and indomitable energy of her sons, in whose veins have long mingled the united blood of the Briton, the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, and who have made her pre-eminent among the nations of the world.

(25) Domesday Book, one of the most ancient Records of England, was begun about the year 1083 and finished in 1086 by order of William the Conqueror. The original consists of two volumes, a greater and a less, called Great and Little Domesday Book, but written in a fair legible hand, nearly pure Roman, with a mixture of Saxon. They contain a Survey of all the Counties of England, except the four northern counties, and Hereford, which was then considered a portion of Wales. No part of Wales is included. These Volumes, with the King's Seal, were kept in the Repository by the side of the Tally Court in the Exchequer, under three locks and keys, until 1696, when they were deposited in the Chapter House at Westminster. The first and largest volume is written on both sides of 382 leaves of vellum, in double columns, and contains the following counties:—Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hants, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, Middlesex, Herts, Bucks, Oxford, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Cambridge, Hunts, Beds, Northampton, Leicester, Warwick, Stafford, Salop, Chester, Derby, Notts, Rutland, York—divided into West, North, and East Ridings, and Lincoln. The Warwickshire Survey begins at page 238, and ends at page 244. The second volume is in quarto, written on 450 leaves of vellum, in single columns, and contains the counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk. In 1767 the Board of Treasury referred the question of printing this book to the Society of Antiquaries,

who decided that types should be used in preference to engraved plates: and in 1783 the two volumes were finished, under the superintendence of A. Farley, Esq. F.S.A., after having been ten years in the press. In 1800 a complete Index was prepared and printed; also, in 1816, a General Introduction, of 107 pages, by Sir Henry Ellis, late Principal Librarian at the British Museum. In 1808 the types used for printing the Domesday Book were destroyed by fire. The surveys of several of the counties have been translated and published by local antiquaries: and my late father, having translated that portion of the survey relating to his native county, printed and published it, under the following title:—"Domesday Book, for the County of Warwick, Translated by William Reader; to which is prefixed a Brief Dissertation on Domesday Book, and Biographical Notices of the Ancient Possessors. Coventry: Printed and Sold by W. Reader, High Street, 1835." Price one guinea. Only one hundred were printed in demy quarto: 124 pages: the original text and the translation being on parallel pages.

(26) Arden Wood, or the Forest of Arden, anciently covered nearly the whole of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Staffordshire; and extended, according to Michael Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, from the Trent to the Severn. Shakspeare, in his admirable Comedy of "*As you Like it*," has laid several of his scenes in the Forest of Arden. Warwickshire is still a woodland county, abounding in magnificent and venerable trees; and over its ancient forest that celebrated band of bowmen, the "*Woodmen of Arden*," still hold nominal jurisdiction, who assemble annually at Packington Hall, near Coventry, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Aylesford. Warwickshire still continues the name of Arden,—at Hampton-in-Arden, situated on the river Blythe, three miles from Solihull, near Birmingham, which is a vicarage, and anciently possessed a castle: and also at Henley-in-Arden, near the river Arrow, about seven miles from Stratford-on-Avon, which is a market town and chapelry,—the ancient town was burnt about the time of the Battle of Evesham in 1265.

(27) Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman, Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer to King Henry I. and also Chief Justice of England, founded the present castle of Kenilworth in 1120; although Cæsar's Tower is the only portion of the structure now remaining which can fairly be attributed to his walls of this square tower are sixteen feet thick!

northern wall was wantonly pulled down and destroyed, the lead stripped from the roof for the purpose of sale, the lake drained for the capture of the fish, and the woods felled, by Colonel Haukesworth and several other military officers on whom Oliver Cromwell bestowed the castle. It has now but three sides remaining. It had no dungeons or subterraneous prisons: as excavations were made in 1820, but without success, for the purpose of such discovery, down to the natural bed of gravel, a depth of seventeen feet. The upper windows were altered from circular to square-headed by Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester. The four turrets were evidently much higher originally: the clock was set in the south-east angle; and the places where the dials were fixed are still visible. In this angle also is the well, ninety feet deep (seventy feet from the ground-floor downwards, and twenty feet upwards through the thickness of the wall to the second floor), three feet wide at top, and four feet at bottom: the spring issues from the rock, and rises about ten feet from the bottom, which is circular, and bored out of the solid red sandstone. The staircases were in the north-east and south-west angles. The original entrance was by steps on the west, protected by a tower or porch; afterwards occupied by an arcade of Leicester's time, on the ruins of which appear the date 1570. In the south-west turret there still remain portions of fresco-painting on the wall,—perhaps the chapel mentioned by Dugdale as being repaired in the 26th year of King Henry III.

Geoffrey de Clinton likewise founded a Monastery for Canons Regular of the order of St. Augustine, which he endowed with large estates, and various privileges; particularly with a tenth of all the catables brought to the castle, although they might have been tithed elsewhere before. He permitted them to fish in the lake with nets on Thursdays, and empowered them to demand all the lamb-skins throughout his estates. The monastery stood east of the castle, and the fragments of a wall, and an entrance-gate are all that now remain. It was valued in the reign of Henry VIII. at £533 15s. 4d. clear. It was surrendered to the King on the 15th of April, in the 29th year of his reign (430 years after its endowment), by Simon Jekes, the last Abbot and 16 Monks, who received pensions from the King. Henry VIII. afterwards granted it to Sir Andrew Flammock, whose grand-daughter and sole heiress was married to John Golbourn, Esq., from whom Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester obtained it, and from that time they have formed part of the domains of the castle.

The following is a translation from the original Latin of the deed of surrender of the abbey of Kenilworth to King Henry VIII. in 1537. (Stevens's *Contin. of Monasticon*.)

"To all the faithful in Christ, to whom these presents shall come: Simon Jekes, Abbot of the monastery or abbey of the blessed Virgin Mary, of Kenilworth, in the county of Warwick, of the order of St. Augustine, and Convent of the same place, health in the Lord everlasting. Know you that we the said Abbot and Convent, with the unanimous deliberate assent and consent of our minds, knowledge, and mere motion, with one accord, have given and granted, and by these presents we give, grant, and render, and confirm to the most illustrious Prince, our Lord Henry VIII. by the grace of God, King of England, France, &c., all our said monastery or abbey of Kenilworth, and all the site, foundation, circuit, and precincts of the same; and also all and singular the manors, demesnes, lands, tenements, possessions, hereditaments, and our rights, as well within the said county of Warwick, as within the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Northampton, Buckingham, Somerset, Oxford, and elsewhere, within the kingdom of England, the marches of Wales, or either of them, belonging to the said monastery or abbey of Kenilworth, to have and to hold, and enjoy the said monastery, demesnes, manors, and other premises, with the said appurtenances, to the most invincible Prince, our Lord the King, his heirs, and assigns for ever. In testimony of which, we the said Abbot and Convent have put to this writing our common seal. Dated the 15th of April, in the 29th year of the reign of our said Lord the King." (A.D. 1537.)

In the year 1795 traces of the foundation of the Priory were discovered, including part of an aisle: and, in the month of September, 1840, considerable excavations of a highly interesting nature were made. In consequence of the churchyard having become too small, it was at length determined to enlarge it by taking in a portion of the former site of the abbey, which adjoins it on the south. As the earth, for a great distance below the surface, was found to be full of the fragments of the ancient building, it was thought necessary to excavate it to the depth required for graves, to clear it of the stones. In the course of this work the burial-ground of the abbey was uncovered nine feet from the surface, in which were a number of sepulchral slabs, several of which were distinguished by ornamental crosses, some plain, and one ridge-backed, but none with any inscription. The slabs were mostly about six feet long by two wide. The

crosses were of different shapes, many being rather rudely executed. In some places were found portions of a flooring of enamelled tiles of various designs. Beyond these was discovered part of the basement of the Chapter House of the Abbey, which was of octagonal form, and the breadth inside was 25 feet. The walls at the base were 12 feet thick, and at the upper slope of the basement 9 feet,—an extraordinary thickness for so small a building, and far beyond what could be required to sustain the vaulting. In the centre was a strong foundation, which appeared to have been that of the vaulting pillar. Several walls were found running between the Chapter House and the gateway; and in one was the remains of a fire-place, with ashes lying on the hearth, near which were animal bones and some mortar. In every part of the ground fragments of stonework have been turned up, consisting principally of the tracery of windows, between the "Lancet" and "Decorative" styles prevailing in the time of Edward I. and II. A square Norman capital, which had formed part of a doorway, was also discovered, the execution of which was distinguished by a spirit and elegance of which very few examples in this style are to be found in the kingdom.

(28) In 1106 King Henry I. invaded Normandy and besieged Tenchebray with a large army. His brother Robert, Duke of Normandy, marched to its relief with an inferior force, and after a brilliant display of skill as a commander, and of valour as a soldier, was at last defeated and made prisoner through the treachery of De Belesme, who fled with a division of his army. "This battle," says John Speed, "was fought and Normandy won, upon Saturday, being the vigil of St. Michael, even the same day forty years that William the Bastard set foot on England's shore for his conquest: God so disposing it," says Malmesbury, "that Normandy should be subjected to England that very day wherein England was subdued to Normandy."

(29) In 1254 King Henry III. bestowed the castle and domains of Kenilworth on Simon de Montfort, who had in that year married Eleanor, the Countess dowager of Pembroke (the King's sister), at the same time creating him Earl of Leicester. The Earl "having wonderfully fortified the castle, and stored it with many kinds of warlike engines, till that time never seen nor heard of in England," took a very prominent part in the revolt of the Barons against the King, and after various successes was

slain, with his eldest son, at the battle of Evesham, in Worcestershire, on the 4th of August, 1265: where also his second son Guy was taken prisoner. The royal army was commanded by the King's son, Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward I. who, early in the morning of 2nd August, surprised Simon de Montfort the younger, and many of his knights, in their beds, who had slept outside the walls of the castle of Kenilworth for the purpose of bathing. He captured twelve Bannerets, with all their followers, horses, arms, &c. Simon and his pages alone escaping half-naked into the castle. This was the principal cause of the defeat and death of the Earl of Leicester at Evesham, as it prevented him receiving the additional force under his son's command which he had expected. Many of the defeated Barons and their adherents took refuge after the battle in Kenilworth Castle, which was held by Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Leicester's youngest son. See Chron. Thomas Wikes; and Chron. de Mailros. For particulars of the Battle of Evesham, and death of Simon de Montfort, with the miracles ascribed to him, see Rishanger's Chronicle, published by the Camden Society; also Tindal's History of Evesham; and Lee's History of Lewes.

(30) Evesham is a market-town in Worcestershire, and sends two Members to Parliament. The celebrated river Avon, which is here navigable, winds round the town in the form of an immense horse-shoe. Near the river stands a venerable relic of the olden-time—the Abbey Tower; the sole remaining portion of the abbey which formerly stood there. There are also two fine churches within a few yards of each other in one churchyard. The oldest church, All Saints, is in good repair; while the more modern structure of St. Lawrence was in a ruinous condition and in danger of falling down hourly some years ago; but it has since been restored.

(31) The Mangonel and Springal appear to have been of nearly the same construction, and were fixed on the battlements of a fortress for its defence. They were ponderous cross-bows or arbalists; the steel bows of which were from ten to fifteen feet long, and were bent by means of a windlass, managed by three or four men; the stock was of a proportionate length, and at least a foot in diameter; the arrows, quarrels, or bolts were about "two fathoms" in length, and were winged with thin leaves of horn instead of feathers, and they flew with such force as frequently to traverse the

bodies of several men. This seems to have been called the Springal. The Mangonel cast immense stones by the same means. Both were made portable: the "cross-bow" to kill animals, and the "stone-bow" to kill birds.

Many of these stones, of a rude circular shape, are still lying near the walls of Kenilworth Castle; they measure upwards of twelve inches in diameter, and are supposed to have been cast by the Mangonels at its celebrated siege by Henry III.

(32) Henry de Hastings, governor of Kenilworth Castle. After the battle of Evesham (A.D. 1265), where Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and his eldest son Henry were slain, and his second son Guy was taken prisoner, Simon de Montfort, his youngest son, continued in the castle, receiving all those who fled from the battle, and the friends of those who were slain. Their great number, and exasperation of mind in consequence of the loss of the battle, encouraged Simon to "send abroad his bailiffs and officers like a king; his soldiers spoiling, burning, plundering, and destroying the houses, lands, and lordships of his adversaries, driving away their cattle, and imprisoning many, forcing them to what fines he pleased for their liberty." This continued until Midsummer, 1266, when the King determined to put an end to their outrages. He marched with an army to Warwick, where he remained until joined by reinforcements from different parts of the country, and then proceeded to Kenilworth (June 25, 1266), which he besieged in regular form. During this period the Liberate, Close, and Patent Rolls preserve very full details of the expenses incurred during the siege of the castle; they also give copies of the writs addressed to several persons of influence, demanding assistance. The Sheriff of Norfolk was ordered to supply 36 casks of wine from Lynn; the Sheriffs of Surrey and Sussex to furnish 300 bundles of arrows; the Bailiffs of Bridport to send hemp for ropes for the engines; the Sheriff of Gloucester to supply the iron requisite; the Sheriff of London to supply 30,000 quarrels for the cross-bows; the Sheriff of Worcester to furnish 50 hurdles, 8 feet long and 7 feet wide; the Sheriff of Northampton the same number, but to be larger and stronger; and the Sheriff of Lincoln to supply 30,000 quarrels: besides several other writs ordering all the military engines to be put in good repair and sent to Kenilworth. The keepers of the different royal forests were also ordered to send 150 head of deer, well salted, for King's use. Simon de Montfort, being aware that he

could not hold out long, unless he obtained a force sufficient to raise the siege, determined to proceed to France to obtain assistance from his uncle, although he went no farther than the Isle of Ely, and appointed Henry de Hastings to act as governor during his absence, with positive orders to defend the castle against the King to the last extremity. The King wishing to prevent the effusion of blood, commanded them to surrender, and offered them very lenient terms; but, according to Sir William Dugdale, "they did not only slight the King's offers, but maimed the messenger, and with much resolution defended themselves against all the assaults that were made, having engines that cast forth stones of great bigness (one of which remains near the great hall to this day), and making bold and frequent sallies, did very much mischief: neither could the sentence of Ottobon, the Pope's legate, who was then in the camp, any whit daunt them."

In consequence of an act having previously been passed by a Parliament assembled at Winchester, which confiscated the estates of all who still remained in open rebellion, the King feared its severity would make the garrison of the castle desperate, he therefore determined to ameliorate it, and commanded all the nobility favourable to his interests to assemble at Kenilworth, from whom twelve nobles and prelates were selected, and empowered to make such alterations in this law as existing circumstances appeared to require. These nobles met at the royal Manor House at Cheylesmore, in the city of Coventry, and passed the well-known decree called the "Dictum de Kenilworth," (24th August, 1266,) by which all confiscated property might be redeemed by the payment of a fine according to the offence, which should not exceed five years' value of the property, nor be less than two. The exceptions were:—the Earl of Leicester, whose case was undecided; the Earl of Derby, who was fined seven years' income of his estates; and Henry de Hastings the governor of the castle, and those who had maimed the King's messenger, who were sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, or to submit to the King's pleasure. The besieged refused to listen to this overture, which they said was most intolerably severe, and resolved to hold out, in expectation of speedy assistance from young Montfort. The King was "much moved" at the conduct of the besieged, and determined to storm the castle; but three weeks' delay was necessary to enable the Sheriff to collect the masons, labourers, &c. with their hatchets, pick-axes, and other tools that might be requisi-

for an army in those days was but ill-provided with the material for storming a fortress, and especially one of such immense strength as the castle of Kenilworth. At length, having suffered the utmost extremities of famine and disease, and despairing of receiving any assistance, they surrendered the castle to the King on condition that the governor and garrison "should have four days' time to carry out all their goods, and go freely away with horse, arms, and accoutrements, throughout any part of the kingdom." Thus, after nearly six months' siege, the King took possession of the castle in the beginning of November, 1266, which he shortly afterwards bestowed on his younger son Edmund, whom he created Earl of Leicester and Lancaster.

(33) Philip de Comines, in speaking of the military power of England, Scotland, and France, acknowledges as a fact the assertions of our own writers, that the English archers excelled those of every other nation. The strength of the Scots lay in their pikemen; the power of the French was in their men-at-arms; but, as Sir John Fortesque truly says, "the might of the realm of England standeth on her archery." The bow was known in Britain from the earliest ages, and used alike in peace and war by the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans. But soon after the Conquest the English adopted the long-bow as their national weapon, and acquired such matchless skill in its use that they were for ages the terror of all Europe; and many of our ancient victories were gallantly won by our stalwart bowmen, as testified by such glorious fields as Falkirk, Cressy, Poitiers, Halidon-Hill, Agincourt, Flodden-Field, and a hundred others. Our archers, whether habited in Lincoln or Kendal Green, invariably drew the arrow up to its head in the direction of their right ear,—a mode of shooting at variance with the usual system both of ancients and moderns, who were accustomed to draw the arrow up to the breast only. From the twelfth to the seventeenth century statutes were passed, and officers appointed, to enforce the frequent practice of archery, under very severe penalties, as necessary for the security and honour of the realm. Every boy was trained from the age of seven; the bow to be the height of the youth, and the arrow half the length of the bow; nor was the pupil considered an expert archer until he could shoot his shaft twelve score yards at an elevation of forty-five degrees. It is curious to trace the fastidiousness and care of our ancestors with respect to the long-bow, which was made of "ewye, wyche, hazel, ash,

awburn, or reason-tree," but the ewye (yew) was by far the preferable wood. After the bow-stave, which must be perfectly free from all knots and defects, was properly seasoned, it required the greatest skill and care in the fashioning and smoothing, so that it should taper with the most exact regularity from the centre to the extremities: if these peculiarities were neglected, the necessary strain upon the weapon would break it. The string of the bow was usually of hemp or silk, and twisted with the utmost care, for if it was too hard or too fine it would cut the wood; and if not made of materials of the best quality, it was liable to break and leave the archer defenceless. "God send us good stringers!" ejaculates old Ascham, with very proper devotion, for, even though in battle the archer had two strings to his bow, which was generally the case, yet he was in danger of being cut down whilst re-stringing it. The length of the bow rather exceeded the height of the archer, and one of six or seven feet was the maximum of power. The most anxious care was bestowed upon the arrow, which was exactly half the length of the bow; the war-arrow was usually constructed of asp or poplar,—but that for sport of any kind of wood, according to the taste of the archer. The feather most generally used was that of the goose; a grey feather was preferred, either on account of its strength, or that it was the least liable to be seen, and consequently avoided, by the person aimed at. The arrow-heads were made of the best steel, and those used by the bowmen of England were either broad or forked; the broad-arrow was distinguished by two sharp barbs pointing backwards to the feathers, and the forked-arrow by two barbs pointing forwards. The archer was equipped with a bracer or close sleeve upon his left arm, made of strong materials, and perfectly smooth, that the rebound of the string might not be impeded; and upon his right-hand he wore a shooting-glove of thick leather, to prevent his fingers from being chafed while drawing the string,—the three first fingers of the right hand being used for that purpose. His arrows, of various sizes to suit the mark, the distance, and the wind, were placed in a quiver, or sheaf, suspended from his belt. His bow was protected from the weather by a woollen case; and even when laid up at home, it required the most careful treatment to be kept in a serviceable condition: it must not be placed too near a wall, for the damp would injure it, nor in too dry a place, for it would become brittle; and it must be frequently wiped and rubbed to preserve its elasticity. The bending of an English long-bow was a feat

which only an English archer could perform, on account of the nicely combined exertion of strength and skill which it required; and the drawing of the bowstring could not be accomplished without considerable practice. In drawing the string so as to bring the arrow up to the head for a distant mark, the pull required to be firm and regular, as a sudden strain endangered the breaking of the bow, or snapping of the string; and in letting-fly the shaft, after taking a good aim, it must be done smartly, as the least hesitation caused the hand to swerve; or if the wind rose, increased, or fell, allowances had to be made accordingly. Long experience only could impart this method of calculation, without which the aim was useless, as the shaft would not hit the mark. In drawing the string of his bow to the full stretch, in the direction of his right eye, and close up to his right ear, the bowman did not depend upon the strength of his right arm alone, but he threw himself a step forward in the act, pressing with all his weight against the bow with his left hand, so that the muscles of his arms, breast, and shoulders were all brought into full action at once; consequently, if the shaft was well aimed, it struck with a force that armour could rarely withstand. Among innumerable instances of the same kind the following may be given as an example:—At the battle of Flodden-Field, the Scottish monarch, King James IV. who was killed in the action, was so enraged at the slaughter of his troops, that he ordered sixty of his best knights, clad in Italian armour, to attack a body of English archers; but, before they could reach the sturdy bowmen, every knight was killed by an arrow through his body. The continual practice of the bow from childhood enabled our archers to attain that wonderful proficiency in the use of their favourite weapon which we are too apt to consider as fabulous: but it was illegal, and, perhaps far worse, it was disgraceful, to shoot at a less distance than two hundred and twenty yards. Every Sunday and feast-day was in part appropriated to shooting at the butts, and trials of skill took place in every parish, on anniversaries that specially related to it. It was considered a test of good archery to send a "cloth-yard shaft," at two hundred and twenty yards distance, through an oaken plank from one to three inches in thickness, and to lodge the arrow in a board placed many yards in the rear. To lodge one arrow in the clout (a bit of white cloth put for the bull's-eye), and to split the head of it with a second shaft, was a common feat. A favorite pastime was to bury a goose in the turf, and the instant the creature raised its head above the ground to send an arrow

through it. In the ancient ballad of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeley," three noted outlaws, in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, we find that William, in a trial of skill before the King, cleft in twain a hazel-rod at four hundred yards distance with his broad arrow; and afterwards, at the distance of one hundred and twenty yards, he split an apple, placed on his little son's head "of seven year old," without touching the child, and thus procured pardon for himself and companions. Also in the "*Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*," that celebrated outlaw, to show the skill of himself and his merry men before the King, who had visited him in the disguise of an abbot, set up two hazel-rods with a rose-garland on each, but at so great a distance that the King declared it was too far by fifty yards,—"although Robin, and several of his company, repeatedly "clefted the wand." The longest flight-shot on record was by a Lancashire archer, who sent his shaft a mile, or 1,760 yards, in three shots,—this was nearly equalled in 1792, by the Secretary of the Turkish Ambassador, who shot an arrow four hundred and eighty-two yards in a field behind Bedford House, London: and at Constantinople, in 1798, the Sultan sent his shaft full five hundred and seventy-two yards, the distance being measured in presence of Sir Robert Ainslie, then Ambassador to the Porte.

(34) The long-bow was the national weapon of England: the arbalist or cross-bow that of the French, Flemings, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards. But it was brought to the greatest perfection in Spain, where it was a favourite amusement with all ranks of the people, and who most excelled in its use. The bow, either of wood or steel, was fixed on a stock, which had a groove to hold the arrow, called a quarrel or bolt, the string was drawn up to a catch or notch, and discharged by means of a trigger, the stock being placed against the shoulder when aim was to be taken. The bow was frequently bent by means of a small windlass fixed at the opposite end of the stock, the foot being placed in a stirrup fastened at the other end, to hold it firmly down during the operation. The military cross-bows would kill at two hundred paces distance; those made for the chase at fifty paces less; and would send a flight-shaft nearly four hundred paces: this shows their inferiority to the long-bow which would kill at more than three hundred paces, and throw a flight-arrow nearly five hundred of such paces (about twenty inches). The cross-bow was introduced into England by the Normans, and appears to hav

been first used at the battle of Hastings. William the Conqueror, and several of our Norman Kings, were skilful cross-bowmen: and William Rufus in the New Forest, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion whilst besieging the castle of Chalus in Normandy, were both killed by it: and also others of the Conqueror's lineage. The cross-bow was never much liked by the people of England: and several severe statutes were made to prevent its use in the reign of Henry VII. and even against its possession, by Henry VIII. who was himself a first-rate archer, and could "hit the white" at twelve-score yards. These acts were however repealed in the succeeding reigns. Queen Elizabeth was very partial to the cross-bow, and frequently killed deer with it; although, in directions to her captains and officers respecting the training of archers, she thus concludes "None other weapone may compare with the same noble weapone" the long-bow, and which she also declared to be "God's special gift to our nation."

(35) In May 1274 King Edward I. having been summoned to England from the Holy Land on the death of his father, made a short stay at Guienne in France, on his way home. While there he received a most courteous challenge, according to the chivalrous fashion of the time, from the Count de Chalons, to meet him with the lance at a tournament. Edward, as in honour bound, accepted it, and appeared in the lists with a thousand knights; but the Count came with two thousand, for the purpose, it was rumoured, of either killing or capturing Edward. A fierce conflict ensued: the English bowmen drove the French infantry off the field, and then joining the knights assisted them in gaining a complete victory. The Count, and many of his knights were taken prisoners, and compelled to pay heavy ransoms for their liberty; and many were slain. The principal incidents are given in the Poem.

(36) "St. George for England! Bows and Bills!" an order to the soldiers armed with those weapons to advance and attack. The Bill was of Anglo-Saxon origin: and was used by English infantry until about the reign of Elizabeth. This formidable weapon was a kind of hook with a projecting spike at its back, and terminating in a long spear-point. It was fixed on a pole or staff of six or eight feet in length. The Guisarme, used as early as the twelfth century, and also the Halbard of the time of Edward IV. are both varieties of the Bill. The modern billhook, with a short handle, is nearly similar in shape to this ancient weapon.

(37) In the year 1278 (the 7th year of the reign of King Edward I.) there was a most magnificent tournament held at Kenilworth. It commenced on St. Matthew's day (the 21st of September), and continued until the day after the feast of St. Michael (30th of September). One hundred knights and the same number of ladies were assembled at this great festival, who, to avoid disputes for precedence, sat at a round table. This institution of "Knights of Prince Arthur's Round Table," was revived by Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was one of the most accomplished knights of his day. He was the principal challenger in the Tiltyard. On this occasion many foreign knights of distinction competed with the chivalry of England, in "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war:" and it is recorded, as a singular fact, that the ladies on that occasion wore silken mantles.

It is almost impossible to ascertain the exact period when tournaments first made their appearance. Nithard, the historian A.D. 842, mentions a military pastime exhibited in Germany before the Emperor Louis, and his brother Charles the Bald, where many knights of different nations ran against each other with great velocity, as though they were in battle. Other historians assert that the Emperor Henry I. who died A.D. 936, was the institutor of this pastime. The Norman-French also claim the honour, and assert that the tournament was invented by Geoffrey, Lord of Previlli, in Anjou, who was slain at Gaunt A.D. 1066. It is an undisputed fact, however, that jousts and tournaments were held in Normandy before the Conquest, and after that event were introduced into England, although the Conqueror and his immediate successors would not suffer them to be practised; most likely being fearful that it would lead to attempts on the part of his Saxon subjects to shake off his despotic sway. Tournaments were permitted to be holden by King Stephen, although, perhaps, in some measure he was compelled by his powerful warlike Barons to sanction them; but they were partially suppressed by Henry II. who, however, held a tourney in the plains of Beaucare, when 10,000 knights were said to have been assembled, besides ladies and spectators, A.D. 1174. Richard I. surnamed Cœur-de-Lion, revived this martial exercise from the conviction that the French knights were more expert in the use of their weapons than the English. He appointed five places for this pastime in England: viz. between Warwick and Kenilworth; between Stamford and Wallingford; between Sarum and Wilton; between Brakely

berg; and between Blie and Tykehill: and levied a tax upon all who engaged in them according to their rank: viz. an Earl to pay 20 marks; a Baron 10 marks; a knight possessing a landed estate 4 marks; and a knight without any such possession 2 marks: but all foreigners were at this time excluded. In the disturbed reigns of King John and Henry III. this chivalric exercise was but little attended to, but the energetic spirit of Edward I., who was as gallant a knight as ever placed a lance in rest, revived its fallen glory; and in the reign of King Edward III. it attained its meridian splendour. Under the auspices of that monarch, and his brave sons, the Black Prince and the Duke of Lancaster, the chivalry of England was equal if not superior to any in the world: many magnificent tournaments were held in his reign; and he established a round-table at Windsor, two hundred feet in diameter, which was maintained at the cost of one hundred pounds per week; by this means he increased the strength of his kingdom considerably, although he had a powerful rival in Philip of Valois, King of France. In the reign of Richard II. a magnificent "passage of arms" is mentioned by Froissart, A.D. 1389 amongst numerous others. Heralds were sent to proclaim the time and occasion in nearly every country in Europe, and London was soon afterwards thronged with foreign knights: the lists were erected in Smithfield, at that time without the walls of the city, with the greatest possible splendour, and the King, Queen, and Court, with an immense assembly of ladies and nobles, were present. On the appointed morning sixty barded horses, attired in gorgeous housings, were led into the lists by as many esquires; after which sixty ladies, mounted on palfreys, followed; each lady leading a knight, armed cap-à-pie, by a silver chain; attended by heralds, minstrels, &c. This great "passage of arms" lasted seven days: a golden crown, and a girdle adorned with precious stones, were the prizes which the Queen of Beauty bestowed upon the most successful warrior: and the nights were passed in feasting and in dancing. They afterwards adjourned to Windsor, where they spent several days in a similar manner. From this time all the institutions of chivalry sensibly declined; and the fierce wars of "the Rival Roses" contributed materially to its downfall. But in the reign of Henry VIII. the drooping spirit of chivalry revived, and resumed all its ancient splendour, under the auspices of that sovereign, who was frequently present at the numerous magnificent tournaments which were held under his especial patronage; and who, during the whole of his life, took great

delight in all such "gentle exercises." In proof of which many instances are recorded, but the following will suffice: On the 20th of May, 1515, King Henry, with the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Essex, and Sir George Carew, challenged all comers to joust and tilt at Greenwich. Also at that superb "passage of arms," which took place in France, in June, 1520, between the two sovereigns Henry and Francis, well known as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," King Henry greatly distinguished himself, both as a knight and as a bowman. He also presided at a grand tournament in the Tiltyard at Westminster, which occupied all the first week of May, 1541; and, accompanied by the Queen and many noblemen, frequently "resorted to dynner, supper, and banquetting," at Durham Place, near the Strand. Also, in the reign of Elizabeth, on the anniversary of her accession, November, 17, 1590, a splendid tournament was held before her Majesty in the Tiltyard at Westminster, when Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, Master of the Armoury and Champion to the Queen, then in his sixtieth year, resigned the office of Champion, on account of his age, to George Earl of Cumberland. Sir Henry Lee was indeed "a very perfect gentle knight," highly distinguished in the wars in Flanders, as well as in all martial exercises. He was the chief of a band of twenty-five knights of noble birth, which he had formed to revive the departing glories of chivalry, and who annually exhibited their prowess before their royal patroness. After a brilliant display of knightly skill, Sir Henry Lee advanced to the foot of the throne, and made formal resignation of the championship to the Earl of Cumberland, which her Majesty graciously accepted and ratified: he then doffed his armour, and replaced it with a coat and cap of black velvet, assisted to arm and mount the new Champion, and then besought his royal mistress to receive, as memorials of his loyal service, several costly gifts, among which was "a veil, curiously wrought, with a border of precious stones," and finally prayed permission thenceforth to be "her beadsman" instead of her knight. Sir W. Segur published at the time an account of this regal festival in a tract entitled "Honour, Military and Civil," which is reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, and in Walpole's *Miscellaneous Antiquities*, No. 2.

Most of the nobility about the time of the Edwards had permanent tilting-yards attached to their castles; and a certain number of knights would league together to answer all comers with the lance, or a single knight would give general challenge that he would keep the field ag-

who might venture to oppose him for a certain time. The lists, when erected temporarily for the celebration of royal or other festivities, were surrounded by strong palisades; and galleries were placed round the enclosure for the reception of the monarch and nobility, and especially for the presiding deities of the tournament—the ladies: these were superbly decorated with tapestry and richly-embroidered gold and silver cloth, and surmounted with pennons, banners, &c. displaying armorial bearings. Two barriers were placed at the eastern and western extremities of the enclosure, for the entrance of the knights, and the ground was carefully cleared of all inequalities and impediments that might annoy the feet of the horses. The shields of those knights who intended to enter the lists, were placed in a neighbouring church for several days previous to the event; and if any knight had offended against the laws of chivalry, the accusation was generally made by a lady touching the shield, which, if substantiated, prevented his appearance as a competitor for the honours of the lists; and also, if a knight infringing upon the regulations of the tourney, or behaved discourteously to the ladies, he was driven from the enclosure by the assembled warriors with the greatest possible disgrace, and his only remedy, in such case, was to implore the clemency of the ladies. A numerous array of heralds, pursuivants, minstrels, squires, pages, guards, &c. splendidly attired, were also present, and added considerably to the magnificence of the scene. The “passage of arms” generally commenced with the joust; each knight endeavouring to unhorse his opponent by bearing his lance against his adversary’s breast or helmet with sufficient force to unseat him or to shiver the lance. The helmet was a difficult mark to hit; but, if fairly struck, seldom failed to unhorse the firmest rider: to lose a stirrup in the encounter was tantamount to defeat; but it not unfrequently happened that both horse and rider were hurled to the ground. Headless lances were generally used in jousting, but sharp steel-headed ones were sometimes in requisition, which often caused dangerous wounds, and even death. This exercise was a general favourite, as it displayed to much advantage the graceful dexterity of the knight, both in horsemanship and the skilful use of the lance. The joust was followed by single combats with swords, battle-axes, maces, and two-handed swords, or by a general meleé. The combatants were placed in two ranks, facing each other, with closed visors and lances in rest, and at the sound of the bugle-rn dashed onwards at full speed. Then was heard the

shivering of spears, the clash of swords against helmet, corslet, and shield; the crash of men and horses hurled to the earth; the loud blasts of the bugle, and the cries of the heralds. The dismounted knights continued the conflict on foot; or if wounded or disabled were brought to the sides of the lists by the assistance of their esquires and pages. It was considered unlawful to assail those who had retired for the purpose of taking breath for a few moments, or were exhausted by the bruises they had received. At the close of the affray the knight or knights who still kept their saddles were considered the victors, and the most meritorious received the prize from the hands of the Queen of Beauty. The King, or the President of the Tournament, whoever it might be, had always the power of putting an end to the fiercest encounter by dropping his warder and crying "Ho!" at that sound the mailed warriors instantly became motionless, although perhaps at that time fighting with a desperation little short of reality. These general engagements seldom concluded without loss of life; and never without a multitude of serious wounds. But disaster and defeat were forgotten in the joys of the banquet and the dance which followed, and in the applause bestowed by the lady on whose behalf each warrior had fought, if he had done his devoir right gallantly, like a true and gentle knight.

(38) At the royal and chivalric banquets of the Norman Sovereigns and Princes, the peacock was served up as an especial dainty, decorated with its splendid feathers, and placed at the post of honour: and it was customary for knights to make solemn vows of performing "some glorious deed of high emprise" before "the peacock and the ladies!"

(39) The falchion was a sword with a curved blade and broad point: the anelas was a broad dagger tapering to a fine point: the estoc was a small straight stabbing sword: the coutelas was a military knife, from which our modern cutlass is derived. These weapons were introduced about the reign of Edward I.

(40) St. George, the Patron-Saint of England, the first and most renowned of "The Seven Champions of Christendom," was born at Coventry, according to that curious and veritable history, to which I beg to refer my readers for particulars of his marvellous career. "St. George!" was the war-cry of English soldiers for many ages; and in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, they also

his red-cross on their coats. St. George's banner—a red-cross on a white flag—was the national ensign of England until the reign of James I. when that of St. Andrew was united to it. The *Seven Champions of Christendom* is one of a numerous series of ancient romances in verse and prose, among which may be mentioned *Palmerin of England*, *Amadis de Gaul*, *Guy of Warwick*, *Bevis of Southampton*, *Perceval of Galles*, *Eglamour of Artois*, *Isumbras*, *Tryamour*, *Degrevant*, and many others,—most of which have been reprinted and may be procured without much difficulty.

(41) "*Laisser les aller!*" old French for "Let them go on!" A cry or command of the Heralds at a tournament, to encourage the combatants to do their "*devoir*" like gallant champions,—or "*chevaliers très hardi!*"

(42) Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, a native of Gascony, in France, the favourite of King Edward II. made himself very obnoxious to the great Barons of England, to most of whom he gave contemptuous nicknames, calling the Earl of Lancaster "*the Old Hog*," and "*the Stage-Player*;" the Earl of Pembroke "*Joseph the Jew*;" the Earl of Warwick "*the Black Dog of Arden*;" &c. but the great Earl, Guy de Beauchamp, was so enraged at his presumption, that he swore the insolent "*minion*" should soon feel "*the Black Dog's*" teeth! consequently when he was captured in Scarborough Castle, May 19, 1312, by the Earl of Pembroke, in whose charge he travelled to Dedington near Banbury, he was seized by the Earl of Warwick with a strong force, who carried him on a mule to Warwick Castle, where he was tried in the great hall, for his arrogant, insolent, and malicious tyranny, by the Earls of Arundel, Lancaster, Hereford, Warwick, and others, and condemned to death. He was then hurried to Blacklow Hill, a wooded eminence commanding a beautiful view of the silver Avon, winding through many a verdant meadow, near Guyscliff, about two miles from Warwick, where he was beheaded, "*at the hour of Vesper*." On the rock is carved "*P. Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, beheaded here, 1312*." The late Bertie Greathead, Esq. of Guyscliff, erected a monument surmounted by a cross, on this spot, as a memorial, about the year 1800, with the following inscription:—"*In the hollow of this rock was beheaded on the first day of July, 1312, by Barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall: the minion of a hateful King, in life and death, a memorable instance of misrule.*"

(43) The weak and misguided Edward II. having become thoroughly detested by the people of England for his tyranny and misgovernment, at length left London and fled into Wales, accompanied only by his favourites the two De Spensers, Chancellor Baldock, and a few retainers. Having in vain endeavoured to escape by sea, he was eventually obliged to surrender himself a prisoner to his cousin Henry Earl of Lancaster, brother of Thomas the Earl captured at the battle of Boroughbridge in 1322, who was beheaded at Pontefract Castle by command of Edward, who then seized his castle of Kenilworth, and appointed several governors; the last of whom, Odo de Stoke, he ordered to provide sufficient arms and men for its defence, intending to take refuge there in case of need. On his capture, Edward, for whom not a sword was drawn, nor a bow bent, was sent by way of Ledbury to Kenilworth, where he was kept in safe custody. His favourites the two De Spensers were also secured: the elder at Bristol, where he was hanged on a gibbet, his body cut to pieces, and his head sent to Winchester, of which city he was Earl, where it was set on a pole; the younger was hanged on a gallows fifty feet high, with his favourite servant beneath him, at Hereford, and afterwards quartered and beheaded. On the 8th of January 1327, Parliament in answer to the question of Adam Orleton, Bishop of Hereford, declared that Edward had ceased to reign, and appointed his son Edward as his successor. On January 20th, a deputation consisting of Bishops, Earls, and Barons, with two Knights from each county, and two Burgesses from every borough in England, waited on the deposed King at Kenilworth to demand his formal resignation of the crown. The King was escorted into the Great Hall, wrapped in a black gown; when Sir William Trussel, Speaker of the Parliament, informed him in the name of the people of England, that he was no longer King, that all fealty and allegiance were withdrawn from him, and that henceforth he would be treated only as a private individual. Sir Thomas Blount, Steward of the Household, then broke his white wand of office before him; and this ceremony, usually performed at a Sovereign's death, was considered to complete his dethronement. On January 24th, Edward III. was proclaimed. The Earl of Lancaster, who treated the deposed Monarch with much consideration, although he had sent his brother to the block, was not permitted long to be his guardian, for Sir John Maltravers was sent by Queen Isabella, and the Lord Mortimer, with orders to remove Edward from worth, which he did by night; and, according to Jol

"devising to disfigure him, so that hee might not be knowne, they determined for to shave as well the haire of his head, as also of his beard," and accordingly commanded him "to light from off his horse," when he was set on a molehill, and shaved by a barber, who brought a basin of cold muddy water out of a neighbouring ditch, saying "that water should serve for that time;" but Edward replied "that would they, noulde they," he would have warm water, and to that end "he began to weepe, and to shed teares plentifully." Edward was taken to Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, afterwards to Corf Castle, Dorset, and also to other castles: but at length was brought back to Berkeley Castle, where, during the absence of Thomas Lord Berkeley, who treated the unfortunate King with much kindness, who was detained by illness at his manor of Bradley, he was cruelly murdered towards the end of September, by Thomas Gourney and William Ogle, who thrust a red-hot spit up his body. He was buried in the abbey church of Gloucester, where his monument still remains. Mortimer, Maltravers, Gourney, and Ogle were executed for having compassed the death of Edward II. and his brother the Earl of Kent. Afterwards, Lord Berkeley demanded a trial, as the King was murdered in his castle, but was honourably acquitted of all participation in that dreadful deed.

(44) King Edward III. and his sons bore as a royal badge a white ostrich feather, differenced in the blazoning for the sake of distinction. We find in Harl. MS. No. 304, that the quill of the King's feather was *or* (gold); the Black Prince, *argent* (silver); the Duke of Lancaster, *ermine*. The popular tradition that the Black Prince adopted the plume of three white ostrich feathers as his crest, after the battle of Cressy, where John King of Bohemia was slain, to whom it was presumed to have belonged, is incorrect; as the crest represented on his seal, and also on the royal monuments at Prague, is two wings of an eagle or vulture *endorsed*. The Black Prince used the single white ostrich feather, with a scroll across the quill bearing the motto "Ich Dien," as a badge, there can be no doubt; and on his monument in Canterbury Cathedral, by his own order, six shields, bearing three similar single ostrich feathers each, are placed alternately with six charged with his own arms. The Black Prince conferred this badge on the city of Coventry, styled "Camera Principis," or the "Prince's Chamber," to which he was a great benefactor. It appears in the ancient Mayor's seal of the time of Edward III.,—on which is an elephant

bearing a castle, surmounted by a square banner displaying three single ostrich feathers, each with a scroll: also, in the first west window of St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, destroyed by an election mob in 1780, was a shield of his feathers, blazoned thus, according to Dugdale:—*Sable*, three single ostrich feathers *argent*, each quill crossed by a label *or*, bearing the motto "Ich Dien." These feathers have, since the time of Henry VIII. whose son Edward, Prince of Wales, first assumed it, been formed into a plume issuing from a coronet, and called the "Prince's Plume."

(45) John o'Gaunt was the third son of King Edward III. He married for his first wife Blanche, daughter of Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lincoln and Duke of Lancaster. In the year 1362, on the death of the said Henry Plantagenet, Kenilworth Castle became the property of John o'Gaunt in right of his wife, and the King created him at the same time Duke of Lancaster. Towards the latter end of the reign of Richard II. John o'Gaunt made large additions to the castle: he built the magnificent Great Hall,—whose dimensions of 90 feet long by 45 feet wide, and 45 feet high, formed the anciently admired proportion of a double cube; he also erected the Strong Tower; and other buildings;—portions of which still remain, and are known as "Lancaster's Buildings." He was the patron of Geoffrey Chaucer, styled the Father of English Poets; and the friend and protector of the venerable John Wycliffe—the Morning Star of the Reformation, who, when cited to appear on the 19th of February, 1377, before the convocation appointed by the Pope, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to answer for his able and zealous exposition of the errors of the Church of Rome, was attended by John o'Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, and Henry Piercy Earl Marshal of England. A quarrel ensued between the Earl Marshal and the Lord Bishop of London, which caused the court to break up without coming to any decision, and also was the cause of a riot out of doors, when the mob, incited by the Roman Catholic priesthood, burnt down the Duke of Lancaster's magnificent palace of Savoy, situated in the Strand, London, and committed many excesses. The Duke of Lancaster married for his second wife Constance, the eldest daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile. The Duke gained considerable military renown in Scotland, France, and Spain. He, with the Black Prince, assisted Peter the Cruel to regain his kingdom after he had been driven from it by Don Henrique, his half-brother. At the death of Peter the Cruel (—

was stabbed by Don Henrique) John o'Gaunt asserted his right to the kingdom of Castile; and, after defeating the Spaniards in many engagements, made a treaty with his adversary, who then agreed to pay 200,000 crowns for the expenses which the Duke had incurred, and 40,000 florins as an annuity: at the same time his daughter Catherine was married to Henry, Prince of Asturias, and the heir of Don Henrique, King of Castile: thus the issue of John o'Gaunt reigned in Castile for many generations. The Duke of Lancaster died in December, 1398, and was buried in old Saint Paul's Cathedral, where a monument was erected to him, over which was placed his shield of arms,—engraved in the Pictorial History of England.

(46) The "Chase Woods" still exist near Honiley, between two and three miles from Kenilworth. They were very extensive previous to the possession of the castle by the adherents of Oliver Cromwell, who, it is recorded, "cut down the King's Woods, and destroyed his Parks and Chase."

(47) Sir Walter Scott, in his celebrated romance of "Kenilworth," without a shadow of historical authority, has transformed the "Strong Tower" into "Mervyn's Tower:" and he also mentions a "Saintlowe's Tower" which never existed.

(48) Henry Bolingbroke, son and heir of John o'Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose surname was derived from his birth-place Bolingbroke, in Lincolnshire, was created Earl of Derby in 1385, and Duke of Hereford in 1397, by King Richard II. In consequence of the misguided Richard's imprudent attempt to place the government of the kingdom in the hands of his worthless favourites exclusively, the principal Barons, with the approbation of the commons, determined to overawe the King by a display of force which would most effectually prevent his unjust designs upon their rights and privileges. Accordingly, on Sunday Nov. 17, 1387, the Earl of Derby, with his uncle the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Warwick, Arundel, and Nottingham, entered London at the head of 40,000 men, and "appealed" of treason the Archbishop of York; de Vere, Duke of Ireland; de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk; Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice; and Sir Nicholas Brember, Lord Mayor of London. The favourites instantly fled: de la Pole succeeded in reaching France, where he died soon after. De Vere took refuge on the borders of Wales, where

he shortly afterwards received royal letters authorizing him to raise an army to oppose the Earl of Derby. He collected a few thousand men, but was signally defeated by Gloucester and Henry Bolingbroke on the banks of the river Isis, near Radcot-bridge, in Oxfordshire. He then fled to Ireland, and afterwards to Holland, where he died four years afterwards. The Archbishop of York was captured in the north, but allowed to escape by the people: he finished his days in Flanders, in the lowly station of a parish priest. Brember and Tresilian were concealed near London, but were shortly afterwards discovered and executed to the great joy of the people. Richard never forgave the parties in this transaction; although he dissembled his resentment for some years. In October, 1396, King Richard married for his second wife, Isabella, daughter of Charles VI. King of France, which caused very great dissatisfaction in England; and, having engaged his assistance in case of need, he, with the most consummate treachery, executed his scheme of vengeance against some of the obnoxious nobles, in the month of July, 1397. After entertaining the Earl of Warwick at dinner in his usual courteous way, Richard caused him to be arrested on a charge of high treason: two days afterwards he persuaded the Archbishop of Canterbury to bring his brother the Earl of Arundel to a private conference with him, when he was also arrested. Immediately afterwards he proceeded to Pleshy Castle, Essex, the residence of his uncle the Duke of Gloucester, who was seized and conveyed with all haste to the castle of Calais, while Richard was conversing in a friendly way with the Duchess, in order to prevent suspicion of what was going on: and lastly, Thomas Arundel Archbishop of Canterbury was accused of treason. The King then surprised the Dukes of Lancaster and York, and Henry Bolingbroke, with other nobles at Nottingham Castle, when he compelled them to sign and seal a deed "appealing" the above noblemen of high treason. Shortly after this Richard went to the Parliament House, with a retinue of 600 men-at-arms, wearing his own livery, and a choice body-guard of archers, when the Archbishop of Canterbury was banished for life: on the next day, his brother the Earl of Arundel was condemned and immediately beheaded on Tower Hill, although he challenged a trial by jury—or wager of battle; and lastly, pleaded the King's general and particular pardon. The Duke of Gloucester was murdered in Calais; though, for the sake of appearances, cited to appear and answer the charge of treason before the Parliament (the King at the time well knowing that he was der

Warwick was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Isle of Man. The remaining implicated noblemen, who had condemned themselves in condemning others, fearing that the same fate would befall them, and placing no confidence in Richard's assurances, compelled him to acknowledge, before a full Parliament, that he considered them blameless with regard to the Radcot-bridge affair. In January, 1398, the king called upon the Duke of Hereford (Henry Bolingbroke) to relate a conversation, which, he was informed, had taken place between him and the Duke of Norfolk (Thomas Mowbray), accusing the King and certain noblemen of attempting their destruction. Hereford presented a written paper, which he said contained the substance of the conversation which passed between himself and the Duke of Norfolk, in the month of December, as they were riding between Windsor and London. It therein appeared that Norfolk had expressed his fears to Hereford that they were about to be ruined for the Radcot-bridge affair, notwithstanding the King's pardon and declaration in Parliament : and that he well knew that King Richard was plotting the deaths of the Dukes of Lancaster, Hereford, Albemarle, and Exeter, the Marquis of Dorset, and himself ; and if he was not able to do it then, he would at the first opportunity destroy them in their houses. To this declaration Norfolk replied by calling Hereford a liar and a false traitor, and threw down his gauntlet. The King referred the matter to a Court of Chivalry, who decided that the wager of battle should take place at the city of Coventry on the 16th of September, 1398. When, as Froissart says, "these two Lordes made provision for that was necessarye for them for their battayle. The Earl of Derby sent into Lombardy to the Duke of Myllayn, for armure," and "the Erle-Marshal (Duke of Norfolk) on his part sent into Almayn, and in to other places to provyde him." Hollinshed gives a long and interesting description of this important event, which, eventually, cost Richard both his crown and his life: he says "At the time appointed the King came to Coventrie, accompanied with all the peeres of the realme: and in his companie was the Earle of Saint Paule, which was come out of France to see this challenge performed: and he (the King) had there above ten thousand men in armour, lest some fraie or tumult might rise amongst his nobles by quarrelling or partaking. The Duke of Aumarle that daie was High Constable of England; and the Duke of Surrie, Marshall." The Duke of Hereford, who had lodged at Baginton Castle (which anciently stood near the present Baginton Hall) the

seat of Sir William Bagot, came to the lists "mounted on a white courser harded with green & blew velvet, imbrodered sumptuouslie with swans and antelops of goldsmith's worke, armed at all points:" and the Duke of Norfolk appeared on a horse "barded with crimosen velvet, imbrodered richlie with lions of silver and mulberie trees," (in allusion to his name of Mowbray,) having lodged at Caludon Castle, of which some fragments still remain, near Coventry. When the trumpet sounded, each champion, having "cast his speere into the rest, set forward couragiouslie, towards his enemye," when the King "cast down his warder," and cried "Ho! ho!" thus preventing the combat. After the King and his Council had deliberated for "two long hours," to the surprise of all men, Sir John Bushy the King's Secretary read the sentence—that Hereford was to be banished for ten years, and Norfolk for life: and both were compelled to swear that they would obey this decree. Hereford, who took leave of King Richard at Eltham, who then "released him four years of his banishment," went no further than France. Norfolk "departed into Almayn," and died soon after broken-hearted at Venice on his road to Jerusalem. On the death of John o'Gaunt, three months afterwards (when Hereford came into possession of the castle and domains of Kenilworth), Richard seized his immense estates, notwithstanding his royal letters empowering Hereford to take possession of them, and appropriated them to his own use; and in May, 1399, he sailed from Milford Haven to Ireland, to put down a rebellion there; being also detested by the people of England for his tyrannical conduct. A fortnight, afterwards the Duke of Hereford landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, attended only by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the son of the late Earl of Arundel, fifteen knights and men-at-arms, and a few servants. He was joined by the Earls of Westmerland and Northumberland, and his uncle the Duke of York, and the people generally flocked to his standard, so that he arrived in London with 60,000 men,—when the Londoners also joined him. Richard arrived at Milford Haven about three weeks afterwards, when, his few remaining troops deserting him, he took refuge in Conway Castle. After enduring great privations he surrendered to the Earl of Northumberland, and was conducted to Flint Castle, where Hereford met him, and told him that in consequence of "the people's complaint of his oppressive government for twenty-two years, he had returned before his time to help him to rule them better." He was taken to the Tower of London, where he was compelled to abdicate the throne; and Henry Bolingbroke usurped

Crown of England as Henry IV. In consequence of the failure of a conspiracy, got up by some of the discontented peers, friends of Richard, to assassinate Henry at Oxford, Richard was murdered at Pontefract Castle. The popular story is that he was despatched by assassins; but the most probable account is that he was starved to death. His friends were defeated and slain by the people without any assistance from Henry; so much were Richard's adherents hated by the people of England.

(49) Coventry is supposed by Hollinshed to have been founded in the time of the Britons, when Arviragus was King, as its final syllable *tre* is the contraction of the British word *tre* or *trev* a town: its prefix *Convent* (Latin), or *Covent* (French), is derived from the nunnery or convent of St. Osburg, founded in the Saxon era, and destroyed in the wars with the Danes, about the commencement of the eleventh century,—of which the fragment of a pillar was discovered in 1794, in digging the foundation for the new front of the present Free Grammar School, anciently Saint John's Hospital, which was built on its site; the pillar is still to be seen standing within a few yards of the School, on the north side. In the reign of Edward the Confessor Coventry was under the dominion of Leofric Earl of Mercia, the husband of the celebrated Lady Godiva. In Domesday Book Coventry is written *Coventrev*. In the year 1344, King Edward III. granted a charter of incorporation to Coventry, appointing the election of a Mayor, two Bailiffs, and Commonalty, thus making it a City; and in 1451 King Henry VI. constituted Coventry with its surrounding hamlets a County, separate and independent of the county of Warwick. These institutions continued until the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, and the Boundary of Boroughs Act of 1842, when this ancient city, long styled for its wealth and magnificence "the third city in the realm," was deprived of many of its rights and privileges, conferred and renewed by royal charters, during a period of five hundred years, and thus, without the shadow of a justifiable reason, was reduced to the level of an ordinary modern town.

My late father, Mr. William Reader, of Coventry, printed and published in 1810 a History of the City of Coventry, which he compiled from scarce and original manuscripts, and other authorities; and which he subsequently continued to 1830. Also, in 1815, a History of the Churches of Saint Michael and the Holy Trinity. In 1816, the Latin Charter with a Translation of King James I. to the City. In 1827, Guide to St. Mary's Hall. In 1827, 1830, and 1834, a

History of Leofric Earl of Mercia, and his Countess Godiva. In 1830, an enlarged History of St. Michael's Church. A List of the Bailiffs, Sheriffs, and Mayors of Coventry from their first institution to 1830. In 1810, an Account of the Lammas Lands. In 1821, the Boundaries of St. Michael's Parish. In 1835, the Domesday Book for Warwickshire, with a Translation. He also compiled and published in the Coventry Mercury newspaper, of which he was half proprietor, and Editor, for nearly thirty years, many original articles on the History and Antiquities of Coventry and Warwickshire; and which also occasionally appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, and other publications, from 1809 to the time of his death—October 3, 1852.

As my father's representative, I now possess all his very valuable and voluminous Coventry and Warwickshire MSS. transcripts of original deeds, diaries, royal charters and letters, scarce engravings, drawings, maps, plans, &c., from the ancient City Records, and other rare sources, not now accessible to the antiquary, forming an extensive and almost unique collection,—the result of fifty years of unwearied labour and of careful research; during which period, as an influential citizen, as a churchwarden, and as a member of the Corporation, he embraced every opportunity of increasing his invaluable antiquarian stores. From these Manuscripts I could publish the most important and interesting History of Coventry which has ever yet appeared, provided a sufficient number of subscribers could be prevailed upon to patronise a work of this magnitude.

(50) "Oyez!" old French for "Hear!" This word was introduced by the Normans, and is used to this day by Heralds, and Public Criers, when making Proclamations. It is generally thrice repeated, as a prelude, to call attention to the announcement about to be made.

(51) "Mon Palais de Pleasant Maris," My Palace of the Pleasant Marsh. John Stow relates, upon the authority of Thomas de Elmham, that in the year 1414, "King Henry V. kept his Lent in the castle of Kenelworth, and caused an harber there to be planted in the marish, for his pleasure, amongst the thorns and bushes: where a foxe had harbored, which foxe he killed, being a thing then thought to prognosticate that he should expell the craftie deceit of the French King; besides which also hee there builded a most pleasant place (or banketing house), and caused it to bee termed *Le pleasant maris*,"—corrupted to the "*Pleasance*."

(52) *Hauberks*, were coats-of-mail, formed of flat rings or lozenges of metal, placed side by side, and firmly sewn or fixed on cloth or leather. This was worn from the Conquest to the reign of Henry III. when the Knights Crusaders introduced the Asiatic Chain-mail,—or a complete flexible coat formed of steel rings interlaced, without any other material. Sleeves for the arms; *Chausses* for the legs; *Camail* for the neck; were also of similar manufacture. The *Aventayle* was the front of the helmet pierced for sight and breathing. *Bassinets* and *Burtonets*, were helmets with visors or complete coverings for the face. *Salades*, *Morions*, and *Comb-Morions* were open-faced helmets or steel-caps. *Corslets* and *Cuirasses*, consisted of breast and back plates of steel. *Cuisses* for the thighs; *Genouilleres*, for the knees; *Jambes*, for the legs; *Sollerets*, for the feet; *Gauntlets*, for the hands. *Vambraces* covered the arm from the elbow to the wrist; *Rerebraces*, from the elbow to the shoulders. *Taces* and *Tassets* were flaps of steel hanging loosely from the breast-plate. *Pauldrons* protected the shoulders. *Chamfrons*, were defences for the heads of horses. The *Mace* was a kind of iron club, made either long or short, for one or both hands to wield. *Glaives* were Saxon and Welsh weapons, being a short broad sword-blade, fixed on a long pole or staff. For *Falchion*, *Cutlas*, *Estoc*, *Anelace*, see Note (39). For *Bills*, *Guisarms*, see Note (36). For *Long-Bows* see Note (33). For *Arbalists*, *Quarrels*, see Note (34). For *Springals* and *Mangonels*, see Note (31). *Bombards*, was the first name for Cannon, which were anciently made of bars of iron welded together, with hoops round them; and instead of being loaded as at present with a rammer, &c. the charge was placed in a moveable breech called a chamber, which was fixed tightly in the barrel before the piece was discharged. Artillery, our modern name for cannon, is derived from the French *Arc* (a bow) and *tirer* to draw or pull,—a rather singular perversion from its original signification! Villani, Rapin, and others assert, although perhaps erroneously, that Edward III. used cannon at the battle of Cressy. In the reign of Henry V. bolts and quarrels were shot from cannon, and afterwards stone balls, which were often of the weight of twelve hundred pounds; but from the size of the cannon, and the inefficiency of the gunners, could not be fired more than four or five times a day. For popular treatises on Arms and Armour, see Hewitt's *History of the Tower of London*, sold to visitors on application: and vol. IX. for 1840 of the *Penny Magazine*. Also Sir S. R. Rick's splendid work on *Ancient Armour*, &c.

(53) In 1414, according to John Stow, whilst Henry V. passed "his Lent season at Kenelworth Castle, messengers came to him from the Dolphin of France, named Charles, with a present of Paris balles, for him to play withall, but the King wrote to him, that hee would shortly send to him London balles (*i. e.* cannon-balls, which were then made of rough stone,) with the which he woulde breake downe the roofes of his houses." In August of the next year Henry invaded France, and on the 25th of October, 1415, he gained the glorious battle of Agincourt, with only ten thousand Englishmen, who totally routed more than 100,000 French with considerable loss. This victory was won principally by Henry's "good yeomen," whose "cloth-yard shafts," winged with destruction, pierced through the strongest armour, spreading terror amidst the densely crowded ranks of their enemies, and strewing the field with thousands of their slain. It is an historical fact that out of a body of twelve hundred horse that charged the English archers, only three reached them, the rest being either killed or disabled by their shafts. —For a detailed and accurate account of the battle of Agincourt, see Sir Harris Nicolas's interesting work.

The battle of Cressy, won by Edward III. on the 26th of August, 1346, with 25,000 men only, over 100,000 French,—where the Prince of Wales "won his spurs;" and the victory of Poitiers, gained by Edward the Black Prince, on the 19th of September, 1356, with 10,000 men, against 60,000 French; are similar instances of the destructive effects of ancient archery, as these great battles were principally won by the "stiff long-bow," and the "cloth-yard shaft," of our sturdy English yeomen. There is no sufficient proof that cannon were used at any of these battles, being too cumbersome for rapid movements in the field: they appear chiefly to have been employed about this period in the attack and defence of castles and fortified towns.

(54) The Lord of Misrule was "a mock Prince" who "reigned imperiously" during the Christmas holidays. He was appointed to make "merry disport," according to Stow, "in the King's palace, and in the house of every nobleman and person of distinction: among the rest the Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs had severally of them their Lord of Misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders." In the fifth year of Edward VI. says Hollinshed, "Master George Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, Warwickshire, who was a lawyer, a poet, and an historian, was appointed to this

office at the courte," and which distinction he appears to have borne also in the reign of Elizabeth. "This gentleman so well supplied his office both of show of sundry sights, and devises of rare invention, and in act of divers interludes, and matters of pastime, played by persons, as not only satisfied the common sorte, but also were verie well liked by the council, and others of skill in lyke pastimes, but best by the young King (Edward VI.) himselfe, as appeared by his princely liberalitie in rewarding that service." The Lord of Misrule was not exclusively confined to the houses of the wealthy; for, according to Philip Stubbs, in the sixteenth century, "The wilde heades of the parish flock together and chuse them a graund captaine of all mischiefe, whom they innoble with the title of Lord of Misrule; and him they crowne with great solemnity, and adopt for their king. This monarch annoynted chooseth forth twenty, forty, threescore, or an hundred lustie fellows, like to himself, to waite upon his lordly majesty and to guarde his noble person. Then every one he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other wanton colour; and as though they were not gawdy ynough, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, with ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with golde rings and other jewels. Thus all set in order, they have their hobby-horses, their dragons, and other antiques, with their pipers and drummers to strike up the daunce withal; their bells jynghing, their kerchiefes fluttering, and their hobby-horses and other monsters skirmishing among the throng, while the people looke, and stare, and laugh, and fleere, to see these goodly pageants solemnized."—See, for further information, Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*.

(55) The Duke of Gloucester, brother of Henry V. married, in 1428, Eleanor, daughter of Reginald Lord Cobham. In 1441, "the Good Duke Humphrey," as Gloucester was popularly called, opposed the liberation of the Duke of Orleans, and the French prisoners taken at Agincourt, which measure was advocated by Cardinal Beaufort, with whom he had a violent altercation. The Cardinal and the Earl of Suffolk having carried their point, and having determined on the ruin of the Duke of Gloucester, instituted a most vindictive, though absurd, charge against his wife. She was accused of compassing the death of the King (Henry VI.) by sorcery and witchcraft, with the intention of advancing her husband to the crown, to which he was the next heir in succession. Gloucester, being fond of the society of learned men, patronized Roger Bolingbroke, whom

he made his chaplain, and who was an astronomer, and consequently an astrologer. Henry VI. being afflicted with a grievous sickness, it appears the Duchess was anxious to ascertain the probability of his death, and consequently consulted Roger Bolingbroke on the subject. After her husband's quarrel with Cardinal Beaufort she was accused of treason and arrested, together with Southwell canon of St. Stephen's Westminster, John Hum a priest, Margery Jourdayn the Witch of Eye, and Bolingbroke, on a charge of having a figure of wax, made by "crafty necromancers," which she suspended before a fire: and which, as it melted away, by magical sympathy, caused "the flesh of the King to wither, and his marrow to dry up in his bones." Bolingbroke, the learned astronomer, died at Tyburn declaring his innocence, Margery Jourdayn was burnt in Smithfield, Southwell died in prison, Hum was pardoned, and the Duchess was sentenced to do public penance in three places in London, and then to be confined for life in Kenilworth Castle. Shortly afterwards the Duke was arrested on a charge of treason, and before a fortnight had elapsed he was found dead in his bed,—murdered, it was suspected, at the instigation of the Duke of Suffolk, or Cardinal Beaufort, or some of their party.

(56) Edward IV. of the house of York, was the undoubted legitimate heir to the crown of England, in consequence of his descent from Lionel Duke of Clarence, the *second* son of Edward III.

Henry VI. of the house of Lancaster, had descended from John o'Gaunt, the *third* son of Edward III.

Richard II. was the son of Edward the Black Prince, the *eldest* son of Edward III. But Richard, who died without issue, was deposed by Henry IV. son of John o'Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, from whom Henry VI. descended; and it was his usurpation of the crown that caused those disastrous wars which for thirty years depopulated England,—well known as the "Wars of the Roses," York having adopted the White, and Lancaster the Red.

The marriage of Henry VII. who had descended from John o'Gaunt, with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. united the rival houses of York and Lancaster, and thus happily terminated the fierce and desolating contentions of the White and Red Roses.

(57) William Caxton was the first English Printe was born in the Weald of Kent about the year 1412

a residence of thirty years on the continent, where he learnt the art of Printing, in 1470, in the city of Cologne, he returned to England, and established the first Printing Office in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey in 1474, where he continued to practice "the divine art and mystery" until his death in 1492; of which an entry is recorded in the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. The city of Mentz, on the Rhine, in Germany, had the honour of introducing the three First Printers to the world, viz.:—John Guttenberg, the inventor in 1440; John Faust, the promoter in 1443; and Peter Schoeffer, the improver, having invented the casting of metal types, in 1450.

(58) The house in which King Richard III. slept the night before he was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field, which was fought on August 22nd, 1485, and won by Henry Earl of Richmond afterwards Henry VII. is still in existence at Leicester, and is known as the "Old Blue Boar" Inn,—deriving its name from the cognisance of King Richard. After the battle the remains of Richard were "slung across a horse" and so conveyed back to Leicester, where they were interred in the church of the Grey Friars. Henry VII. erected a monument to his memory, which however was destroyed at the Dissolution of Monasteries in the reign of King Henry VIII. It is asserted that Richard's coffin was actually used as a horse-trough at the White Horse Inn. A view of this interesting specimen of domestic architecture of the fifteenth century is engraved in the Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet for 1812, and also in the Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1837, which gives the Interior of the Principal Chamber in addition to the exterior view.

(59) King Henry VIII. according to John Stow, "was at great cost in repairing Kenilworth Castle, and caused the banketing house to be taken downe," which had been erected in "Le Pleasant Maris" by Henry V. "and part of it to be set up in the base court at Killingworth." He also erected "Henry the Eighth's Lodgings," which connected Cæsar's Tower with Leicester's Buildings, including the entrance gate from the Base Court, to the Inner Court, which appears in the View of the Castle of 1620: but which have long been demolished.

(60) A very picturesque winding lane runs from Clinton en, close by the Gatehouse of Kenilworth Castle, into town, near the King's Arms Hotel, for many years the

residence of Mr. Bursell. In this lane are still to be seen the two remaining towers of the "first gate of the castle in the brays," as Master Robert Laneham saith, through which Queen Elizabeth passed on her visit in 1575. A little "babbling brook," as clear as crystal, crosses this lane near the Gatehouse, and anciently flowed into the Lake: but now it runs through copse and meadow, "laughing in the sunshine, or sighing in the shade,"—still warbling the same "quiet tune," still flowing with the same ceaseless ripple, and still pursuing the same "even tenour of its way," which it did for countless ages before the royal visit of "Good Queen Beas!"—A beautiful view of this lane and brook, with the Gatehouse in the distance, drawn by T. Hearne, and etched by B. T. Pouncy, was published by W. Lowry, of 57, Titchfield Street, London, in 1798.

(61) By letters patent dated June 9, 1563, Queen Elizabeth granted the manor and castle of Kenilworth (which had belonged to the crown from the reign of Henry IV.) to Sir Robert Dudley, whom she created Baron Denbigh on September 28th, 1564, and on the following day Earl of Leicester. In 1571 the Earl considerably enlarged and beautified the castle, on which he expended the large sum of £60,000 (equal to about half-a-million at the present day). He built that magnificent pile at the south-east angle of the inner court which is still known as "Leicester's Buildings." He also erected the great Gatehouse on the north side of the castle, which he made the principal entrance; and two towers at either extremity of the Tiltyard,—the one nearest to the castle was called "Mortimer's Tower," (as Dugdale thinks) after one that stood there in which Lord Mortimer lodged at the festival of the "Round Table," or else because Sir John Mortimer was confined there when a prisoner in the reign of Henry VI. The other was called the "Flood Gate," or the "Gallery Tower," and contained a "spacious apartment," from which the ladies might behold the feats of chivalry in the Tiltyard. He also enlarged the Park and the Chase-woods, which were well stocked with deer and game, "impaling part of Blakwell within it, and also a large nook extending from Rudfen Lane towards the Pool, which lay waste, and belonged to the poor of Kenilworth, but for which he gave the Prior's Fields, lying to the north of the castle, in exchange." He likewise obtained from Queen Elizabeth in 1576 a grant for the holding of a weekly market upon a Wednesday, and a fair yearly on Midsummer Day, for the town of Kenilworth, and which have continued to

present time. In the years 1566, 1568, 1572, and 1575 the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth at his princely castle of Kenilworth,—the three first visits were attended with no particular ceremony or expense, but the fourth and last eclipsed in splendour, and in profuse hospitality, every festival of the kind hitherto known in England. The Queen was attended by all the nobility of her realm, besides the ladies of her court, who, with four hundred servants, were lodged in the castle. The festival continued for the very unusually long period of nineteen days, and commenced on Saturday the 9th of July, 1575, the Queen arriving at the castle about eight o'clock in the evening. The expenses have been estimated at about £1,000 per diem; ten oxen were killed every morning, and the consumption of wine was sixteen hogsheads, and of beer forty hogsheads daily. For a particular account of these splendid festivities, I beg to refer my readers to the highly-interesting letter of Master Robert Laneham, "Clerk of the Council Chamber door, and also Keeper of the same," and Gentleman-Usher to "my right singular and very good Lord," the Earl of Leicester, entitled "A Letter: Whearin, part of the entertainment unto the Queenz Maiesty, at Killingwoorth Castl, in Warwik Sheer in this Soomerz Progress 1575. iz signified: from a freend officer attendant in the Coourt, unto his freend a Citizen and Merchaunt of London." Also to "The Princelye pleasures, at the Courte at Kenelwoorth. That is to saye. The Copies of all such verses, Proses, or Poeticall inuentions, and other deuices of pleasure, as were there deuised, and presented by sundry Gentlemen, before the Qvenes Maiestie: In the yeare 1575. Imprinted at London by Richard Ihones, and are to be solde without Newgate ouer against Saint Sepulchers Church. 1576." This work was prepared for the press by Master George Gascoigne, who with his companions Hunnis, Muncaster, Badger, Ferrers, and Goldingham, were the authors of the speeches and verses which it contains. Two different small octavo black letter copies of "Laneham's Letter," are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, but without name or date. In 1784 Mr. J. Green, of Stratford-on-Avon, reprinted it in octavo, with notes. "Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures" was first printed in 1576, and another edition in 1587. Both of these tracts were reprinted in quarto by John Nichols, Esq. in 1788, in his erudite "Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth;" and also in a fine work, published at Coventry, in 1821, and compiled by Thomas Sharp, Esq. of Coventry, and William Hamper, Esq. of Birmingham, both

deceased, entitled "Kenilworth Illustrated; or the History of the Castle, Priory, and Church of Kenilworth, with a Description of their Present State," containing nineteen superb copper plates, engraved by the late Mr. William Radclyffe, of Birmingham. An octavo edition, giving a modernized orthography, was printed in London, in 1821; and at Warwick in 1824.

(62) For some account of the ancient "Yeomanry of England," and also of their celebrated weapon the Long-Bow,—See Notes (12) and (33).

(63) The hand-gun was first constructed in the reign of Edward IV.: it was of the simplest form, without any stock, and fired by holding a match to the touch-hole on the top of the barrel. The cross-bow suggested the improvements of the stock, of the cock to hold the match, and also the trigger,—this was called the match-lock. The invention of the wheel-lock came from Italy in the reign of Henry VIII. and was a contrivance for producing sparks of fire by the friction of a notched wheel grating against a piece of pyrites (native sulphuret of iron) held by the cock, which was brought down on the revolving wheel by the trigger. The fire-lock or flint-lock, was introduced in the reign of Charles I. from the Netherlands, having been invented in Spain, and called the snaphaunce, from the *hahn*, or cock, being let-off with a *schnappen*, or snap, against an upright moveable piece of steel which stood over the pan. From this originated the common flint-lock of the present day, which has been superseded in its turn by the percussion-lock now in general use.—The arquebus, or hand-gun, derived its name from *arc-à-bouche*—the crossbow, and was invented in the reign of King Edward IV.—The hackbut, hagbut, or musket, named from its *hacked* or bent stock, and introduced from Spain in the reign of Henry VIII. had a barrel four feet long, admitting bullets of twelve to the pound, and from its weight was fired from a rest thrust into the ground, which could also be used as a spear.—The caliver, a smaller piece, named from the bore of the barrel being of a certain standard size or *calibre*, was an improvement of the reign of Elizabeth. These were the weapons of Infantry. Those of the Cavalry were the petronel, fired from the chest; the carabine, fired from the shoulder; the pistol, and the dag, varied in size and in the form of the stock, and the dragon, ornamented with the head of that fabulous animal, and from which our modern name of dragoon is derived, were fired from the hand; and v

invented and used about the same periods.—The bandalier was a broad belt suspended from the left shoulder, at the lower end of which hung a leathern bag for bullets, and a “touch-box;” and fifteen or sixteen small round cases, each containing a charge of gunpowder, were fastened to it in front on the breast. The strings of match to fix in the lock of the piece were carried in the sword waist-belt.

(64) The complete suit of armour for the horse consisted of the following pieces:—the Chanfron for the head, the Poitrail for the breast, the Maneferre for the neck, the Flanchards for the flanks, and the Croupiere for the haunches. See Tower Armoury,—equestrian figure of Henry VII. &c.

(65) The royal liveries of the later Plantagenets were White and Red,—of the house of Lancaster, White and Blue,—of the house of York, Murrey (dark red) and Blue,—of the house of Tudor, White and Green,—of the house of Stuart, and also of George I., Yellow and Red,—and of the house of Brunswick, Scarlet and Blue.

(66) Andrea Ferara, the celebrated Sword maker, was born at Ferara, in the north of Italy; and, according to Meyrick, came to England in the reign of Henry VIII.: but he finally settled in the Highlands of Scotland, under the patronage of James IV. or V. The swords of his manufacture were highly valued for their peculiar excellence; the blades being so finely tempered “that the point would touch the hilt,” and spring back again uninjured. His “marvellous brands,” *i. e.* swords, were eagerly sought after, and he employed many workmen in forging the blades, whilst he tempered them himself in a dark cellar, the better to observe the effect of the heat,—but more probably to prevent his “mysterious system” from becoming known. These swords have a broad straight blade tapering to a point, and marked “Andrea Ferara,” with a crown. Those which I have seen were mounted with the “basket-hilt” peculiar to the Scotch claymore; and the blades have a double groove. The swords manufactured at Toledo and Biboa in Spain; Milan in Italy; Cairo in Egypt; Ispahan in Persia; and Damascus in Syria; have also for ages possessed the highest celebrity.

(67) Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was the fifth son of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded in 1553, for attempting to place the amiable and accomplished, but truly unfortunate Lady Jane Grey on the

throne of England. He was born in 1532; and died Sept. 4, 1588. In 1551, he was one of the Six Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. He was arrested and condemned to death with his father, and brothers John, Ambrose, and Henry, but received a pardon in the following year 1554, and was taken into the service and favour of Queen Mary and her husband Philip of Spain. Through the influence of Robert Dudley the rigours of the Princess Elizabeth's captivity were softened, and to the impression he then made on her youthful heart may be ascribed the subsequent unlimited favours and boundless power which she conferred upon him, although, "he seems not to have possessed a single virtue; and his daring hypocrisy confounded rather than deceived;"—it is also asserted that he recklessly offended against all laws both human and divine. Immediately on her accession Queen Elizabeth made him Master of the Horse; and in 1559 Knight of the Garter, and one of her Privy Council; "presently followed by grants of estates of immense value, amongst which, by letters patent dated June 9th, 1563, was the manor and castle of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire." On September 28th, 1564, he was raised to the dignity of Baron Denbigh, and on the following day made Earl of Leicester: and soon after elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

At the age of eighteen Robert Dudley married Anne, or Amy, daughter and heiress of Sir John Robsart, of Norfolk, distinguished by antiquity of descent, and great possessions in that county. They were married, as Edward VI. in whose presence the nuptials were solemnized, states in his journal, on June 4th, 1550, and lived together for ten years, but had no children. She died on September 8, 1560; although Sir Walter Scott has made her the heroine of his romance of Kenilworth in 1575! There is very little doubt but that he caused his wife to be murdered for the purpose of obtaining the hand of the Queen in marriage, to which he soon afterwards aspired. However, he sent the unfortunate Amy to the solitary manor-house of Cumnor, in Berkshire, near Oxford, inhabited by one of his dependents, named Anthony Forster; thither she was shortly followed by Sir Richard Verney, another of his retainers: and a few days after, these villains having sent all her servants to Abingdon fair, and no one being with her but themselves, she died, as they reported, in consequence of a fall down a staircase. But "the inhabitants of Cumnor (says Aubrey, in whose History of Berkshire all that could be collected on the subject is minutely described) will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to and

where the bed's-head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern-door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs; thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so thus have blinded their villany." Nor was this plan of violence adopted until after they had vainly attempted to destroy her by poison, through the unconscious aid of Dr. Bailey, then Professor of Physic in the University of Oxford, who had resisted their earnest importunities to make a medicine for her, when he knew she was in perfect health, suspecting, as he afterwards declared, that they intended to add to it some deadly drug, and trembling for his own safety. The disfigured corpse was hurried to the earth, without a coroner's inquest; and to such a height did the pity and the resentment of the neighbouring families arise, that they employed the pen of Thomas Lever, a Prebendary of Coventry, to write to the Secretaries of State, intreating that a strict inquiry should be made into the true cause of the lady's death: but the application had no effect. The strongest inference, however, of Leicester's guilt in this case, is to be drawn from a string of reasons, noted down by Cecil himself, why the Queen should not make him her husband,—one of which is, "that he is infamed by the death of his wife." The effect of such a remark, made by such a person, and for such a purpose, wants little of the force of positive evidence.

For a memoir of this "arrogant nobleman," see Lodge's Illustrated Biography, where he is presumed by his nefarious intrigues to have procured the legal deaths of Mary Queen of Scots and of her proposed husband the Duke of Norfolk; to have caused the deaths by poison of the Earl of Essex and Lord Sheffield for the possession of their wives; Sir Thomas Throgmorton, the Countess of Lennox, and others. In 1585 he was appointed to command a large force sent to assist "the United Provinces," in the Low Countries; but being totally deficient in military experience, and opposed by the Prince of Parma one of the first generals of the age, his career was marked by defeat and disgrace; and his heroic nephew, the admirable Sir Philip Sidney, who had been his right hand both in the council and in the field, after a most brilliant display of valour, fell a sacrifice to his incapacity before the walls of Zutphen. The Earl of Leicester died on September 4, 1588, at his house of Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, on his road to Kenilworth, of a rapid fever, supposed to have been produced by poison, although it is unknown whether it was administered by accident or design.

The only atonement which the Earl of Leicester made for the iniquities of his life, so far as I am aware of, is that he founded and liberally endowed an hospital at Warwick, for the reception of twelve indigent men,—and a master, who must also be a clergyman of the Church of England. The native inhabitants of Warwickshire and Gloucestershire are alone eligible as candidates, and the preference must, in all cases, be given to those who have been wounded in the defence of their country: the preference must also next be given to the natives of the five following places, taken successively in the following order:—Warwick, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, Wootton-under-Edge, and Arlingham. The brethren are required to wear a blue gown, with the Earl's crest—the bear and ragged-staff—fastened to the left arm. The land with which it is endowed was of the value of £200 per annum at the time of the endowment; but in the year 1853 it had increased to about £2,000 per annum. The income of each member was limited by Act of Parliament in 1813 to £80, and their number increased.

In the Lady Chapel, St. Mary's Church, Warwick, is the monument of the Earl of Leicester. Upon the tomb reclines the statue of the Earl, clad in armour, with his coronet on his head, partially covered with a mantle; and also that of his Countess Lettice, in her coronet and mantle of ermine. These statues are finely sculptured, but the appearance of the monument is ostentatiously massive, without either elegance of design or proportion.

It will perhaps be considered that the poetical character which I have drawn of the Earl of Leicester is at variance with that ascribed to him by the impartial historian; but as "the mighty peer," the "magnificent favourite," and the honoured host of the great Queen Elizabeth, and of the nobles of England, at his princely castle of Kenilworth, I had no alternative but to depict his superficial character as a highly-polished courtier,—as "the glass of fashion, the mould of form, and the observed of all observers;" although it is too true that his real character was stained with all the crimes and vices "of our fallen humanity."

(68) Grose informs us that although cannon were used by our armies from the time of Edward III. that they were manufactured abroad, none being cast in England until the reign of Henry VIII. when in 1521 according to Stow, or in 1535 according to Camden, "great brass cannon and culverins" were first made. They were originally of iron called Bombards, Chambers, Serpents, &c.—See Not

(69) On Saturday the ninth of July, 1575, about eight o'clock in the evening, Queen Elizabeth came to Kenilworth, "where in the park, about a flight-shot from the brays and first gate of the castle, one of the ten Sibyls that we read of, who were parties and privy to the gods gracious good wills, comely clad in a pall of white silk, pronounced a proper poesy in English rhyme and metre; of effect how great gladness her gracious presence brought into every stead where it pleased her to come, and especially now into that place that had so longed after the same: and ending with prophecy certain of much long prosperity, health and felicity."

(70) When Queen Elizabeth came to the Flood-gate, at the entrance to the Tiltyard, her progress was interrupted by a gigantic man, who personated Hercules, and filled the office of warder. He was "tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapped also all in silk, with a club and keys of quantity according, and had a rough speech full of passion, in metre aptly made to the purpose." This "savage man," when he saw the princely company approach, "burst out into a great pang of impatience to see such uncouth trudging to and fro, such riding in and out, with such din and noise of talk, within the charge of his office, whereof he never saw the like, nor had any warning afore, nor yet could make to himself any cause of the matter." At last, being overcome by the rare beauty and princely countenance of her Majesty, "yielded himself and his charge, presenting the keys to her Highness," and on his knees begged her Majesty's pardon for his ignorance; which being graciously granted, "he caused his trumpeters, that stood upon the wall of the gate there, to sound up a tune of welcome."

(71) These "harmonious blasters, being six in number, were every one eight feet high, in due proportion of person besides, all in long garments of silk suitable, each with his silvery trumpet of five feet long." They escorted her Majesty through the Tiltyard, walking upon the wall, to Mortimer's Tower at the entrance of the outer court.

(72) When the Queen entered the outer court of the castle, "the Lady of the Lake (famous in King Arthur's book), with two nymphs waiting upon her, arrayed all in silks, awaited her Highness's coming: from the midst of the pool, where, upon a moveable island, bright blazing with torches, she floated to land, and met her Majesty with a well-penned metre of welcome." She then besought her Highness to

relieve her from the persecutions of that cruel knight—Sir Bruce-sans-Pitié, a mortal enemy unto ladies of high estate, who had sworn vengeance on behalf of his cousin, Merlin, the prophet, whom she had enclosed in a rock as a punishment for his base attack on her maiden purity; and, "that Neptune pitying her distress had environed her with waves, whereupon she was enforced to live always in that pool, and was thereby called the Lady of the Lake. Furthermore affirming that by Merlin's prophecy it seemed she could never be delivered but by the presence of a better maid than herself;" therefore she humbly prayed her Majesty to command Sir Bruce to desist from his persecutions, which would be sufficient for her deliverance, and the destruction of that pitiless knight.—For particulars, see the celebrated ancient romance of King Arthur:—also Note (1).

The Queen's answer to the Lady of the Lake, according to Laneham, after graciously thanking her for her kind welcome was this:—"We had thought, indeed, the Lake had been ours, and do you call it yours, now? Well, we will herein commune more with you hereafter."

The Lake covered an extent of about one hundred and eleven acres, and flowed on the westward side of the castle, towards Rudfin: it also encircled the castle in the form of a broad and deep moat. It appears to have existed as early as the time of Geoffrey de Clinton, as he gave the monks of the Priory, which he founded, permission to fish there: but it was very probably enlarged by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. It was drained for the sake of the fish, with which it was well stored; and thus wantonly destroyed by its possessors in the time of Oliver Cromwell.

(73) Those singular appearances in the grass, called fairy-rings, are very conspicuous during the months of Autumn. They exhibit a vivid circle of green when the surrounding grass is brown, and have been attributed by the superstitious in by-gone ages to those imaginary beings—the fairies, or good-people. Fairy-rings have of late years been attributed to lightning, or to *fungi*, such as mushrooms, toadstools, &c. but the most plausible supposition is that they are caused by *fungi*, which are always found more or less around them. The origin of these circles is nothing more than a small mushroom bed, made by the dung of cattle lying undisturbed on the grass until it becomes incorporated with the soil beneath. Where this occurs, a tuft of rank grass sprouts up, in the centre of which a crop of *fungi* soon appears, and again perishes. This is the nucle-

fairy-ring. The next year the tuft is found to have left a bright green spot, of perhaps two feet in diameter, which has separated in the middle, and this expands every year until the area of the circle is filled by common grass, and successive crops of fungi impart a vivid green hue to the circle which surrounds it. The cause that but very few tufts are converted into fairy-rings, may be, that they have not been enriched sufficiently to form mushroom beds: but there is little doubt, that all existing fairy-rings owe their origin to this cause.

(74) A Triton, "Neptune's blaster," appeared upon the Lake, mounted on a dolphin eighteen feet long, "who with his trumpet, formed of a wrinkled welk, as her Majesty was in sight, gave sound very shrill and sonorous," commanding, in Neptune's name, that the fish and the waters of the Lake should "ne be so hardy in any force to stir, but keep them calm and quiet while the Queen be present."

(75) "A fair bridge of twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, gravelled for treading," was constructed over the base-court to the castle-gate, on which were placed "seven posts on a side, that stood twelve feet asunder, thickened between with well-proportioned pillars," bearing the gifts of the gods. "Upon the first pair of posts were set two comely square wire cages, three feet long, and two wide; and high in them live bitterns, curlews, shovelers, hernshaws, godwits, and such like dainty birds, of the presents of *Sylvanus*, the god of fowl. On the second pair, two great silvered bowls, featly apted to the purpose, filled with apples, pears, cherries, filberts, walnuts, fresh upon their branches, and with oranges, pomegranates, lemons, and pippins, all for the gifts of *Pomona*, goddess of fruits. The third pair of posts, in two such silvered bowls, had (all in ears, green and old,) wheat, barley, oats, beans, and pease, as the gifts of *Ceres*. The fourth post, on the left hand, in a like silvered bowl, had grapes in clusters, white and red, graced with their vine leaves. The match-post against it had a pair of great white silver livery-pots for wine; and before them two glasses of good capacity, filled full—the one with white wine, the other with claret, so fresh of colour, and of look so lovely, smiling to the eye of many, that by my faith methought, by their leering, they could have found in their hearts, (as the evening was hot), to have kissed them sweetly and thought 'no sin: and these were the potencial presents of *Bacchus*, god of wine. The fifth pair had each a fair large tray,

strewed with fresh grass; and in them conger, burt, mullett, fresh herrings, oysters, salmon, crevis, and such like, from *Neptunus*, god of the sea. On the sixth pair of posts were set two ragged staves of silver, beautifully glittering of armour, thereupon depending bows, arrows, spears, shield, head-piece, gorget, corslets, swords, targets, and such like, for *Mars'* gifts, the god of war. And on the seventh, the last and next to the castle, were there pight two fair bay branches, of four feet high, adorned on all sides with lutes, viols, shalms, cornets, flutes, recorders, and harps, as the presents of *Phæbus*, the god of music." On arriving at the castle-gate, a poet, attired "in a long cerulous garment, with side [*i.e.* long] and wide sleeves, Venetian-wise drawn up to his elbow, his doublet sleeves under that of crimson, nothing but silk; a bay garland on his head, and a scroll in his hand; making first an humble obeisance at her Highness' coming," recited some verses explanatory of the gifts of the gods which appeared on the bridge; at the conclusion of which "was her Highness received with a fresh delicate harmony of flutes, in performance of *Phæbus'* presents." "So passing thence into the inner court, her Majesty (that never rides but alone) there set down from her palfrey, was conveyed up to her chamber: when after did follow so great a peal of guns, and such lightening by fire-work a long space together, as though *Jupiter* would have shown himself to be no further behind with his welcome than the rest of his gods; and that he would have all the country to know, for indeed the noise and flame were heard and seen twenty miles off."

(76) A stag of ten.—See Note (14).

(77) The Pleasaunce was "an exquisite appointment of a beautiful garden, an acre or more in quantity, that lieth on the north" side of the castle. "In the centre, as it were, of this goodly garden, was there placed a very fair fountain, cast into an eight-square, and reared four feet high; from the midst whereof a column upright in shape of two Athlants, joined together, a back half, the one looking east, the other west, with their hands upholding a fair-formed bowl of three feet over, from whence sundry fine pipes did lively distil continual streams into the reservoir of the fountain, maintained still two feet deep by the same fresh falling water: wherein pleasantly playing to and fro and round about, carp, tench, bream, and for variety, perch, and eel, fish fair-liking all, and large. In the top, was the ragged-staff; which, with the bowl, the pillar, and eight sides beneath, were

all hewn out of rich and hard white marble. On one side, *Neptune* with his trident, fusing trumpets in his throne, tramped into the deep by his marine horses. On another, *Thetis* in her chariot drawn by her dolphins. Then *Triton* by his fishes. Here, *Proteus* herding his sea-bulls. There *Doris* and her daughters soaking on sea and sands. The waves surging with froth and foam, intermingled in place, with whales, whirlpools, sturgeons, tunneys, conches, and wealks, all engraved by exquisite device and skill. . . A garden then so appointed, as wherein walk upon sweet shadowed walk of terrace, in heat of summer, to feel the pleasant whisking wind above, or delectable coolness of the fountain-spring beneath; to taste of delicious strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, even from their stalks; to smell such fragrant of sweet odours, breathing from the plants, herbs, and flowers; to hear such natural melodious music and tunes of birds, to have in eye for mirth sometime these underspringing streams; then the woods, the waters (for both pool and chase were hard at hand in sight), the deer, the people (that out of the east harbour in the base court also at hand in view), fruit-trees, the plants, the herbs, the flowers, the change in colours, the birds flitting, the fountain streaming, the fish swimming, all in such delectable variety, order and dignity; whereby, at one moment, in one place, at hand, without travel, to have so full fruition of so many God's blessings, by entire delight unto all senses (if all can take) at once: for etymon of the word worthy to be called Paradise: and though not so goodly as Paradise, for want of the fair rivers, yet better a great deal by the lack of so unhappy a tree."

(78) For a description of the Fountain,—See Note (77).

(79) In the Pleasaunce "a square cage, sumptuous and beautiful, joined hard to the north wall, of rare form and excellency was raised: in height twenty feet, thirty long, and fourteen broad," having four great windows in front, and two at each end; every one five feet wide, and as many more even above them, divided on all parts by a transom and architrave, each window arched at the top, and parted from the other at even distances, and was covered "with a wire-net finely knit" and "beautified with great diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires." This magnificent cage was well "replenished with lively birds, English, French, Spanish, Canarian, and African," whose delightful melody "as charming to the ear, as the variety of their splendid
age was pleasing to the eye.

(80) Bear-baiting was a favourite sport with the people of England in the "dark ages," and this rough pastime was as keenly enjoyed even in the courtly age of Elizabeth by all ranks of society—from the peer to the peasant—as the bull-fight is in Spain at the present day. The bear-baiting at Kenilworth appears to have been on a large scale, as there were thirteen bears and a great number of ban-dogs provided for the occasion. "It was a sport very pleasant of these beasts; to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemies approach, the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid the assault: if he was bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he was taken once, then what shift, with biting, with clawing, with roaring, tossing, and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and the slaver about his physiognomy, was a matter of a goodly relief."

(81) "Two dials nigh unto the battlements, are set aloft upon two of the sides of Cæsar's Tower, one east the other south; for so stand they best to show the hours to the town and country: both fair, large, and rich, blue bice for ground, and gold for letters, whereby they glitter conspicuous a great way off. The clock-bell, that is good and shrill, was commanded to silence at first, and indeed sung not a note all the while her Highness was there; the clock stood also still withal. But mark now, whether were it by chance, by constellation of stars, or by fatal appointment (if fates and stars do deal with dials), thus was it indeed. The hands of both the tables stood firm and fast, always pointing at two o'clock. Which thing beholding by hap at first, but after seriously marking in deed, enprinted into me a deep sign and argument certain; that this thing, among the rest, was for full significance of his Lordship's honourable, frank, friendly, and noble heart towards all estates; which whether they come to stay and take cheer, or strait to return; to see, or to be seen; come they for duty to her Majesty, or love to his Lordship, or for both: come they early or late; for his Lordship's part, they come always all at two o'clock,—e'en jump at two o'clock:—that is to say, in good heart, good acceptance, in amity, and friendly welcome."—Laneham.

(82) An Italian Tumbler "showed before her Highness such feats of agility, in goings, turnings, tumblings, castings, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, gambols, summersets,

caperings, and flights; forward, backward, sideways, downward, and upward, with sundry windings, gyrings, and circumflexions, all so lightly and with such easiness performed, his joints and bones being as lythie and pliant as sinews, that some began to doubt whether it was a man or a spirit."

(83) Jupiter's welcome to her Highness at Kenilworth was "with blaze of burning darts flying to and fro, leams of stars coruscant, streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire on water and land, flight and shooting of thunderbolts, and all intermingled with a great peal of guns, with such continuance, terror, and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, and the earth shook, in such sort that the boldest might well be most vengeably afraid."

(84) Tradition asserts that the admirable play of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written by the immortal William Shakspeare in the short space of fourteen days, at the express command of Queen Elizabeth.

(85) William Shakspeare, the son of John Shakspeare, and his wife Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, was born at the celebrated house in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, on St. George's Day, April 23, 1564. At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, of the adjacent village of Shottery, by whom he had a son, Hamnet, who died in his twelfth year, and two daughters; Susannah, the eldest, married to Dr. John Hall, and Judith, married to Mr. Thomas Quiney, both of Stratford, and both leaving issue. "Warwickshire Will," the "Matchless Bard," the "Sweet Swan of Avon," whose inimitable dramatic works are familiar to the civilised world, was, according to Aubrey, "a handsome well-shaped man, verie good company, and of a verie ready and pleasant and smooth wit." He was the author of thirty-seven of the finest Plays in the English language, besides Poems. He died at his house, New Place, Stratford, aged 52, on April 23, 1616; and was buried in the chancel of the church of his native town, where his well known monument and tombstone still remain. A monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey in 1741, by the Earl of Burlington.

John Shakspeare, when Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford, in 1568-9, claimed from the Heralds College a confirmation of the armorial bearings of his ancestors, allowed by Robert Cooke, Clarencieux, in 1550, which had accompanied a grant of land in Warwickshire for approved good service to King

Henry VII. at the battle of Bosworth Field. This grant was also confirmed to William Shakspeare, in 1596, by Sir William Dethick, Garter Principal King-at-Arms: viz.:—Arms: *Or*, on a bend *sable* a tilting-spear point upwards *or*, headed *argent*.—Crest: a falcon rising *argent*, supporting a spear in pale *or*, headed *argent*.—Motto: “Non sanz droict.”

(86) Sir Thomas Cecil, son and heir of William Lord Burleigh, the Lord High Treasurer; Sir Henry Cobham, brother to Lord Cobham; Sir Francis Stanhope; Sir Arthur Basset; and Sir Thomas Tresham; received the honour of knighthood from the hand of Queen Elizabeth, in the Great Hall of Kenilworth Castle, on Monday, July 18, 1575.

The origin of Knighthood is involved in obscurity. It has been attributed to the Egyptians, the Romans, and the Teutonic or German nation. It was first introduced into England, with the Feudal system, by the Normans at the Conquest, but did not then consist of any particular society or order, but merely the privilege of bearing the arms and armour of a warrior when arrived at the age of manhood. The ceremony was simply striking the shoulder of the aspirant for its honours with a sword, or sometimes by a blow on the ear, accompanied by the exhortation that he would never submit to another; girding him with a sword, and then presenting him with a horse and armour. It was not until the year 1048 that the first “Order of Knighthood” was established, to protect pilgrims and others visiting the Holy Land, and to recover Jerusalem from the Infidels; and in all cases to defend the weaker and injured from the power of the oppressor. This was soon followed by others, and there are now sixty-seven distinct orders in existence in Europe; but want of space prevents me from giving their names, dates, and particulars,—except the following:—St. John of Jerusalem, Knights Hospitallers or White-Cross Knights, instituted 1048.—Knights Templar, or Red-Cross Knights, were instituted 1118, but their wealth excited the cupidity of Philip the Fair, King of France, and he obtained an edict for their suppression from the Pope, A.D. 1312.—The Garter of England, or Knights of St. George, was instituted by Edward III. in 1350.—The Bath of England, was founded by Richard II. in 1399.—The Thistle of Scotland, was first established by James V. in 1542, and renewed by Queen Anne in 1703.—And St. Patrick of Ireland was either instituted or revived in 1783 by George III.

The following is a concise description of the education and initiation of a knight, about the time of King Her

—The young aspirant for the noble order of knighthood was carefully instructed in the rudiments of Christian learning and holy chivalry, by his mother or female relatives, until the age of seven. He was then removed from his home to the castle of some distinguished knight, by whom he was instructed in the forms of courtesy and military exercises. He served his mistress as a page until the age of fourteen; attended her at the joust and tournament; poured out the wine for his lord at the banquet; and was taught all kinds of gymnastic exercises; the different blasts of *venerie* to be sounded when the hounds were uncoupled, when the game was discovered, when brought to bay, and when it fell; and also to skin and disembowel the animal, to place it on the table, and to carve the dishes. Even the sons of princes attended in this way upon knights of inferior rank, but of the most renowned prowess and knightly accomplishments. When the youth had attained the age of fourteen he was advanced to the rank of 'squire, and was then perfected, as rapidly as possible, in the necessary arts and accomplishments of riding, tilting, hunting, hawking, and music; and was invested with the sword in the place of the short dagger which he had previously worn; but he was not permitted to use it against the knightly adversaries of his lord. If the services of his patron were required in the tented field, he followed his banner, led his war-horse, buckled on his armour, and supplied him with fresh weapons and horses, if required, or assisted him out of the meleé. At the age of twenty-one, or sometimes a year earlier, the 'squire was received into the noble fraternity of knights, if properly qualified. The ceremony was frequently very imposing. The church or chapel where it was to be performed was arrayed in all the splendour that chivalry could boast, and in which the candidate for its honours had previously passed several nights in prayer and in watching, his arms and armour being placed near him; and where also he had received the solemn sacraments of religion. On the appointed day, accompanied by his patron, kindred, friends, and companions, he proceeded in great state to the church, with the sword of knighthood depending from his neck. The oaths of a knight were then administered to him by the officiating priest. He swore that he would be loyal and true to his sovereign; that he would defend the church; and protect, even to the loss of his own life, "the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate or oppressed." He was then attired in his armour by the knights present, the ladies buckled on his spurs, and girded his sword

(which had been solemnly blessed by the priest) round his waist; he then knelt, and his patron (or the monarch or prince if present) gave him the accolade, which consisted of three strokes upon the shoulders with the flat of a sword, exclaiming "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight: be loyal, bold, and true." When the ceremony was finished, the new-made knight, completely armed, leaped into the saddle of his war-horse, and pranced up and down within the church, and then galloped out, displaying his strength, and gracefulness, and skill, in the management of his horse, and the use of his weapons. The privilege of conferring the rank of knighthood was not exclusively confined to the sovereign, as in the present day, but could be conferred by a simple knight, and was often bestowed on the field of battle for extraordinary gallantry.

(87) On Sunday, the 17th of July 1575, during the Queen's visit, "after divine service in the parish church in the forenoon, this being St. Kenelm's Day by the Calendar, a solemn bridal of a proper couple was appointed: Set in order in the Tiltyard, to come and make their show before the castle in the great court, where was pight a comely Quintain for feats at arms, which when they had done to march out at the north gate of the Castle homeward again into the town."

(88) The Morris Dance is supposed to have received its name from the Spanish, or rather Moorish Dance, called the Moresco, which is still practised in Spain under the name of the Fandango, and which, Mr. Douce thinks, was introduced into England in the reign of Edward III. by John o'Gaunt, on his return from Spain. A vestige of this dance is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, written and illuminated about 1344, in which the five dancers wear grotesque fool's caps; and the two musicians play on the regals and the bagpipes: their dress corresponds with that of the court fool of that period. Notices of the Morris Dance occur in churchwardens' books as early as the reign of Henry VII. The dresses of the dancers were at that time ornamented with gilt-leather and silver-paper, some having spangled coats of white fustian: and wearing a number of bells suspended from their garters; with purses in their girdles. A curious painted glass window at Betley, in Staffordshire, represents some of the principal characters of the Morris Dance as they were dressed about the end of the fifteenth century, and which is engraved in No. 309 of the Saturday Magazine for 1837: they consist of the For

the Morisco or Moor, the Spaniard, Tom the Piper, the Maypole, the Franklin or Gentleman, the Churl or Peasant, the Man with the Hobbyhorse or the King of May, Maid Marian the Queen of May, the Nobleman, the Friar, and the lesser Fool. The Morris Dance was usually associated with sports and pageants, and hence was introduced in the Bridal Procession at Kenilworth. The characters in this ancient dance appear to have varied considerably, as we find Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the Queen or Lady of the May, the Fool, and the Piper, were also principal characters, attended by a host of inferior personages; afterwards a Hobbyhorse and a Dragon were added to assist the Fool in making "merry disport." Although this grotesque dance formed one of the amusements of "May Day in the olden time," yet it did not belong exclusively to that "festival of flowers," for some of the characters, such as the Fool, the Hobbyhorse, the Dragon, and a host of Dancers fantastically dressed, attended "my Lord of Misrule" at his Christmas revelries. Dr. Johnson defines the Morris Dance to be "a kind of military dance learned by the Moors, in which bells are jingled, and staves or swords clashed." This dance is now I presume, nearly obsolete; but about thirty years ago the Morris Dancers were occasionally to be seen in some of the midland counties: they wore fanciful dresses, ornamented with rosettes and ribbons; with scarfs over the shoulders and round the waist; and a number of bells attached to their arms and legs: they also carried short staves in their hands. They were accompanied by the Fool, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, &c., and danced to the music of the tabor and pipe, &c., their performance consisting of *vis-à-vis*, turning, returning, clapping hands before and behind, clashing staves, and jerking the knee and foot alternately.—See Strutt's Sports, Hone's Works, &c.

(89) In the beginning of the sixteenth century the ancient city of Coventry was celebrated for the manufacture of blue thread and woollen cloth; this deep blue was so permanent from the superior qualities of the dye, that "He is as true as Coventry blue," is mentioned by Fuller as a usual saying expressive of firmness of faith and principle. The celebrated Warwickshire poet Michael Drayton, the well known author of the "Polyolbion," in his song of Dowsabell, thus describes
 1 Arden shepherd, about 1600:—

"His Aule and Lingell in a Thong,
 His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
 His breech of Coyntrie blewel!"

In the old play of *George-a-Green*, written about 1589, Jenkins speaks thus to his master of his favourite lady:—

“JENKINS.—And she gave me a shirt-collar, wrought over with no counterfeit stuffe.

GEORGE.—What, was it gold?

JENKINS.—Nay, it was better than gold.

GEORGE.—What was it?

JENKINS.—Right Coventrie blue!”

In the play of the *Vow-Breaker*, written in 1636, Miles, a miller, speaks of his handkerchief that is sewed with “blue Coventry.”

(90) In Drayton’s “*Polyolbion*,” we find it asserted that Lincoln dyed the best green in England. Kendal green was also equally celebrated: but I presume the colour was deeper than the Lincoln. Forresters always wore a green dress to prevent their being too readily discovered by the deer; and Lincoln and Kendal green are frequently mentioned in our ancient ballads.

(91) Riding at the Quintain was as early as 1200 one of the sports of the yeomanry and peasantry of England. It was introduced as a substitute for the tournament, as no one under the rank of a knight was allowed to enter the lists as a competitor for chivalric honours. The quintain was formed of two stout beams of wood, firmly fixed in the ground, nearly similar in shape to the letter T: to one of the arms was affixed a shield, and to the other a heavy sand-bag, or a wooden sword; this moved freely upon a pivot, so that when the shield was struck by the lance of the horseman in full career, unless he adroitly bent his body the sand-bag or sword struck him on the back to the great danger of being unhorsed. An ancient Quintain was, a few years since, standing on Offham Green, Kent.

(92) The arms of the city of Coventry, as they appear on the Mayor’s Seal, engraved when the charter of incorporation was granted in 1344, are:—Party per pale *gules* and *vert*, an elephant bearing a castle both *or*, surmounted by a square banner *sable*, charged with three single ostrich feathers *argent*, each quill crossed with a label *or*, bearing the motto “*Ich Dien*” (I serve). These arms, with the exception of the banner, appear in ancient stained glass in the great north window of St. Mary’s Hall, and also in the east window of the Lady’s Chapel in St. Michael’s Church,—which char

was restored by my late father, Mr. William Reader, when accountant churchwarden, in 1830. The coeval crest is a Cat-o'-Mountain *proper*. Edward the Black Prince gave the city of Coventry, as a second crest, his badge of the white ostrich feathers, and motto; which three single feathers were afterwards joined as a plume, and placed in a coronet. He also conferred upon the city of Coventry the title of "The Prince's Chamber," which gave it precedence a the third city in the realm.—There appears to be some doubt respecting the colour of the elephant, as William Smyth in 1576, John Speed in 1610, Sir William Dugdale in 1656, and John Guillim in 1679, all describe the elephant as *argent*; while Joseph Edmondson in 1780, William Berry in 1824, Thomas Robson in 1830, and Sir Bernard Burke in 1854, all give the elephant as *or*. But it is most probable that the golden elephant and castle on a red and green field is correct; such being represented in the public buildings of the city of a coeval dale with the grant of the arms.—See Notes (44), (49).

(93) In the fine stained-glass window erected in Westminster Hall in 1853, the heraldic shields of the kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy are given as follows:—Northumberland, *azure*, a cross between four lions rampant *argent*.—Mercia, *azure*, a saltire *argent*.—East Saxons, *gules*, three swords in fess *argent*, hilted *or*.—West Angles, *azure*, a cross fleury *or*.—Kent, *azure*, a horse saliant *argent*.—South Saxons, *azure*, six martlets 3, 2, 1, *or*.—West Saxons, *gules*, a dragon *or*.—Wales, quarterly *gules* and *or*, a lion passant counter-changed. These blazons are, I presume, correct; but the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, and other authorities, depict them differently,—the arms for Mercia being given as *gules*, a saltire *argent*; or *argent*, a saltire *azure*; or *azure*, a saltire *or*.

(94) Raven flag.—See Note (17).

(95) The ancient Coventry play of Hock Tuesday was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, on the occasion of her visit in 1575, under the superintendence of Captain Cox, a native of Coventry. The argument of the play showed "how the Danes whilom here in a troublous season were for quietness borne withal and suffered in peace, that anon, by outrage and unsupportable insolency abusing both Ethelred the King, then, and all estates every where beside; at the grievous complaint and counsel of Hunna, the King's chieftain in wars, on Saint Brice's night, A.D. 1002,

(as the book says, that falleth yearly on the thirteenth of November) were all despatched and the realm rid. And for because that the matter mentioneth how valiantly our English women, for love they had of their country, behaved themselves, expressed in action and rhymes after their manner, they thought it might move some mirth to her Majesty the rather. The thing, said they, is grounded in story, and for pastime wont to be played in our city yearly: without ill example of manners, papistry, or any superstition: and else did so occupy the heads of a number, that likely enough would have had worse meditations: had an ancient beginning and a long continuance till now of late laid down, they knew no cause why, unless it was by the zeal of certain of their preachers; men truly very commendable for their behaviour and learning, and sweet in their sermons, but somewhat too sour in preaching away their pastime."—This Play was in high repute previous to 1400.—See Note (19).

(96) Ton-sword was a corruption of the long two-handed sword, about five feet long, of the fourteenth century.

(97) This important personage, Captain Cox, a freeman and citizen of the city of Coventry, who had the superintendence of the Hock-tide Play represented before Queen Elizabeth in 1575, is thus described by Laneham:—"And first Captain Cox, an odd man I promise you: by profession a mason, and that right skilful: very cunning in fence, and hardy as Gawain: for his ton-sword hangs at his table's-end: great oversight hath he in matters of story: for as for *King Arthur's Book*: *Huon of Bourdeaux*: *The Four Sons of Aymon*: *Bevis of Hampton*: *The Squire of Low Degree*: *The Knight of Courtesy*, and the *Lady Faguell*: *Frederick of Geneva*: *Sir Eglamour*: *Sir Tryamour*: *Sir Lamuel*: *Sir Isenbras*: *Sir Gawain*: *Oliver of the Castle*: *Lucrece* and *Euryalus*: *Virgil's Life*: *The Castle of Ladies*: *The Widow Edyth*: *The King and the Tanner*: *Friar Rush*: *Howleglas*: *Gargantua*: *Robin Hood*: *Adam Bell*, *Clym of the Clough*, and *William of Cloudeley*: *The Churl and the Bird*: *The Seven Wise Masters*: *The Wife lapt in a Morel's-skin*: *The Sack-full of News*: *The Serjeant that became a Friar*: *Scogan*: *Colin Clout*: *The Friar and the Boy*: *Elynour Ramming* and *The Nutbrown Maid*: with many more than I rehearse here—I believe he hath them all at his fingers-ends.—Then in philosophy, both moral and natural, I think he be as naturally overseen; beside poetry and astronomy, and other hid sciences, as I may guess by the omberty of

worth on Sunday, July 17th, 1575, in consequence of the celebration of "the solemn bridal," commanded the repetition of it on the following Tuesday, and in the meantime rewarded the Coventry men with "two bucks and five marks in money to make merry together,"—a mark was a silver coin of the value of 13s. 4d.

(103) Ambrose Dudley was the fourth son of John Duke of Northumberland; and brother of Robert the great Earl of Leicester. He was born in 1530: and was arrested and condemned to death, together with his father, and his brothers John, Robert, and Henry in 1553, for supporting Lady Jane Grey's pretensions to the crown; but all were pardoned except the Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded as the principal offender. Ambrose then volunteered into the Spanish army, and distinguished himself in 1557 at the siege of St. Quintin, where his younger brother Henry was killed. On the accession of Elizabeth, his brother Robert's influence procured him a royal grant of estates in Leicestershire, and the appointment of Master of the Ordnance for life. On Dec. 25th, 1561, he was made Baron of Kingston Lisle, in Berkshire, and on the next day Earl of Warwick. When the "War of the League" broke out in France in 1562, between the Papists and the Huguenots, the Earl of Warwick was appointed by Elizabeth to command 3,000 troops, to garrison Havre-de-Grace in aid of the Protestants, to whom he rendered great services; but at length being treacherously abandoned by his allies, and besieged by a powerful French army under command of the Constable de Montmorency, after a gallant defence of several months, and having suffered great hardships and sickness, he at length surrendered upon most honourable terms late in 1563,—but not until he had received an express order to do so from the Queen herself. During the treaty having appeared on the ramparts unarmed to speak to a French officer, a villain fired at him and wounded his leg with a poisoned bullet, which proved an incurable wound, and obliged him to spend the remainder of his life in retirement. He was much esteemed by the Queen; who made him a Knight of the Garter in 1562; and in the next year Chief Butler of England, and one of the Privy Council. He was very popular; a great patron of commerce and manufactures; and styled "the good Earl of Warwick." After suffering the amputation of his leg, which had never recovered from the wound at Havre he died on February 20, 1590, at the Earl of Bedford's, Bloomsbury, and was buried at Warwick, where a curic

altar-tomb was erected by his widow. He was thrice married: first to Anne, daughter and heir of William Whorwood, Attorney-General under Henry VIII. by whom he had his only child John, who died an infant before 1552; secondly, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Gilbert Talboys, sister and sole heir to George last Lord Talboys; and thirdly, to Anne, daughter of Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford.

Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex, was born about 1540, and died in September 1576,—the year after Queen Elizabeth's state-visit to Kenilworth, Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester was the secret and vindictive enemy of Essex, who was a brave and honourable man, and rendered valuable and gallant services in Ireland, where he died—strongly suspected by poison; and all England, by whom he was beloved and admired, pointed out that "most consummate hypocrite," the Earl of Leicester, as his murderer, for the purpose of obtaining possession of his wife, whom he married shortly after her husband's death.

Robert Devereux, his son, and second Earl of Essex, born in 1567, and beheaded on the 25th of February, 1601, was the "incomparable Essex, the great favourite of Elizabeth and England, and the admiration of Europe." He was first introduced to the Queen by his father-in-law, the Earl of Leicester, whom he succeeded, after his death, in the affections of the Queen.—See Lodge's Portraits.

104) Mortimer's Tower.—See Note (61).

(105) Sir Henry Lee.—See Note (37).

(106) The Queen's Majesty hastening her departure from Kenilworth, the Earl of Leicester commanded Master George Gascoigne to devise some farewell worth the presenting; whereupon he clad himself like unto Sylvanus, god of the woods, and, attending her Highness as her footman, made her a long and a right pleasant farewell speech; for which, and the verses that Deep-desire sang out of the trembling holly-bush, accompanied with most delectable music, I must beg to refer my readers to "The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth," by Master George Gascoigne.

(107) On the death of the Earl of Leicester in 1588, he castle and domains of Kenilworth to his brother, Earl of Warwick, for his life; and then to his son, Robert Dudley, by an unacknowledged marriage with a field. The Earl of Warwick dying about a year

afterwards Sir Robert Dudley endeavoured to prove his legitimacy and his right to his father's titles, which he had nearly accomplished, when Lady Essex, whom Leicester had married during the life of Lady Sheffield, obtained a decree in the Star Chamber to put a stop to all proceedings. Sir Robert Dudley then left England, and proceeded to Italy, where his highly cultivated mind gained him the friendship of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Emperor Ferdinand II. who in 1620 made him a Duke, and he was generally called the Duke of Northumberland. Sir Robert's wife was the Duchess Dudley, so created by Charles I. whose name is recorded as a great benefactor to the church and parish of Kenilworth. On Sir Robert Dudley's refusal to obey the summons to return to England, issued under the Statute of Fugitives, the manor and castle of Kenilworth were seized by King James I. A survey was then made, printed in extenso in "Kenilworth Illustrated," mentioned in Note (6), by which it appears that the area within the walls was seven acres: the castle and four gatehouses were all built of freestone, the walls varying from four to fifteen feet in thickness, and the outer walls being "so spacious and fair that two or three persons may walk together on most places thereof." The rooms are described as being of "great state," and magnificently furnished. The parks and chases were valued at £1,200 per annum. The extent of wood was seven hundred and eighty-nine acres, well stored with deer and game of all descriptions. The lake contained one hundred and eleven acres, and abounding in fish and fowl. The circuit of the whole domain was about "nineteen or twenty miles, in a pleasant country, the like both for strength, state, and pleasure, not being within the realm of England." The total value of the property was estimated at £38,554—rather a small sum, as the Earl of Leicester had so recently expended £60,000 upon the castle alone; £16,431 in lands; £11,792 in woods; and £10,401 for the castle. In the year 1611, Prince Henry, son of James I. entered into a treaty with Sir Robert Dudley for possession of the property, which he was unwilling to take without making its owner some compensation, although it had been seized by his father, the King. He accordingly agreed to pay the sum of £14,500 to Sir Robert, who was to hold the office of Constable to the castle for life. The Prince died in the next year, when only £3,000 of the sum agreed on for the purchase-money had been paid, and which Sir Robert Dudley never received, as the merchant failed in whose hands it was placed. Charles on paying the sum of £4,000 to Alice, wife of Sir R

Dudley, being her jointure, secured on the property, and which in 1626 he granted on lease to Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, and two of his family, for the terms of their lives. Sir Robert Dudley died at the palace of the Duke of Florence, near that city, in September 1649.

(108) Prince Charles was at Kenilworth in 1624, and on the 19th of August, "The Masque of Owls," written by Ben Jonson for the occasion, was represented for his amusement. It was in reality a monologue, and spoken by the Ghost of Captain Cox mounted on his Hobbyhorse. It is a keen satire on the prevailing follies and vices of the day, as expressed by Six Owls, which are introduced by the Ghost on the Hobbyhorse, who refers to the celebrated Captain Cox, and the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth. The Third Owl, was intended to represent one of the precise Puritans of Coventry who had been instrumental in injuring the trade of the city very considerably, by causing the suppression of all the ancient plays.

King Charles I. called the "White Monarch" from having worn white robes at his coronation—the only instance on record—visited Kenilworth in 1642: and in 1644 he lay at Kenilworth one night with his army, on his march from Birmingham to the battle of Edgehill.

(109) The following extract from the Parish Register of Kenilworth, written by the Rev. William Best, Vicar, in 1716, will show the wanton destruction of the noble castle. Soon after the year 1648 "The usurper Cromwell conferred the manor of Kenilworth on certain officers belonging to his army, viz. Colonel Haukesworth, Major [Richard] Creed, Captain [Benjamin] Phippes, Captain Ayres, Captain [Richard] Smith, Captain Mathews, Captain [Robert] Hope, Captain Palmer, Captain Clarke, and Captain Coles. These new lords of the manor tyrannize and govern the parish as they list; they pull down and demolish the castle, cut down the King's woods, destroy his parks and chase, and divide the lands into farms amongst themselves, and build houses for to dwell in. Haukesworth seats himself in the Gate-house of the castle, and drains the famous Pool, Hope and Palmer enclose a fourth part of the commons, called the King's woods, from the inhabitants, and take it as their own free estate. In the year 1657, these petty lords, with some of the inhabitants of the parish, took a survey and estimate of all the lands within the liberties of the manor; and in the following year 1658, June 14th,

they in great pomp and ceremony make their perambulation, and go their procession round the bounds of the parish. But on the restoration of King Charles II. May 29, 1660, these rapacious vermin soon scampered away."

Colonel Haukesworth, popularly designated for his ferocity "*The Devil in the Buff!*" from his usually wearing a coat-of-proof made of buffalo-hide—part of the military costume of the day—appears to have been the leader of this band of "rapacious spoilers," who also "pulled down the north side of Cæsar's Tower; and stripped all the lead off the roof of the castle, which they sold."

From this period the magnificent Castle of Kenilworth gradually fell into decay; until, at length, its venerable and time-honoured Ruins assumed that romantic beauty and picturesque appearance for which they have so long been celebrated, and are universally considered at the present time to be without a rival in England. For ages Kenilworth was a baronial fortress, an impregnable stronghold, a royal castle, and a princely residence, but it is now nothing more than a majestic ruin, a shattered wreck, and a mournful but splendid monument of the glories of the past.

(110) On the restoration of Charles II. Kenilworth Castle reverted once more to the crown, when the lease of the manor was renewed to the daughters of Henry Lord Cary Earl of Monmouth; on the expiration of which the perpetual reversion was given by Charles II. to Lawrence Lord Hyde, created Baron of Kenilworth and Earl of Rochester, second son of the Lord High Chancellor Sir Edward Hyde, the first Earl of Clarendon. On the death of the Earl of Rochester in 1711 he was succeeded by his only son Henry, who, on the death of his cousin Edward third Earl of Clarendon in 1723, succeeded also to that title. On his death in 1753, both titles became extinct. In 1752 his granddaughter Charlotte, eldest daughter of William Capel, Earl of Essex, and his wife Jane (daughter and co-heir of Henry Hyde, the last Earl of Clarendon and Rochester,) was married to Thomas Villiers (second son of William second Earl of Jersey), who in 1756 was made Baron Hyde of Hindon, in Wiltshire, and in 1776 Earl of Clarendon. On his death in 1786 he was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas, the second Earl, who died in 1824, when the title was inherited by his brother John-Charles, the third Earl, who died in 1838. His nephew, George-William-Frederick, the present and fourth Earl of Clarendon, eldest son of the Hon. George Villiers, third son of Thomas Villiers, first Earl of Clarendon, was born in

In 1838, whilst Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to the court of Spain, he became Earl of Clarendon. In 1839 he was Lord Privy Seal and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1846 President of the Board of Trade. In 1847 Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1852 Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1856 he represented England as Ambassador-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary at the great Conference at Paris, when Peace was at last concluded between England, France, Turkey, Sardinia, and Russia.

(111) Honiley is a small hamlet, about three miles from Kenilworth Castle, situated at the extremity of the Chase Woods. In 1469 the manor belonged to Sir Simon Mountfort, and in that year Edward IV. sought refuge at the Hall, but was discovered and arrested, and from thence taken to Warwick, York, and Middleham Castles, from whence he escaped. By the attainder of Mountfort in 1495 the manor became forfeited to the crown: but it subsequently was the property of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Honiley Hall was probably visited by Queen Elizabeth in her hunting excursions at Kenilworth; and there was a tradition in the parish that the Hall had been visited by a King and a Queen. It was probably built about the time of Henry VI. by the Mountfort family; and was taken down in 1803, to avoid the expense of repairs, by its owner the Rev. John Granville. John Saunders, Esq., the owner of the manor, in 1723 rebuilt the church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, which Simon de Mountfort, Earl of Leicester, and lord of the manor, had erected about the year 12—. For a view of Honiley Hall, see an article by the late Mr. William Reader, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1848.

A fine view of the Lake, the Chase Woods, and the surrounding country, almost as far as Honiley, was commanded by one of the Oriels at the upper end of the Great Hall.—"The Oriel, or Bay-window," says Carter, "is a spacious projecting bow-window from top to bottom in our ancient Halls, whereby room is given for people to retire into them for conversation and for views, as the other windows were too high for such purpose."

(112) Clinton Green is the only spot which retains the name of the founder of the castle—Geoffrey de Clinton, and is situated near the Gatehouse built by the Earl of Leicester.

(113) The late Mr. William Boddington, who resided at the Gatehouse of Kenilworth Castle for many years, well

remembered the visit of Sir Walter Scott, previous to the appearance of his admirable romance of "Kenilworth," about thirty-five years ago. Mr. Thomas Boddington has for some years succeeded his father at the Gatehouse.

(114) When the Gatehouse of Kenilworth Castle was converted into a dwelling-house by Colonel Haukesworth, one of the officers of Oliver Cromwell, mentioned in Note (109), its original arched entrance-way of twelve feet wide was closed, and divided into two rooms; of which the inner one, lined with oak wainscot, bearing the Ragged-Staff in many places, contains the celebrated "curiouslie wrought" Chimney-piece. The lower part is of fine alabaster, and has been richly decorated with gilding; it displays the several armorial bearings of the Earl of Leicester, with his motto DROIT ET LOYAL, in bold relief, between his initials R. L. on either side; and beneath it, in intaglio, VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS (added after his death); it also bears the date 1571: this was probably taken from the Privy Chamber. The upper part is of oak, of elaborate design and carving, bearing the initials E. R. and a centre tablet that originally held a shield of arms of Queen Elizabeth: this was probably taken out of the Presence Chamber. United they form an interesting memorial of the "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth."

(115) A splendid window of stained glass was placed in the chancel of Kenilworth church by the munificence of the Venerable Archdeacon Butler of Shrewsbury in 1833. It consists of the armorial bearings, emblazoned on elegant shields, surmounted by a crest or coronet, of the successive Lords of Kenilworth, with the name of each placed beneath in a richly ornamented panel: viz.—Galfridus de Clinton: Chequy *or* and *azure*, a chief *ermine*.—Simon de Montfort: *Gules*, a lion rampant, double-queued, *argent*.—Eadmundus Comes de Lancaster: *Gules*, three lions passant-gardant *or*, on a label of three points *azure* nine fleur-de-lis of the second. —Johannes Dux Lancastriæ: Arms of Edward III. a label of three points *ermine*.—Dudley Comes de Leicester: *Or*, a lion rampant, double-queued, *vort*.—Henricus Princeps Walliæ: Arms of England, a label of three points *argent*.—Carey Comes de Monmouth: *Argent*, on a bend *sable* three roses of the first, seeded and barbed *proper*.—Hyde Comes de Clarendon: *Azure*, a chevron between three lozenges *or*.—Villiers Comes de Clarendon: *Argent*, on a cross *gules* five escallop-shells *or*.—In the upper compartments of the window are the arms of Alicia Ducissa Dudley: *Or*, on a

lozenge, surmounted by a ducal coronet, a lion rampant, double-queued, *vert*; impaling *gules*, a cross engrailed *or*, in the dexter quarter a lozenge *argent*.—Also the two badges of the house of Leicester: first, a cinquefoil pierced *ermine*; second, on a wreath *or* and *vert*, a bear *argent*, gorged with a plain collar, with a chain affixed thereto, and passing over his back *or*, supporting with his fore-feet a ragged-staff erect *argent*. At the foot of the window is the inscription—
SAMUEL BUTLER, S. T. P. | HVIVS ECCLESIAE, VIC.

F. C. ANNO. SACRO. MDCCCXXXIII.

The Rev. Samuel Butler, D.D. was born at Kenilworth, on January 30, 1774. In 1798 he became Head Master of the Shrewsbury Royal Free Grammar School. In 1802 he was Vicar of Kenilworth, by the gift of the Earl of Clarendon. In 1822 he was chosen Archdeacon of Derby. In 1836 he was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry: and subsequently, on the alteration of the title of the see, Bishop of Lichfield. He died, aged 65, on December 4th, 1839, at Eccleshall Castle, Staffordshire.

Kenilworth was also the birth-place of the Most Reverend John Bird Sumner, D.D. the present Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Also of his younger brother, the Right Rev. Charles-Richard Sumner, D.D. the present Lord Bishop of Winchester. Their father, the Rev. Robert Sumner, was Vicar of Kenilworth for many years.

Kenilworth Castle, situated about 95 miles north-west from London, five miles from the city of Coventry, and five miles from the town of Warwick, was founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer to Henry I. A.D. 1120; but it did not long remain in the possession of his son Geoffrey de Clinton, for in 1173 it was garrisoned by Henry II. on his son's rebellion: although it afterwards appears to have returned to Henry de Clinton, grandson of the founder, as it is recorded that he surrendered all his right in the castle and manor to King John, early in his reign. It was then vested in the crown until Henry III. in 1254 granted it to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who joined the Barons in rebellion against the King; but after his death at the battle of Evesham, the castle was besieged by the King in person with a large army, which capitulated after a siege of six months, in 1266. In the following year the King bestowed the castle and manor on his younger son Edmund, whom he created Earl of Leicester and Lancaster; and whilst in his possession, in the reign of his brother, Edward I. in 1273, a grand tournament and a

round table was held there, for three weeks, under Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the author of the festival. Thomas, the son of Edmund, who succeeded his father in the possession of the castle, joined the Barons against Piers Gaveston and the De Spencers—the favourites of Edward II.—and was taken prisoner at the battle of Boroughbridge in 1322, and beheaded at Pontefract Castle. Kenilworth thus again fell to the crown, when Edward II. garrisoned it; but on his capture in Wales, by Henry Earl of Lancaster, brother and heir of Thomas, he was confined as a prisoner in this castle; and in 1327, Edward II. was formally dethroned by a deputation of Bishops, Earls, Barons, Knights, Burgesses, and Great Officers of State in the Great Hall of Kenilworth; from whence he was shortly afterwards removed by Sir John Maltravers to Berkeley Castle, where he was murdered in 1327. Henry Earl of Lancaster was then lord of Kenilworth, and from him it descended to his son Henry, the next and last Earl of Lancaster. It was then inherited by Blanche, his youngest daughter, afterwards married to John o'Gaunt, third son of Edward III., created Duke of Lancaster, who retired here from court in disgust in 1377, on the coronation of Richard II. He built the magnificent Great Hall, the Strong Tower (erroneously called Mervyn's Tower by Sir Walter Scott), and others, in the reign of Richard II. On the death of John o'Gaunt it was claimed by his son, Henry Bolingbroke, who, as Duke of Hereford, had been unjustly banished by Richard II., but who returned as Duke of Lancaster, and eventually usurped the throne of England as Henry IV. Thus Kenilworth came to the crown again; and Prince Henry was a frequent visitor at his father's castle. Afterwards as Henry V. in 1414, he kept his Lent there, and on the arrival of the French Ambassadors, bearing the contemptuous gift of a ton of tennis-balls from the Dauphin Louis, son of Charles King of France, he received them at his castle of Kenilworth. Henry VI. next inherited it, and in 1437 he kept Christmas there: also in 1449 King Henry and Queen Margaret sought refuge within its walls during Cade's rebellion: they also visited Kenilworth in 1450, in 1456, and in 1457. Richard III. the next owner, was at the castle in 1483; and in 1484 he spent his Whitsuntide in its halls, and he also made two other visits to it later in the same year. Henry VII. its next lord, passed his Whitsuntide here in 1487; and in 1493, accompanied by his Queen Elizabeth, he again spent his Whitsuntide in his princely castle. Henry VIII. its next possessor, erected a suite of apartments extending from Cæsar's Tower as far as the site

afterwards occupied by Leicester's Buildings, which were called Henry the Eighth's Lodgings; but they have long since disappeared. It next descended to Edward VI. and Queen Mary; and then to Queen Elizabeth, who bestowed it, in 1563, on Sir Robert Dudley. In 1566, 1568, 1572, and 1575, Queen Elizabeth visited the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth, the last time for the unusually long period of nineteen days, which was, perhaps, the most magnificent festival ever held at Kenilworth. On the death of the Earl of Leicester, in 1588, the castle came into possession of his brother the Earl of Warwick, and afterwards of his son Sir Robert Dudley, but he, failing to prove his legitimacy, left England, and refusing to obey the order to return, the manor and castle of Kenilworth were seized by James I. in 1617; Prince Henry then agreed to purchase it from Sir Robert, and visited it in 1619 and 1621, but on his death, before the completion of the arrangement, Prince Charles claimed the property, and took possession in person in 1624. He again visited it as Charles I. in 1642; and halted there with his army one night in 1644, on his march from Birmingham to Edgehill. He granted a lease of the manor to Robert Carey Earl of Monmouth in 1626; but shortly after 1643 Oliver Cromwell bestowed it on Colonel Haukesworth, Major Creed, and Captains Phippes, Ayres, Smith, Mathews, Palmer, Hope, Clarke, and Coles, who pulled down a portion of the castle, stripped the lead off the roof, drained the lake, cut down the woods, and divided the parks and land into farms. On the restoration of Charles II. in 1660 Kenilworth again reverted to the crown, when the lease was renewed to the daughters of Henry Carey Earl of Monmouth; and on its expiration Charles II. gave the castle and manor for ever to Lawrence Hyde, created Baron of Kenilworth and Earl of Rochester, second son of Edward first Earl of Clarendon. He was succeeded by his only son Henry in 1711, who, on the death of his cousin Edward, third Earl of Clarendon, inherited that title also, and was the last Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. On his death in 1753, it descended to his granddaughter Charlotte, daughter of William Earl of Essex, married to Thomas Villiers, created Baron Hyde of Hindon in 1756, and Earl of Clarendon in 1776. He was succeeded by his son Thomas in 1786. His brother John-Charles, in 1824, was the next Earl. And on his decease, in 1838, his nephew, George-William-Frederick, became the present and fourth Earl of Clarendon, Baron Hyde of Hindon, Lord of the Manor and Castle of Kenilworth, K.G., G.C.B., K.P., &c.

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